THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

JANUARY, 1916

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Yellow Peril

THE following is the postscript of a letter from the author of *Ruggles of Red Gap* and *Bunker Bean:* "The Chinese cook of a friend in the near-by literary colony of Carmel has taken up the local indoor sport and written a poetic drama. It's full of fractricide, bridges, ghosts and a very naughty lady-moon. I can't read it, but I have read the title, which is—*Loveless Must Crime*. Is not that all strength and wouldn't you buy on the title alone if you were editing the —— Magazine?"

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The Personal Tarkington

Almost a quarter of a century ago there went to Princeton College—it was Princeton College then—a young man who was slightly older than most of his class mates, who was something of a Man of the World, who had seen Life, and whose dash manifested itself in his feet, on which he wore shoes with fancy cloth uppers. Of the Booth Tarkington of those days, and incidentally of the Tarkington of subsequent years, Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams has told in a "Personal Impression" which appears in the *Princeton Alumni Weekly* for December 8, 1915. The sketch was designed for what may be called family reading, and is the more delightful by reason of its very informality. It is not Newton Booth Tarkington, the novelist, whom Mr. Williams presents, but "Tark" the Fresh—Junior of 1891-92, "Tark" the genial, kindly, human, sometimes irresponsible friend of subsequent years. In the days of long ago the writer of this "Impression" was something of a personage in that little world. There were grave responsibilities upon his shoulders and manifold calls upon his valuable time. So it was with just a little sense of weariness that he regarded his brother's letter asking him to look out for the young man who was coming out of the West. Like most of the fellows one was enjoined to "look up," this one was

BOOTH TARKINGTON AS AN UNDERGRADUATE AT PRINCETON

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likely to prove a bore. So his reply, though dutiful, was without enthusiasm. It elicited the telegram: "Not Parkington, but Tarkington."

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The first time that the grave, young, important Senior saw the Responsibility that was thrust upon him, the Responsibility was smoking cigarettes. To-day the memory suggests to Mr. Williams the figure of the pathetic and sickly looking "Bibbs" of the early chapters of *The Turmoil*. "I gave him six months to live."

Courtesy of the Princeton Alumni Weekly

BOOTH TARKINGTON, '93, AS CASSIUS AND SHIRRELL NORTON MC WILLIAMS, '94, AS CAESAR IN "THE HONOURABLE JULIUS CAESAR," WRITTEN BY MR. TARKINGTON AND POST WHEELER, '91, AND PRESENTED BY THE PRINCETON DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION IN THE "GOLDEN NINETIES." MR. MC WILLIAMS IS NOW A SOMEWHAT AUSTERE GENTLEMAN RESIDING IN BUFFALO, NEW YORK, WHO WILL PROBABLY ANSWER AMIABLY IF ADDRESSED AS "SKINNY"

He was woefully gaunt, almost cadaverous, and had a concave chest. It always made me feel as if it had been sprung by one of his spasmodic exhalations of cigarette smoke so that the breastbone hit the backbone and stuck there, like a pair of collapsed bellows. That was over a quarter of a century ago, but I may add that until comparatively modern times, six months has been the usual limit allowed him, not only by anxious friends, who of course don't understand such things, but by famous physicians in Paris, Rome and New York, who, of course, have scientific knowledge. And Tarkington, being the kindest, most imaginatively considerate person in the world, feels a real sense of shame and sorrow whenever he meets any of these famous scientists face to face. For he has a convex figure now, and can stand longer hours of work than any member of the author's trade union.

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A year or so ago Mr. S. S. McClure, in his *Autobiography*, pointed to himself as the discoverer of Booth Tarkington because he had brought out *The Gentleman from Indiana*. That is a claim that Mr. Williams feels inclined to dispute. He is the original claimant and he can offer documentary evidence. "It was I," he says, "who made him write his first short story. If he had not written his first short story, how could he have written his first novel? Indeed, in *The Gentleman from Indiana* one of the scenes and some of the minor characters, if I am not mistaken, were spun from that yarn. It was called 'The Better Man' or something of that sort, and it was written in the top floor of the south wing of University Hall in competition for a prize offered by the editors of the *Nassau Literary Magazine*.

I had told Tarkington that I thought maybe he could write, and that, yes, I really meant it. He did not seem to think so, but I told him, most kindly, that you never can tell till you try. In short, I was probably as patronising as became my superior rank as a Senior and an editor. He was a Fresh—Junior and nobody in particular—as yet. But that doesn't matter. He wrote a story, and it was a good one. It won the competition and the prize was fifteen dollars. Thus encouraged, he has been writing ever since. In short, I began his career for him.

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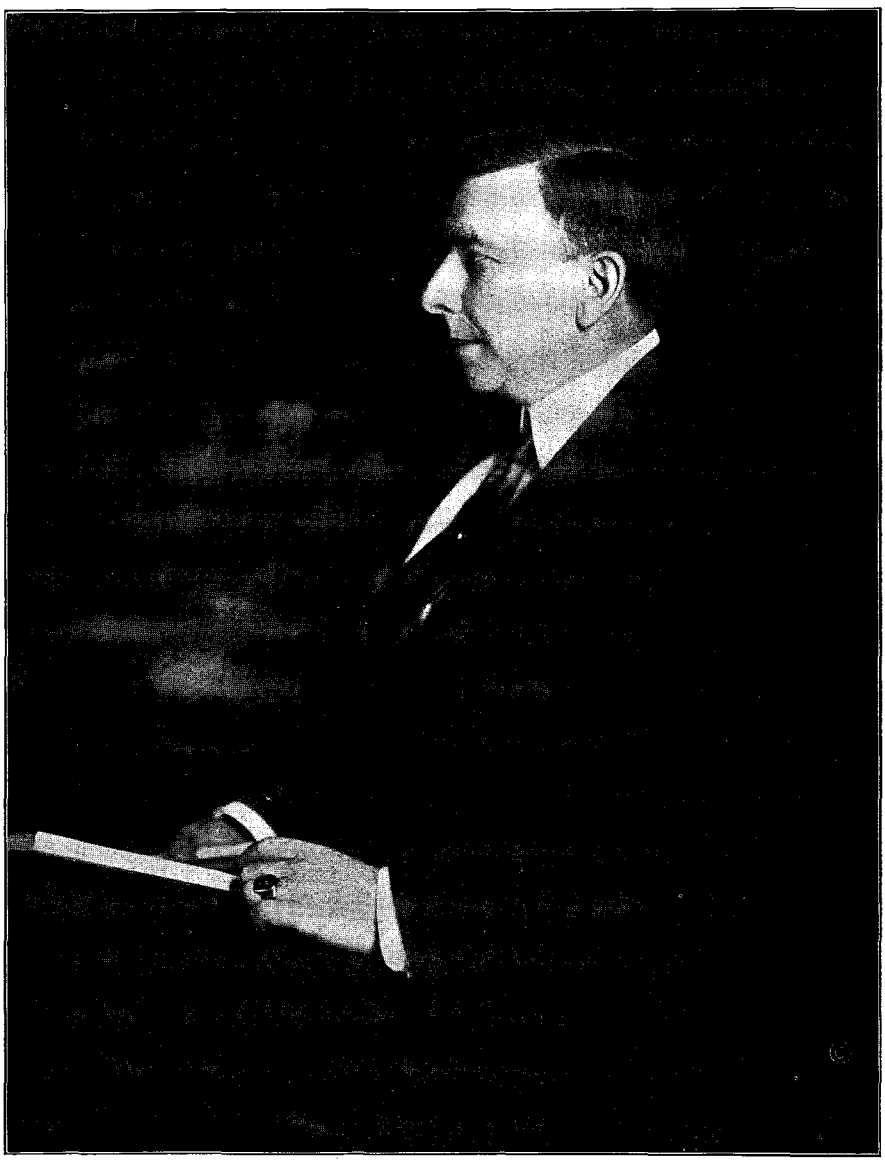
To coach the Responsibility about "College Life" was Mr. Williams's duty. But the Responsibility did not need coaching very long. He took to the life as naturally as a bird to flying, found his wings at once, and soared high. He became "Tark" to the campus just as he has since become "Tark" to so many in the wider world. That *Lit* prize was but one of many honours. He could sing and he could act. He made the Glee Club and the Triangle Club. He not only wrote but drew, became an editor of the *Lit* and of the *Tiger,* too. It was quite unprecedented in those days to belong to two editorial boards at once.



NEWTON BOOTH TARKINGTON TO-DAY. FROM HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH

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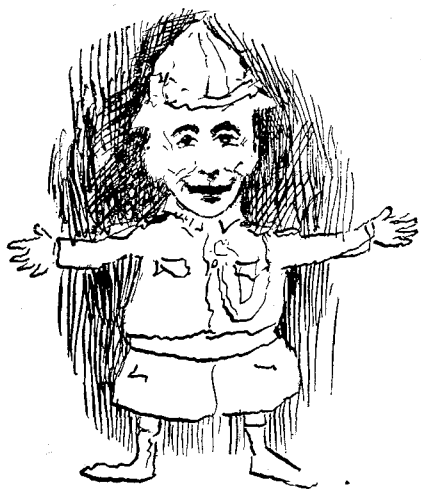
There was some conservative head shaking over it. But his design for the *Tiger* cover remained in active service until comparatively modern times. Here is a picture of "Tark" in the hours of ease.

A Saturday night. A crowd of us in the room he now shared with Big Murray. Somebody making a welsh rarebit, or something equally indigestible. Someone else



WELCOME TO INDIANAPOLIS. FROM A GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA

strumming a banjo. Two fellows roughhousing on the divan. The rest talking or "joshing," the usual Saturday night sort of thing, while Tarkington, occasionally joining in the conversation, is sitting in a corner, munching a piece of toast which he holds in one hand, while with the other, between bites, he is writing a poem for the delectation, and peradventure edification, of the latest deity who has dawned upon him at the last Prom. I can't recall where the cigarette was in that picture, but it must have been there.

• • •

In later years. A club in the small hours of the morning—the Players' Club or the Princeton Club of New York, the University Club of Indianapolis, or any of a dozen more. The exact scene is unessential. A temporary lull in the talk or the music, and then from some one the suggestion, "Make 'Tark' sing 'They're Hanging Danny Deever' or 'On the Road to Mandalay'," and the cry goes up "Tark! Tark! Tark!" The cry goes back through the years. Mr. Williams tells of a night in the golden nineties.

It was out of doors. There was a crowd of us. It was quite late. Most of the campus was asleep. So it seemed a proper idea to make them realise what they were missing. Therefore we sang to them. And lo, they awoke. It became a concert. Soon from the pajamas on the balconies came loud cries for "Danny Deever." It was always difficult to make him perform; he always seemed sure that everyone was tired of him. But at last he succumbed. Now Tarkington's tune for this song of Kipling's was evolved from some music brought down to Princeton, by word of mouth as it were, by Max Farrand in our class, now head of the History Department at Yale, the department to which ex-President Taft has the honour to belong. Farrand borrowed it from his brother in '88, who got it from Richard Harding Davis, who, I believe, heard Kipling himself sing the song. How much it had been changed in transportation I do not know, but it always seemed to me, when sung by Tarkington, far better and more blood-curdling than the rather jolly martial air written by Walter Damrosch and sung by David Bispham. Well, it was quite late by this time and a very sultry night. Just when Tarkington with his bottomless voice rolled out his last and lowest "They are hangin' Danny Deever in the mo-arn-nin," a low peal of distant thunder joined in on the same key and rolled the note around the Heavens. It gave us all a most delicious thrill, and I don't believe that any of those who heard it have ever forgotten it.

• • •

Another recollection, which Mr. Williams suggests should be sent to the Society of Psychical Research.

One morning, early in his first year, Tarkington burst into our room looking pale and dishevelled and shaking more than usual. He would make a great movie actor; his features are so mobile. This morning they

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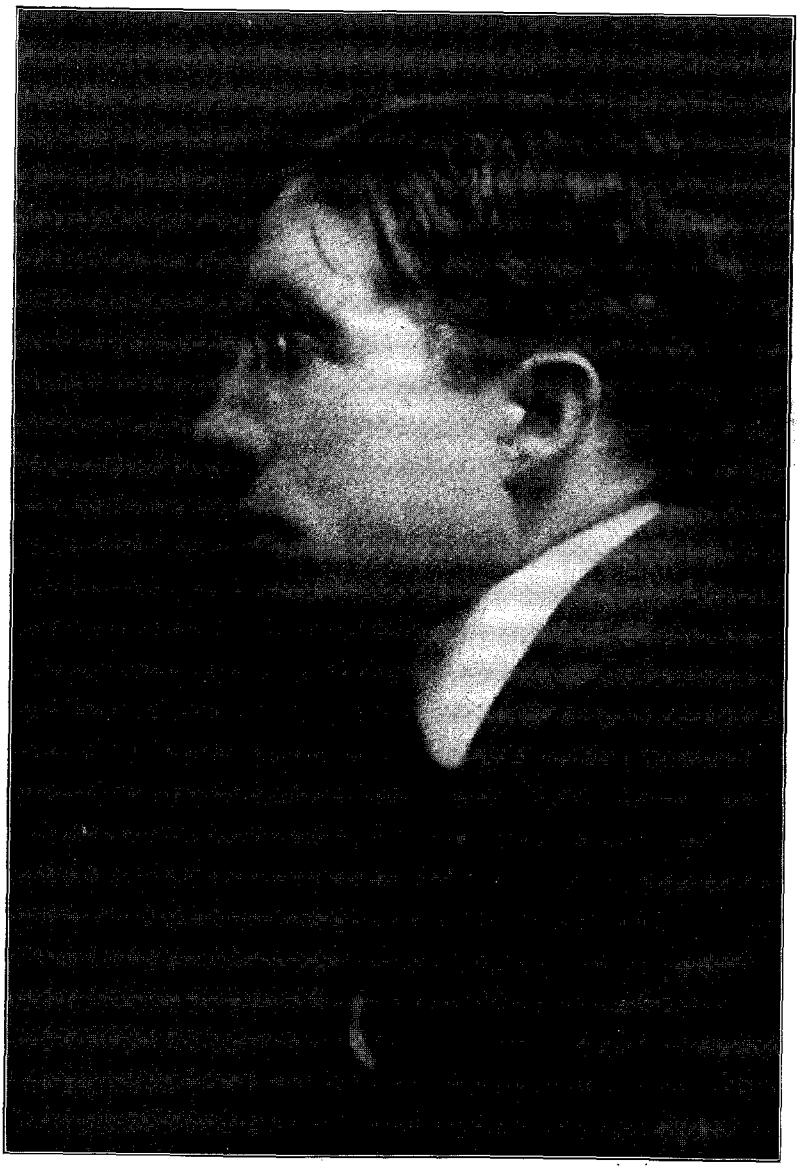
"registered" fear. It was not acting, however. Sometime in the night he had been awakened by a most terrifying sense of an ominous presence in the room. "Something that knew everything that I knew!" he said, "and from which there was no escape." He was rooming alone at the time. Then gradually he became aware that there was something else in the room, on the floor, at the threshold, and that this thing was dead. With these two horrors he waited until dawn. Then he distinctly saw, stretched



JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS. THE AUTHOR OF "THE MARRIED LIFE OF THE FREDERICK CARROLLS" HAS BEEN WRITING HIS EARLY IMPRESSIONS OF BOOTH TARKINGTON

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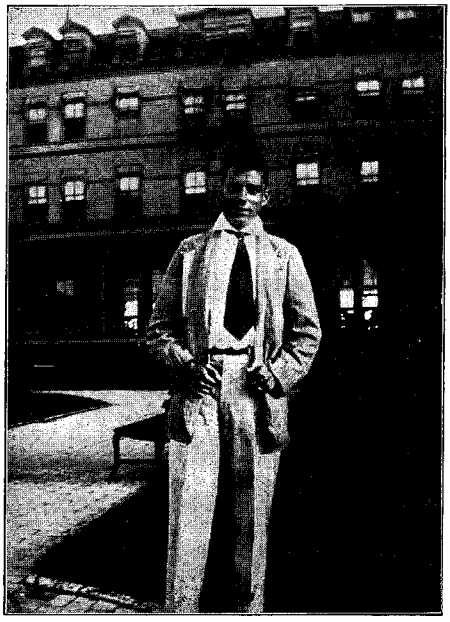
across the doorway, the body of a woman dressed in cheap clothing. I noted particularly that he said "cheap clothing," and he added, I remember, "Her cheek was flattened against the floor like the body of a cat that has been dead in the alley for a long while." In the course of time it faded away, and then he rushed over to tell me about it.



GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, THE AUTHOR OF "ANOTHER BOOK ON THE THEATRE"

But the most interesting part is that up to this time he had never heard that University Hall had formerly been University Hotel, that the top wing where he now roomed had been the servants' quarters, that one of the maids, presumably dressed in "cheap clothing," had been murdered up there, and that his room was the scene of the crime.

• • •

Now, of the Tarkington of to-day, whom Mr. Williams regards as even more successful as a friend than as a writer. His dominant trait is an apparent interest in everything and everybody.

There are always crowds hanging around him, not only old friends who want to extricate him so that he can talk to *them,* not only young writers, who are convinced that he is crazy to read their new second acts, and publishers who are determined to get his next serial, but all sorts of people who want to give him presents or borrow money or hear him tell stories.

It is always interesting at his clubs to observe how the crowd brightens and beams when he comes in. He is not only a good story-teller, but that much rarer thing, a good story getter. He is continually having comic encounters, remarkable adventures. He seldom repeats "anecdotes." But I should rather hear him tell about "an amusing occurrence" than any one I know. He is always finding new ones, and when he tells them they always "get over."

Even his replies to ordinary questions are full of character and colour. After *The Gentleman from Indiana* had made its hit, and Mansfield put on *Beaucaire* and that made a hit, I said to him one day, "Now, I hope you're going to stay in New York for awhile." His reply was a most charming satire upon himself: "Oh, I'll stay here till I get it all nicely spent."

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The Composer of "Old Nassau"

There died, in his eighty-third year, on Thanksgiving Day, at his home in Trenton, New Jersey, where for over forty years he had lived and taught music, Karl Langlotz, the composer of "Old Nassau," a song which is very close to the hearts of more than fifty classes of Princetonians. The story of his life and how he happened to write the song that made him famous has been told in the volume on "Old Nassau" published and edited a few years ago by Wilford Seymour Conrow. Born in Germany in 1834, the son of a musician at the Court of Saxe-Meininger, and a teacher of the piano to the Duke, who was then the Crown Prince, from his earliest years Karl Langlotz devoted his life to music. He learned the violin and piano as a boy, studied at the Gymnasium Bernhardinum, and at seventeen was sent to Weimar, where he continued his music under Liszt and Joachim. While at

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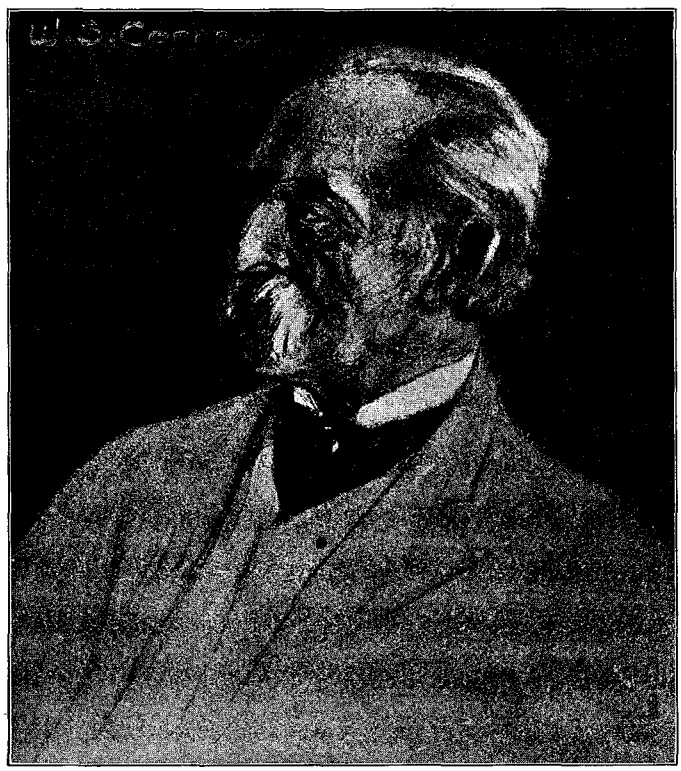
Weimar he played in the orchestra when Wagner himself conducted, in the first production of *Lohengrin*. At nineteen Langlotz came to America and for two years taught music in Philadelphia, playing also in concerts. During his stay in that city he met, and on January



THE LATE KARL LANGLOTZ

10, 1856, married, Miss Emma Rae. The day after his wedding he went to Princeton as a private teacher of music. There he also taught the students fencing. In his autobiography in Mr. Conrow's book he said: "I think that with my fencing class I may lay claim to the honour of being the first, or among the first, to introduce athletics into Princeton College life."

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In 1857 President Maclean appointed Mr. Langlotz to an instructorship in German, and in this position he continued for eleven years. He also played the chapel organ and organised "The Nassau Maennerchor," composed of students, who gave concerts in Princeton and in the nearby towns. In 1859 the *Lit* offered a prize for a college song. The prize was won by the late Harlan Page Peck, of the class of '62. "Old Nassau" was first sung to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," but this air proved unsuitable, and Langlotz was urged to compose original music. How the music was written is told by the composer himself in his autobiography.

During the winter and spring of the year 1859, some of the seniors and tutors used to meet with me in a little old house on William Street, just east of the college grounds, where we used to smoke and sing college songs over our glass of beer. When "Old

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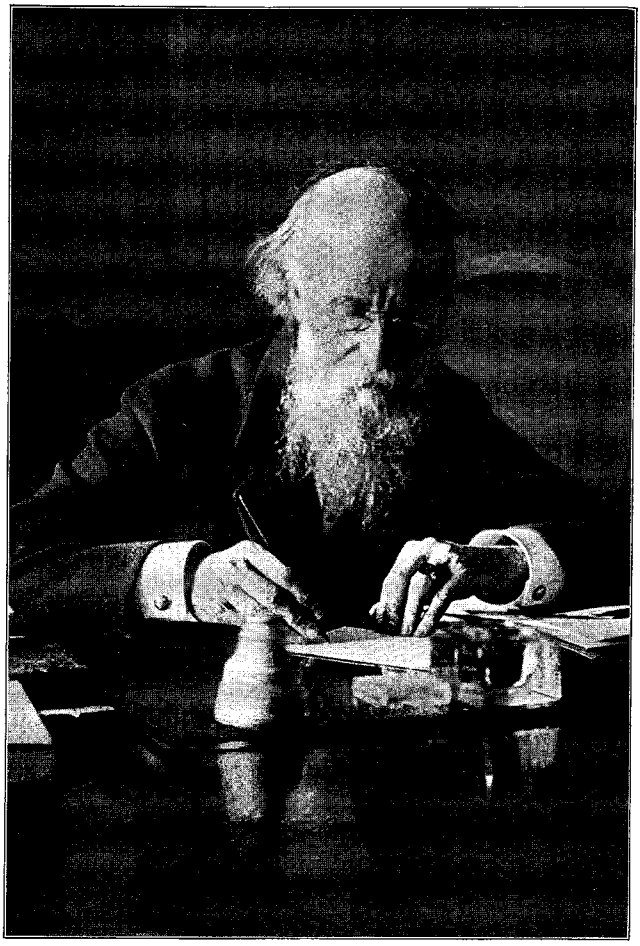

LYMAN ABBOTT

Nassau" was written, we tried to sing it to the air of "Auld Lang Syne," but found this utterly unsuitable. Mr. W. C. Stitt ['56], one of the company, . . . suggested that I should write original music to the words. I agreed, thinking the proposal and my agreement would vanish like the smoke from our pipes. I took the words, however, promising to compose the music sometime,—and then thought no more about it. But my memory was strengthened from day to day by Stitt, who requested it for "to-morrow." That day was long dawning. At last his determination brought me up to the mark. I was living in a house opposite the large entrance leading into the park of the late Judge Field, now owned by Professor Allan Marquand. [This house, on Mercer Street, is still standing.] There I was sitting on my front porch smoking my peaceful pipe, when the energetic Stitt arrived on the scene, and asked me in an off-hand way if I had anything particular to do that afternoon. I answered "No." Immediately he produced pencil and music-paper, saying, "Here is the 'To-morrow' so long promised. Here is 'Old Nassau.' Now *do* as you promised, and put the music to it." I *did* write the music then and there, with Stitt standing guard over me. When it was at last finished, I handed it to him, thinking I would never hear of it again.

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We think a great number of Princeton men will be surprised to learn that "Old Nassau," as originally written by Harlan Page Peck, was composed of seven verses, three more than are now included in the version generally sung. The verses that have been retained are the first, second, sixth, and seventh. Those that have been discarded are as follows:

No flow'ry chaplet would we twine
To wither and decay;
The gems that sparkle in her crown
Shall never pass away!

Their sheen forever shall impart
A zeal beyond compare;
And fire each ardent, youthful heart,
To boldly do and dare!

No earthy honours we bequeath,
For Truth is her great law;
And Virtue's amaranthine wreath,
Shall speak for "Old Nassau"!

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According to Their Lights

To those days before International Copyright came to protect the rights of the English author in the United States, and incidentally to protect much more the rights of the American author who was obliged to compete with his English rival upon very unequal terms, we are in the habit of ascribing an utter disregard for the rights of others, thinking of the period as one in which American publishers in general boldly hoisted the black flag of piracy. As a matter of fact there was an unwritten law, known as the courtesy of the trade, which was rather scrupulously observed. By this law, if a low, rakish craft carrying the flag of one publisher had seized upon a prize sailing from a certain English port, all the other low, rakish craft were warned to keep hands off vessels from the same port. In other words, when a publisher had established his claim to an English author, the property was supposed to be definitely his. In the pursuit of fresh prey American publishers were guided by the columns of the London *Athenæum,* which contained fresh announcements of forthcoming books. From that and other sources the publisher obtained the names of the books that he wanted to publish and announced his intention to publish them by advertisement in the New York *Commercial Advertiser*. The first announcement in that paper was held to constitute a claim. There were, of course, the inevitable complications, and when one publisher invaded what another regarded as his territory reprisals were considered to be perfectly legitimate. The publication of Froude's *Carlyle* started a curious controversy. The Scribners were the recognised American publishers of Froude; and the Harpers were the recognised American publishers of Carlyle. Each house felt itself to be entitled to the new book, one basing its claim upon the author and the other upon the subject.

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A light upon the manner in which magazine articles were prepared in those days is thrown in the *Reminiscences* of Lyman Abbott, published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. In his work as a magazine writer Dr. Abbott learned a lesson from his father, which, he says, has exerted a controlling influence upon him in his editorial life. Mr. Fletcher Harper had asked Dr. Abbott to write an article for *Harper's Magazine* on ocean steamship travel. "When I declined," records Dr. Abbott, "he requested me to ask my father to write it. This I did. 'Why do you not write the article yourself?' asked my father. 'Because I know nothing of the subject,' was my reply. 'Then,' said he, 'you are just the one to write it; for the chief object of a popular magazine article is to give knowledge of a subject to people who are wholly ignorant of it. To do that he must know both the subject and the condition of ignorance. If he is familiar with the condition of ignorance, he can make himself acquainted with the subject, but if he is thoroughly familiar with the subject it is almost impossible for him to acquaint himself with the condition of ignorance.' "

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International Amenities

Mr. Clement K. Shorter has been taking Mr. George Haven Putnam to task because Mr. Putnam, in his *Memoirs of an American Publisher,* declares that in 1870 it was not easy to interest any large number of British readers in the productions of American authors. "Why, in 1870," says Mr. Shorter, "if my information is not very much astray, the great English middle class was absorbed in American authors; and it was certainly so when I commenced to devour books not many years later. It is true that they were pirated editions, but this does not affect the argument. I was brought up on Cooper and Poe, on Longfellow and Lowell, on Mark Twain and Bret Harte, on *Queechy* and *The Wide, Wide World,* on Prescott and Motley. Between 1870 and 1880 Longfellow was far more popular with the English masses than Tennyson, partly because he was cheaper, partly because he made an appeal to more elementary emotions. And since the introduction of copyright, American authors have never ceased to receive a royal welcome. Instance Robert Chambers, Gertrude Atherton, Harold Frederic, and a long list of others, ending with Mary Johnston and the astonishingly popular author of *Freckles.* It is the same with other phases of literature —as, for example, the works of Captain Mahan."

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The Books of 1915

In the closing months of 1914 Harold Bell Wright's *The Eyes of the World* had maintained a steady supremacy in the lists, other conspicuous contenders being Owen Johnson's *The Salamander,* Rex Beach's *The Auction Block,* George Barr McCutcheon's *The Prince of Graustark,* and Marjorie Benton Cooke's *Bambi.* With the first month of the new year *The Eyes of the World* was still comfortably in the lead with a total of 216 points. In second place was Ralph Connor's *The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail,* with Joseph C. Lincoln's *Kent Knowles, "Quahaug,"* third. It was the first appearance of these two books in the lists. In fourth place was Florence Barclay's *The Wall of Partition,* with *The Prince of Graustark* fifth and *Bambi* sixth. Again first in February was the Harold Bell Wright book and again second was *The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail.* In point totals these novels were far ahead of all the others on the lists. Mrs. Barclay's book was third, Mr. Lincoln's book fourth, and Mr. McCutcheon's book fifth. In sixth place was a newcomer, *The Pastor's Wife,* which was published anonymously, but which since has been acknowledged as the work of the Countess von Arnim, the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden.*

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With the March issue came something of a shakeup. *The Eyes of the World* was in second place, having yielded the lead to Zane Grey's *The Lone Star Ranger. The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail* was third, a newcomer, E. Phillips Oppenheim's *Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo* fourth, and *The Pastor's Wife* and *Bambi* respectively fifth and sixth. The reign of *The Lone Star Ranger* was an exceedingly brief one. With the April list came Booth Tarkington's *The Turmoil* with the high point total of 352. Second was *The Lone Star Ranger,* with *The Eyes of the World* third, *Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo* fourth, *The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail* fifth, and a newcomer, Samuel Hopkins Adams's *The Clarion,* sixth. During 1914 the point record for any individual month was made by *The Eyes of the World* in the October list with 352 points. *The Turmoil* equalled that record in April, and in May exceeded it by more than fifty points, the actual total being 404. With the exception of *The Lone Star Ranger,* which was in sixth place, all the other books mentioned in previous lists had disappeared. Conan Doyle's new Sherlock Holmes story, *The Valley of Fear,* was in second place. Tied for third

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and fourth positions were Robert W. Chambers's *Who Goes There!* and Temple Bailey's *Contrary Mary*. Ernest Poole's *The Harbour* was fifth. With the June list *The Turmoil* was still in first place with a total of 360 points, a margin of 107 points over Eleanor Porter's *Pollyanna Grows Up*. In third place was another newcomer, Henry Sydnor Harrison's *Angela's Business*. There had been a tie in May and there was another tie in June. Ernest Poole's *The Harbour* and Conan Doyle's *The Valley of Fear* each totalled 103 points and at that figure shared fourth and fifth places. The tie came near being a triple tie, for in sixth place, with 102 points, was Harry Leon Wilson's *Ruggles of Red Gap*.

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Again it was the Booth Tarkington book that held the lead in the July list. But the margin of that lead was diminishing. In second place was *Pollyanna Grows Up,* with *Angela's Business* third, *Ruggles of Red Gap* fourth, *The Harbour* fifth, and Honore Willsie's *Still Jim* sixth. With the August list there came a new Winston Churchill book into the field. And the story of all the years that we have been compiling these lists shows that the appearance of a new Churchill book means the elimination of all other contenders so far as first place is concerned. *A Far Country's* point total for August was 453, almost fifty points more than *The Turmoil* had scored in May. In second place was W. J. Locke's *Jaffery*. While newcomers thus held the first two positions, the other places were occupied by old friends. *The Turmoil* was third, *Pollyanna Grows Up* fourth, *Ruggles of Red Gap* fifth, and *The Harbour* sixth. With the exception of fifth place the order for August was the order for September. 422 points were credited to the Winston Churchill book. Then came *Jaffery* and *The Turmoil,* and between *Pollyanna Grows Up* and *The Harbour,* in fourth and sixth places respectively, was Joseph C. Lincoln's *Thankful's Inheritance.*

By the time of the printing of the October lists the reign of *A Far Country* was at an end and *The Turmoil* had ceased to be a factor. *Michael O'Halloran,* the new Gene Stratton-Porter book, coming in full stride, assumed the lead with Mary Roberts Rinehart's *"K."* a very close second. *A Far Country* was third, *Jaffery* fourth, *Pollyanna Grows Up* fifth, while for sixth place there was the third tie of the year, between *The Harbour* and Leona Dalrymple's *The Loveable Meddler*. In November, *Michael O'Halloran, "K.",* and *A Far Country* were respectively first, second, and third. In fourth place was Sir Gilbert Parker's *The Money Master*. A new Zane Grey book, *The Rainbow Trail,* was fifth and *Pollyanna Grows Up* sixth. This incidentally was the sixth consecutive appearance of the Eleanor Porter book in the lists. In the December lists *Michael O'Halloran* was once more the leader, but *"K."* had to be content with third place. In second position was F. Hopkinson Smith's posthumous novel, *Felix O'Day*. *The Money Master* was fourth, while in fifth and six places were two newcomers, Rex Beach's *The Heart of the Sunset* and Kathleen Norris's *The Story of Julia Page.*

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6. The Harbour..... 95

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1. Michael O'Halloran..... 281
2. "K" 275
3. A Far Country..... 267
4. Jaffery 99

OCTOBER—*Continued*

5. Pollyanna Grows Up..... 95
6. {The Harbour / The Loveable Meddler} 69

NOVEMBER

1. Michael O'Halloran..... 385
2. "K." 285
3. A Far Country..... 169
4. The Money Master..... 124
5. The Rainbow Trail..... 116
6. Pollyanna Grows Up..... 79

DECEMBER

1. Michael O'Halloran..... 285
2. Felix O'Day..... 225
3. "K." 210
4. The Money Master..... 164
5. The Heart of the Sunset..... 133
6. The Story of Julia Page..... 101

SIX TIMES MENTIONED

The Turmoil, The Harbour, Pollyanna Grows Up.

FOUR TIMES MENTIONED

The Eyes of the World, The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail, A Far Country.

THREE TIMES MENTIONED

The Lone Star Ranger, Ruggles of Red Gap, Jaffery, Michael O'Halloran, "K."

TWICE MENTIONED

Kent Knowles, "Quahaug," The Wall of Partition, The Prince of Graustark, Bambi, The Pastor's Wife, Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo, The Valley of Fear, Angela's Business, The Money Master.

ONCE MENTIONED

The Clarion, Who Goes There!, Contrary Mary, Still Jim, Thankful's Inheritance, The Loveable Meddler, The Rainbow Trail, Felix O'Day, The Story of Julia Page, The Heart of the Sunset.

• • •

From year to year the number of different books mentioned in the lists varies but little. In 1915 it was thirty. Nine books were written by women, one was published anonymously, and twenty were the work of men. Joseph C. Lincoln and Zane Grey were represented by two books each. The most successful book of the year, according to the lists, was Booth Tarkington's *The Tur-*

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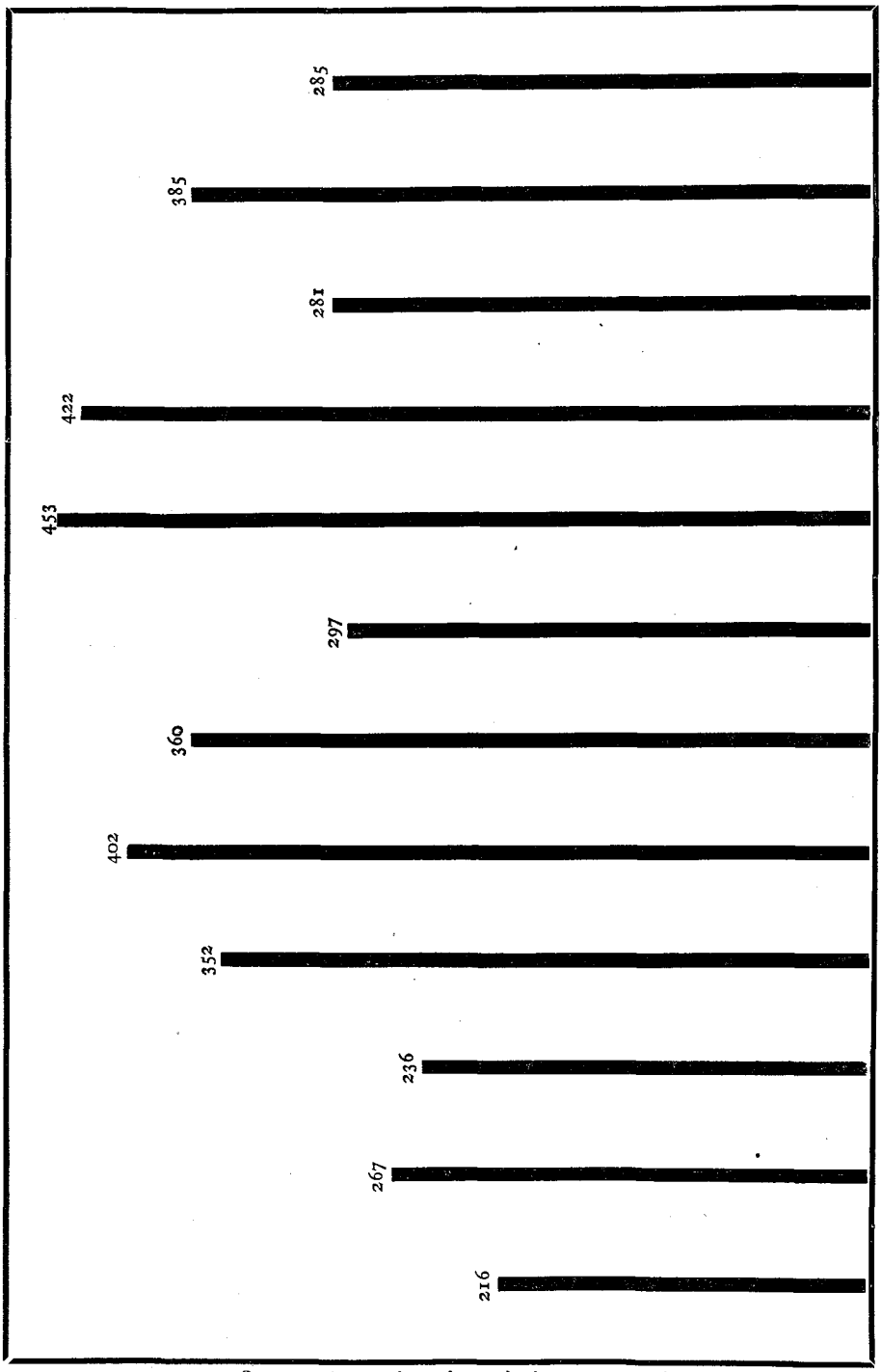
CHART OF MONTHLY LEADERS IN 1915



SCALE—Approximately 1 inch to 100 points

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moil, with Winston Churchill's *A Far Country* second. In the subjoined table every point scored by these two novels is included. The point totals of the other four books represent simply the addition of the points of the months in which they were among the "Six best."

SIX BEST SELLERS OF THE YEAR

1. The Turmoil	1841
2. A Far Country	1563
3. Pollyanna Grows Up	1031
4. Michael O'Halloran	951
5. The Eyes of the World	801
6. "K"	770

BOON'S IDEA OF ARISTOTLE (IN MODERN DRESS) FROM THE WASHING BOOKS

"Boon"

"A literary Luna Park, in which you dizzily bump the bumps" is what an American critic, Mr. Lawrence Gilman, already said of *Boon.* Incidentally, the full title is *Boon, The Mind of the Race, The Wild Asses of the Devil, and The Last Trump,* Being a First Selection from the Literary Remains of George Boon, Appropriate to the Times. Prepared for publication by Reginald Bliss, with an Ambiguous Introduction by H. G. Wells. "I have a strong suspicion," writes Mr. Wells in that ambiguous introduction, "that this introduction idea is designed to entangle me in the responsibility for the book. In America, at any rate, *The Life of George Meek, Bath Chairman,* was ascribed to me upon no better evidence. Yet any one who likes may go to Eastbourne and find Meek with chair and all complete. But in view of the complications of the book market and the large simplicities of the public mind, I do hope that the reader—and by that I mean the reviewer—will be able to see the reasonableness and the necessity of distinguishing between me and Mr. Reginald Bliss. I do not wish to escape the penalties of thus participating in, and endorsing, his manifest breaches of good taste, literary decorum, and friendly obligation, but as a writer whose reputation is already too crowded and confused and who is for the ordinary purposes of every day known mainly as a novelist, I should be glad if I could escape the public identification I am now repudiating. Bliss is Bliss and Wells is Wells. And Bliss can write all sorts of things that Wells could not do."

• • •

The Kipling Battalion

Kipling has been studied from a thousand different interesting points of view, and Kipling's characters have been mentioned in a thousand different connections, but it has remained for Mr. Irving E. Mansback of New York City to visualise the Kipling people in relation to the present great war. In so visualising the Kipling characters, Mr. Mansback has compiled and arranged "The Roster of the Kipling Battalion," which is being shown at one of the well-known book exhibits in Boston. There it is attract-

HENRY JAMES CONVERSES WITH GEORGE MOORE UPON MATTERS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO BOTH OF THEM

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ing tremendous attention, not only for the ingenuity in compilation, but also for the letter of approval signed by Rudyard Kipling and reading as follows:

Private

DEAR SIR:

I have to thank you very much for your cleverly conceived "Roster of the Kipling Battalion," which, naturally, I have read with the greatest interest.

Very sincerely yours,
(signed) RUDYARD KIPLING.

• • •

The "Roster" is drawn up in regular official form, starting as follows:

WAR OFFICE
Whitehall,
London, W.

General Orders No. A.

I. On receipt of these orders the First Kipling Battalion will leave Great Britain and proceed to join the Expeditionary Force at the Front on the Continent.

A footnote quoted direct from Kipling says:

The spirit of these Men and the Characters they portray dominate and live in the Army now fighting at the Front to preserve King and Country.

The Roster then goes on giving the persons of the Battalion, with Brig.-Gen. Sir Alexander L. Corkran, V.C., D.S.O., K.C.B., Bart, as Acting Colonel, and Robert Hanna Wick, D.S.O., as Lieutenant Colonel, right down the line to Mrs. Hauksbee as Nurse-In-Chief, Mowgli as assistant scout, and Colour Sergeant Terence Mulvaney, detailed from the "Auld Regiment," to say nothing of his fellow Colour Sergeants, Stanley Ortheris and Jock Learoyd.

Among the war office despatches quoted in the "Roster," we find:

MARLEY'S GHOST ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND. FROM "A CHRISTMAS CAROL." ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR RACKHAM

The first word we get from the front in regard to the First Kipling Battalion now in the trenches in Northern France at —— is to the effect that the V. C. has been awarded Lce. Corporal Charlie Meers, No. 12378, for gallantry in the face of the enemy.

• • •

An American Dramatist

The four volume Memorial Edition of *Plays by Clyde Fitch,* edited, with an introduction, by Montrose J. Moses and Virginia Gerson, comes to us from the press of Messrs. Little, Brown and Company of Boston. The introduction gives us a vivid picture of a man who, whatever his limitations may have been when judged by the standards of strict

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criticism, was essentially an American dramatist. "If his life were to be told in brief," says the introduction, "we should point to his childhood in Schenectady, New York; his college days at Amherst; his struggles to maintain himself in New York with his short stories; his writing of *Beau Brummel;* and then the open but slow road toward success." Throughout life Clyde Fitch was always proud of his Amherst connection; always proud of the college pride in him. As an undergraduate he seems to have been reticent, shy, rather odd, once appearing upon the campus in a suit of clothes so eccentric that it brought down upon him the gibing of the upper class men. But characteristically he continued to wear that suit. If he had followed his father's choice he would have been an architect. He always possessed a strong art taste, manifest in his collecting of antiques, and asserting itself in the three homes he came to build. Those who saw him in his studio days, saw the real artist—always eager for some *objet d'art,* and spending his small cheques—paid him for his stories—in some much coveted prize.

• • •

Clyde Fitch possessed a quality of mental arrangement which enabled him to put down rapidly on paper whole situations. Often before penning a line the projected play was complete in his mind. He once wrote from Italy: "I don't think the writing them (the two plays on which he was at work) made me ill; I knew so well what I wanted to write—it was copying something that one knows by heart." And from London, on May 24, 1902, about *The Girl With the Green Eyes,* he wrote: "I have also just finished to-day Act I of Mrs. Bloodgood's play. Of course it seems as if I were doing an awful lot of work. And I suppose it would be better if I didn't do so much, but I can't help it. I limit my writing to three hours a day. However, the point about these plays is that I know them almost by heart. I've been planning the Mannering piece since a year ago last winter. I know it all; it only wanted to be written down, and the same with the Bloodgood piece. It isn't as if I had to think up plot and situation. I have had them for a long time." Writing from Paris, in July, 1905, he made this confession: "I am still working like a horse, but I hope like one of those trained, intelligent horses. Now, on the changes necessary in *Her Great Match* for London; next on my Blanche Walsh play (*The Woman in the Case*); and to-morrow I go to London to cast the Frohman play. And altogether more than I can do or more than I *want* to do. But if I can only do it well. I am trying. I think each year I try to *do* better."

• • •

The impression one gets from the introduction to this Memorial Edition is of a Clyde Fitch who was always at work. Sometimes he is shown seated on a stone by the countryside, writing with a rapidity comparable to an artist's sketching. At the opera, for music always stimulated his imagination, he was in the habit of jotting down bits of dialogue. While abroad he would scribble notes on trains or in motor cars. Always there was the love of recording impressions. If there was one quality uppermost in the man, it was his sturdy, never-failing belief in what he had done. From Berlin, in April, 1908, he wrote: "I wish you, who have always taken me and my work seriously, and know *what I put into it,* and from what a standard I wrote, could have shared my joy and satisfaction at Hamburg (over the reception of *The Truth*)." With that tendency of his to underscore and double underscore his emphasis in letters, he declared, in August, 1900, from St. Enogat, France: "I have had a disappointment. Frohman decides not to do *The Climbers.* It is a real bitter disappointment, for I *believe* so much in the play."

• • •

Clyde Fitch's love for a period, and the painstaking care he gave to the task of reproducing it accurately were shown in *Beau Brummel, Barbara Frietchie,*

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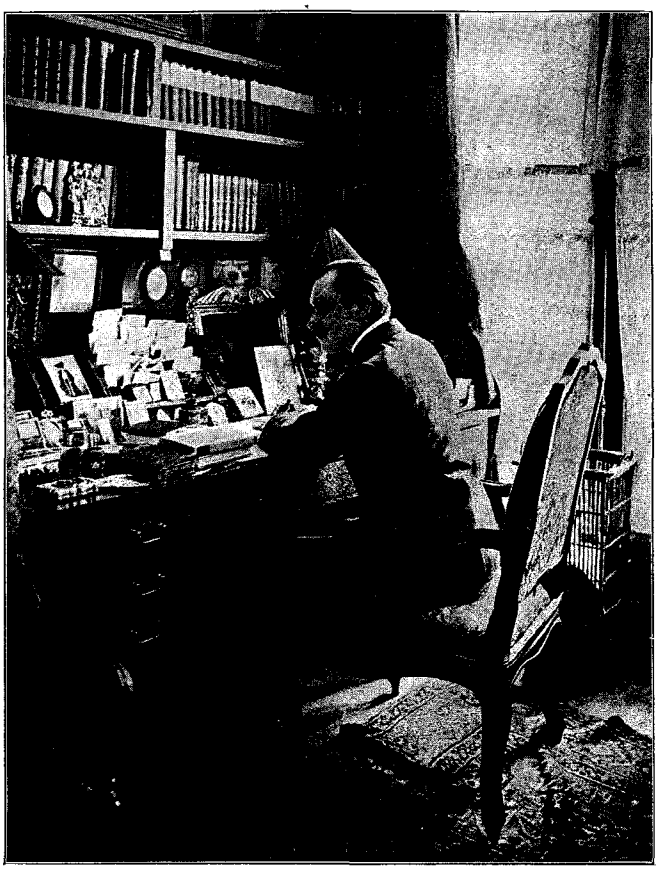

CLYDE FITCH AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO IN EAST FORTIETH STREET, NEW YORK

Nathan Hale, and *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines.* In the first named play it was the London of the Regency; in the second, it was the Civil War, in the third, our Colonial and Revolutionary periods; in the fourth, the New York of the early seventies, when the bustle was *à la mode.* Mr. Fitch's career really began with the success of *Beau Brummel.* Alluding to the old dispute about the authorship of that play the writers of the introduction speak of a faded scenario of *Beau Brummel* as it was first presented to Mr. Mansfield. They also refer to a letter, dated November 6, 1889, when Fitch was living at the Sherwood Studios, which sets at rest all disputes regarding his authentic connection with the play. It is a youthful letter, splendidly joyful. "I have been kept from answering your kind letter because I have not been able to know if I am to be in town Saturday or not. Now, however, I think it most likely that I shall be, and in that case will accept your invitation with eagerness, if you wish to have me with this mite of uncertainty. It is all *à propos* of something wonderful to me, which is also a very great secret. Negotiations are on the *tapis* for a play to be written for Richard Mansfield by Wm. Clyde Fitch, and I am awaiting a despatch now to go to Philadelphia to clinch things with Mansfield, who is playing there this week. It may all elude my grasp, as so many things have done, but if it doesn't, isn't it, O, isn't it an op-

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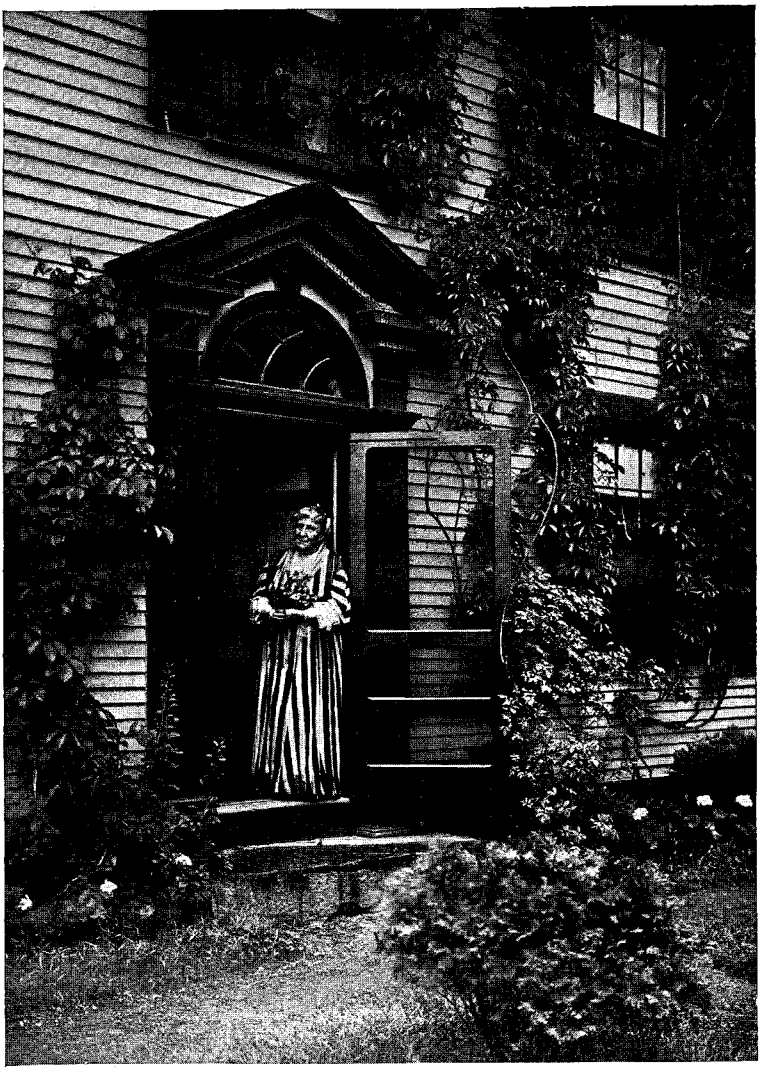

KATE SANBORN

portunity! The subject of the play is to be Beau Brummel."

• • •

F. E. Willard and Whitman

In the course of Kate Sanborn's *Memories and Anecdotes* there is a characteristic picture of Walt Whitman, the subject of this month's paper in Mr. Gamaliel Bradford's series of "Psychographic Portraits." Visiting in Germantown, Pennsylvania, at the home of Mrs. Hannah Whitehall Smith, the Quaker Bible reader and lay evangelist, Kate Sanborn found several celebrities among the guests. Frances E. Willard and Walt Whitman happened to be present. Whitman was rude and aggressively combative in his attack on the advocate of temperance, and that without the slightest provocation. He declared that all this total abstinence was absolute rot

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"QUIET CORNER," CLYDE FITCH'S HOME IN GREENWICH TOWNSHIP, CONNECTICUT

and of no earthly use and that he hated the sight of these women who went out of their way to be crusading temperance fanatics. After this outburst he left the room. Miss Willard never alluded to his fiery criticism, but chatted on as if nothing unpleasant had happened. In half an hour he returned; and with a smiling face made an apology and asked to be forgiven for his too severe remarks. Miss Willard met him more than half way, and they became good friends. And when with the women of the circle again she said: "Now, wasn't that just grand in that dear old man? I like him the more for his outspoken honesty and his unwillingness to pain me."

• • •

Another memory of Kate Sanborn is that of the author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Julia Ward Howe was undeniably witty, although there was a sting to her wit. A conceited, dilapidated bachelor once said to her: "It is time now for me to settle down as a married man, but I want so much; I want youth, health, wealth, of course; beauty, grace——" "Yes," she interrupted sympathetically, "you poor man, you do want them all." Of a conceited young man airing his disbelief at length in a magazine article, she said: "Charles evidently thinks he has invented atheism." When Charles Sumner, refusing to meet some friends of hers at dinner, explained languidly: "Really, Julia, I have lost all my interest in individuals." She retorted; "Why, Charles, God hasn't got as far as that yet." Once walking the streets of Boston with a friend, she looked up and read on a public building, "Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary." She said: "I did not know there were any charitable eyes and ears in Boston."

• • •

The Stevenson Trail

We know that a great many of our readers were much interested in Mr. Clayton Hamilton's series "On the Trail of Stevenson" when the papers appeared in THE BOOKMAN last year. We think many of them will be interetsed in the series as it is presented in book form.

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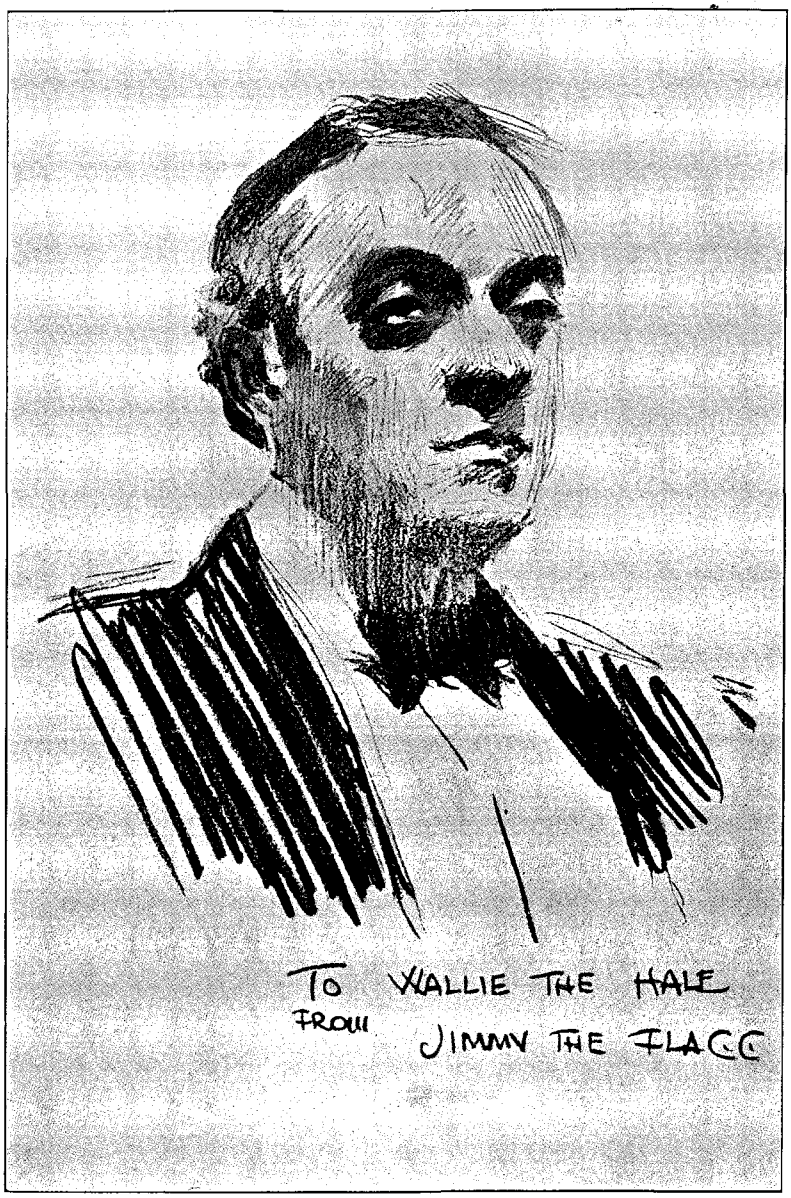

WALTER HALE. FROM THE DRAWING BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

For now Mr. Hamilton's text is illumined by twenty-five illustrations by Mr. Walter Hale, illustrations which show that excellent artist at his best. Faithfully as the Stevenson trail has been followed by Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Hale has not been behind his collaborator. Years ago he tramped and bicycled through the Scott, Barrie, and Stevenson country in Scotland. The haunts of R.L.S. in the Forest of Fontainebleau have long been familiar to him. In the course of many motor trips at home and abroad he has touched, in

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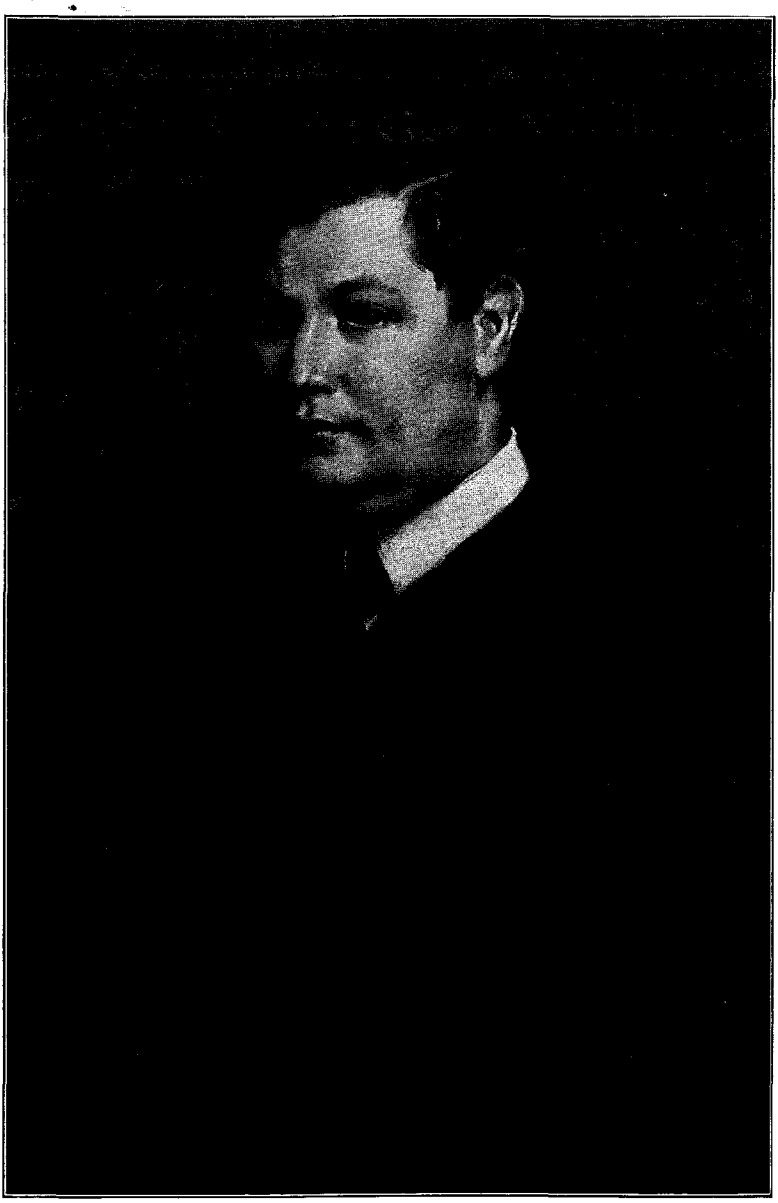

CLAYTON HAMILTON. FROM THE PORTRAIT BY ALBERT STERNER

Italy, in Switzerland, in the southern part of France, in the Adirondack country, and on the New Jersey coast, the scenes associated with Stevenson's life and work. We regard this book as one of the most attractive of the illustrated books of the season, as it will probably be one of the most permanent. In extending this endorsement we mention, incidentally, that it is not a publication of the house that publishes THE BOOKMAN.

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STEVENSON ON THE STAGE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THE recent great success of *Treasure Island* at the Punch and Judy Theatre has made many people wonder why so few of the buoyant and bracing tales of R.L.S. have been transferred to the service of the stage, and has attracted the immediate attention of literary students to the entire subject of Stevenson's relations with the theatre.

Stevenson was a man of many moods, and his attitude toward the question of composition for the theatre was subject to frequent oscillations; but the poles of his opinion may be pointed out by comparing two passages in his letters. At one time, he wrote to his father, "The theatre is a gold mine; and on that I must keep my eye!" Years later, he wrote from Vailima to Sir Sidney Colvin, "No, I will not write a play for Irving, nor for the devil. Can you not see that the work of *falsification* which a play demands is of all tasks the most ungrateful? And I have done it a long while—and nothing ever came of it." The first passage was penned in the high tide of his ambition as a playwright, and the second passage was written after this ambition had been quenched by disappointment.

Stevenson wrote four plays in collaboration with William Ernest Henley, and a fifth play in collaboration with Mrs. Stevenson. The last of these, *The Hanging Judge,* which was written at Bournemouth early in 1887, has never been acted, and was never printed, even privately, during the lifetime of R.L.S. After her husband's death, Mrs. Stevenson printed a few copies and presented them to his intimate friends. I have seen a copy of this issue in the library of Mr. William Archer; but, in a very hasty reading, I failed to discover any noticeable merit in the play. In 1914, Mr. Edmund Gosse printed privately an edition of *The Hanging Judge* that was limited to thirty copies; but, so far as the general reader is concerned, the piece remains unpublished.

But the four plays which Stevenson produced in partnership with Henley are published in the works of R.L.S.; and all four of them, at one time or another, have been acted on the stage. *Deacon Brodie* was first produced at Pullan's Theatre of Varieties, Bradford, on December 28, 1882. In March, 1883, a performance of the play took place at Her Majesty's Theatre, Aberdeen; and on the afternoon of July 2, 1884, it was introduced to the London public at the Prince's Theatre. *Admiral Guinea* was produced at an afternoon performance at the Avenue Theatre, in London, on November 29, 1897; and *Beau Austin* was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, in London, on November 3, 1890, with Mr. Beerbohm Tree [now Sir Herbert Tree] in the title part. I can find no record, in my notes, of the first performance of *Macaire;* but this piece, also, has been produced in public. Stevenson, however, never witnessed a performance of any of his plays, and was never even privileged to see a scene of his enacted in rehearsal.

The only one of these four plays which exhibited any indication of vitality in the theatre was the first, and perhaps the poorest, of them all,—*Deacon Brodie.* In 1887 this piece was presented in several cities in America,—the tour opening at Montreal on September 26; but its comparative success must be ascribed less to its own merits as a melodrama than to the very interesting acting of Edward John Henley, the brother of Stevenson's collaborator.

Deacon Brodie, which was elaborated from an early draft made by Stevenson himself, was completed by Stevenson

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"TREASURE ISLAND." ACT I. PEW DELIVERING THE BLACK SPOT TO BILLY BONES

and Henley in 1880, but was subsequently revised and rewritten. *Admiral Guinea, Beau Austin,* and *Macaire* were all composed in 1884 and 1885, during the period of Stevenson's residence at Bournemouth. His health, at that period, was at its very lowest ebb; most of his time was spent perforce in bed; and his main motive in embarking on the collaboration was merely to enliven the intervals of his lingering in the "land of counterpane" by a playful exercise of spirits in the company of a spirited and eager friend. There is ample evidence that Henley took their joint task much more seriously; but neither of the two collaborators had established a professional relation with the theatre.

As Stevenson looked back upon these plays, he clear-sightedly looked down upon them. In July, 1884, he wrote frankly to Sir Sidney Colvin,—"and anyhow the *Deacon* is damn bad"; and in March, 1887, he remonstrated with Henley, in the following terms, for sending copies of their joint plays to their literary friends:—"The reperusal of the *Admiral,* by the way, was a sore blow; eh, God, man, it is a low, black, dirty, black-guard, ragged piece; vomitable in many parts—simply vomitable. . . . *Macaire* is a piece of job-work, hurriedly bockled; might have been worse, might have been better; happy-go-lucky; act-it-or-let-it-rot piece of business. Not a thing, I think, to send in presentations."

II

These dictates of self-criticism—destructive as they are—have been, in the main, accepted by posterity; for, even among ardent Stevensonians, the plays of Stevenson and Henley have found very few apologists. A recent writer, Mr. Francis Watt, in his interesting book entitled *R.L.S.,* has gravely stated [page 249] that "the plays were too good to win a popular success"; but this is an opinion that will be at once distrusted by any habitual frequenter of the theatre. Plays do not fail because they are too good: they fail because they are not good enough in the right way.

The most illuminative criticism—in fact, the only finally authoritative criti-

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"TREASURE ISLAND." ACT I. PEW AND THE PIRATES OF FLINT'S OLD SHIP

cism—of the plays of Stevenson and Henley is the opinion of Sir Arthur Pinero, delivered in his lecture to the members of the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh at the Music Hall in Edinburgh on Tuesday, February 24, 1903. This lecture—entitled *R. L. Stevenson: the Dramatist*—has been printed only privately in England, because Sir Arthur has an ineradicable habit of reserving the lime-light for his plays and keeping out of it himself; but it has recently been published in this country, in an edition limited to three hundred and thirty-three copies, by the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University.*

Since, however, this thoroughly authoritative paper is still unknown to the generality of readers, it may be profitable to summarise its most important points. The first of these is that "One of the great rules—perhaps the only universal rule—of the drama is that you cannot pour new wine into old skins. . . . The art of the drama is not stationary but progressive. . . . Its conditions are always changing, and . . . every dramatist whose ambition it is to produce live plays is absolutely bound to study carefully, and I may even add respectfully—at any rate not contemptuously—the conditions that hold good for his own age and generation." The second important point is Sir Arthur's statement that "*dramatic* talent" is of service in the theatre only as "the raw material of *theatrical* talent. . . . Dramatic, like poetic, talent is born, not made; if it is to achieve success on the stage, it must be developed into theatrical talent by hard study, and generally by long practice." This is a very suggestive point, to which we shall find ocassion later to refer. Almost equally suggestive is Sir Arthur Pinero's distinction between what he calls the "strategy" and the "tactics" of playmaking. He defines *strategy* as "the general laying out of a play" and *tactics* as "the art of getting the characters on and off the stage, of conveying in-

*Publications of the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University. First Series. IV. Robert Louis Stevenson as a Dramatist. By Arthur Wing Pinero. New York: 1914.

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formation to the audience, and so forth." His fourth important point is that fine speeches, and fine speeches alone, will not carry a drama to success; for Sir Arthur makes a clear distinction between "the absolute beauty of words, such beauty as Ruskin or Pater or Newman might achieve in an eloquent passage," and "the beauty of dramatic fitness to the character and the situation."

III

In the light of these four principles, Sir Arthur Pinero has examined the plays of Stevenson and Henley; and, at each of the four points, he has found the plays defective. Stevenson's work in the drama was anachronistic; and the models that he imitated not only were outworn but also were unworthy. Stevenson never took the trouble to develop into theatrical talent the keen dramatic talent he was born with. He never taught himself the tactics of modern play-making, and did not even appreciate the good points in the strategy of the melodramatists he chose to imitate. And, finally, Stevenson never managed to unlearn the heresy that fine speeches, and fine speeches alone, will carry a drama to success.

Sir Arthur's explanation of Stevenson's four-fold failure as a dramatist is equally acute. He finds that Stevenson failed to take the drama seriously, that he worked at it "in a smiling, sportive, half-contemptuous spirit," that he "played at being a playwright" and "was fundamentally in error in regarding the drama as a matter of child's play." And, in a very interesting parallel, Sir Arthur has pointed out the close resemblance between Stevenson's own plays and those typical examples of Skelt's Juvenile Drama that are celebrated with such a gusto of memorial eloquence in that delightful essay in *Memories and Portraits* called *A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured*. "Even to his dying day," Sir Arthur adds, "he continued to regard the actual theatre as only an enlarged form of the toy theatres which had fascinated his childhood . . . he considered his function as a dramatist very little more serious than that child's-play with paint-box and pasteboard on which his memory dwelt so fondly."

This criticism of the plays of Stevenson and Henley, delivered by the finest dramaturgic artist still living in the world to-day, must be accepted as final; but a word or two should be appended in explanation of Stevenson's utter lack of preparation for the serious task of making plays. Owing mainly to the accident of birth—for Stevenson was born in a rigorous metropolis that refused to countenance the theatre—and owing also to the accident of his continuous ill-health, he grew up without ever going to the theatre; and his earliest impressions of the stage were confined, necessarily, to the repertory of the toy-theatre that he has celebrated with enthusiasm in the famous essay that Sir Arthur has referred to. Stevenson's biographer, Mr. Graham Balfour, has stated [Volume I, page 161], —"Although he had read (and written) plays from his early years, had revelled in the melodramas of the toy-theatre, and had acted with the Jenkins and in other private theatricals, I find no reference to his having visited a theatre before December, 1874." At this date, Stevenson was twenty-four years old; and it is not at all surprising that an author who first visited the theatre at the age of twenty-four should show himself deficient as a dramatist when he casually undertook the task of making plays in his early thirties.

In view of these facts, it seems only fair that Henley, more than Stevenson, should be called to account for the manifest anachronism of their plays; for Henley was a magazine-editor, and ought presumably to have kept himself in touch with the fashions of the theatre in his day. But it is possible, of course, that Henley was deterred from theatre-going by his bodily infirmity,—an infirmity much more painful and disastrous that that which kept Stevenson

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isolated in his bed at Bournemouth. At any rate, the one thing which the two collaborators never understood was the fact that the technique of the theatre had advanced beyond remembrance of the period of those transpontine melodramatists that they so blithely imitated.

IV

What Stevenson needed most of all was a different collaborator,—not a man of letters like Henley, but a man of the theatre like (for instance) Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, whose famous melodrama, *The Silver King,* had already been produced in 1882. He needed a professional assistant, to translate into terms of theatrical talent the keen dramatic talent he was born with. A collaborator of this type has at last been accorded to him, through the enterprise of Mr. Charles Hopkins, the director of the Punch and Judy Theatre. *Treasure Island* has been dramatised by Mr. Jules Eckert Goodman,—a playwright whose sound theatrical talent has been developed to efficiency by hard study and by long practice. Mr. Goodman has so successfully transferred the rapture and the thrill of *Treasure Island* to the stage that the delighted spectator comes away from the performance with a feeling that can only be expressed by quoting Andrew Lang's ejaculation,—"This is the kind of stuff a fellow wants!"

The magnitude of Mr. Goodman's accomplishment can be appreciated only if we take into account the special difficulties of his task. Nearly all the critics who, from time to time, had been consulted concerning the possibility of making a successful play from *Treasure Island* had reported in the negative; and, among the many, the present writer is compelled to confess that he agreed with the majority. The special obstacles were three in number:—first, the utter lack of feminine interest in the story, which seemed to make the material dangerous for successful exploitation in the theatre; second, the apparent necessity of shifting the action rapidly from place to place, and of doing this at least a dozen times without impeding the onrush of the action; and third, the particular requirement, in the case of a story known and loved by absolutely everybody, of clinging close to the original material and inventing nothing new.

But these three difficulties have been swept away by Mr. Goodman. Despite the tradition of the theatre that the public cares much more for actresses than actors, the audience never seems to notice the absence of any feminine interest in the narrative. Jim's mother is, of course, the only woman in the story, and she appears only inconspicuously, for a few moments in the first act; but the play succeeds so well without a heroine that a necessary inference is forced that love is not, by any means, the only subject that can capture the attention of the theatre-going crowd.

Mr. Goodman has arranged the narrative in ten different chapters of time and nine distinct pigeon-holes of places; but the changes are so rapidly and easily effected on the stage of Mr. Hopkins that the spectator is never released from the enthrallment of the story. The first act is, by far, the best, and this fact is a little unfortunate for the play; but the fault is Stevenson's, not Mr. Goodman's. Stevenson began his story in a high tide of delighted composition; but, after drying up in the early paragraphs of the sixteenth chapter, he never entirely recaptured the zest of the initiation of his narrative. Mr. Goodman's first act, which is set, of course, in the Admiral Benbow Inn, is quite as good as any first act has a right to be; for if the theatre were often as enthralling as this, no self-respecting person could ever find an evening off, to sit at home and read *The Count of Monte Cristo.*

But Mr. Goodman's success is perhaps even more remarkable in respect to the third difficulty that confronted him. He has made a coherent play without inventing anything that was not set down for him in the well-known

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and well-belovèd novel; and he has not left out anything that even Andrew Lang would emphatically miss. The great bother about dramatising books for boys is, of course, that every boy in the audience will at once become a critic and will insist on having the story served to him—in Mr. Kipling's phrase —"just so." When the present writer attended the performance, a concentrated company of four boys sat in back of him. There was a scene on the deck of the *Hispaniola,* disclosing the well-known apple-barrel "standing broached in the waist." There were indications of impending mutiny, as the ragged members of Flint's old crew muttered darkling in the corners of the stage. Jim entered, strolling down the deck. "Get into the barrel," said one of the boys behind me, "Hurry up and get into the barrel, before they see you: hurry up and hide, or how can you overhear what they are going to say?" This comment convinced the critic that the play was undeniably successful; but it also seemed to point a finger at the greatest difficulty which the dramatist was overcoming.

While glancing at this little point of Mr. Goodman's meticulous exactitude, the writer may perhaps be pardoned for pointing out the fact that, though Stevenson's *Hispaniola* was a schooner, the ship disclosed upon the stage of the Punch and Judy Theatre is not a schooner but a square-rigged vessel. This variation is, however, easily forgivable; for Stevenson himself confessed that the *Hispaniola* ought really to have been a brig, and that the only reason why he made her a schooner was that [in August, 1874] he had cruised for a month in a schooner yacht, and that he had never actually been aboard a square-rigged ship at sea.

V

The success of *Treasure Island* on the stage has called attention to the fact that comparatively few of the tales of R.L.S. have enjoyed a similar transference to the theatre. Mr. T. Russell Sullivan's dramatisation of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* has heretofore stood almost alone as an example of what may be done with the Stevenson stories on the stage; and this play derived its public popularity less from the inherent interest of the subject-matter than from the very remarkable acting of the late Richard Mansfield. Mr. Mansfield, who was accustomed to consider very highly his own performance of Beau Brummel and to speak with an entirely becoming pride of his best achievements on the stage, told the present writer, not once but many times, that his performance of Jekyll and Hyde was little more than a matter of theatric mechanism, and expressed surprise at the continued favour of the public for the play. "It's nothing but clap-trap," said Mr. Mansfield, "yet they seem to like it as much as *Richard III,* in which I give a perforamnce that is worth considering." The fact remains, however, that the play died with Mr. Mansfield's death; and that its continuous vitality for many years was due more to him than to Mr. Sullivan or Stevenson.

It may be interesting to record the fact that Stevenson never witnessed Mr. Mansfield's performance in the dual rôle of his hero and his villain. At the first night in New York, in the Madison Square Theatre, on Monday evening, September 12, 1887, Stevenson's wife and mother witnessed the performance from Mr. Sullivan's box; but, on this occasion, the novelist himself was lying ill in Newport at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fairchild, and he never subsequently saw the play.

After Stevenson's death, Mr. Otis Skinner appeared in a dramatic version of *Prince Otto,*—made, if I remember rightly, by himself; but the piece was not successful. I find among my notes no other records of plays made professionally from the tales of Stevenson, with the exception of a few scattered and unimportant one-act versions of various short-stories.

It is a curious fact that the tales of

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Stevenson were, for the most part, left untouched throughout that period of the eighteen-nineties when there was a popular and insistent demand for dramatised novels,—the period when the indefatigable Mr. E. E. Rose used to dramatise three or four novels a year. The reason for this fact, however, will easily become apparent. It is true enough, as Sir Arthur Pinero has reported, that "dramatic talent Stevenson undoubtedly possessed in abundance." His tales are full of striking situations, in which the actors appear in postures which are vividly impressed forever on the eye of memory. But in two respects his novels, despite their dominance of the element of action and their vividness of visual appeal, have been singularly difficult to dramatise. In the first place, Stevenson usually neglected the interest of love and excluded women rigourously from his most exciting situations; and, in the second place, he was accustomed to allow his narratives to wander very freely in both space and time and to depend for his effect on a frequent change of setting. How, for instance, could one dramatise *The Wrecker,* which keeps the reader travelling over more than half the habitable globe?; and how could one dramatise *Kidnapped,* which leads the reader to a world in which there seem to be no women?

These objections, though they appear to explain the fact that very few playwrights have attempted to transfer the tales of Stevenson to the service of the theatre, afford no reason why they may not be successfully transferred to the service of the new and growing medium of moving-pictures. *Treasure Island,* for example, would make a better moving-picture than a play. It may sanely be conjectured that, if Stevenson were living still [and it is a sad fact to remember that even now he would be only sixty-five years old], he would probably devote his mind enthusiastically to the new craft of making moving-pictures. In his *Gossip on Romance,* he said,—"The story, if it be a story, should repeat itself in a thousand coloured pictures to the eye. . . . There is a vast deal in life . . . where the interest turns . . . not on the passionate slips and hesitations of the conscience, but on the problems of the body and of the practical intelligence, in clean, open-air adventure, the shock of arms or the diplomacy of life. With such material as this it is impossible to build a play, for the serious theatre exists solely on moral grounds, and is a standing proof of the dissemination of the human conscience. But it is possible to build, upon this ground, . . . the most lively, beautiful, and buoyant tales."

The Master of Ballantrae might be made into a good play, though the dramatist would experience considerable difficulty in projecting the last act; but this concluding passage would afford the very best material for the moving-picture craftsman. *Kidnapped,* also, could easily be shown in moving-pictures, but could hardly be compressed into a play. Stevenson, in his stories, wrote mainly for the seeing eye; he was less concerned with character than with action and with setting; he exhibited events, harmoniously set in place and time, and he never disturbed the exhibition by psychological analysis. His literary style is perhaps his greatest glory; but, even if bereft of this, he would remain—to quote him once again—a master of "brute incident." While still alive, he failed in his efforts as a dramatist; but there seems to be no reason now why he should not enjoy a posthumous success as a master of the moving-picture play.

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PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN AUTHORS

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

II—Walt Whitman

I

He was a man of the plain people, if anybody knows what that means. At any rate, he liked to boast of it. He had the education of circumstances, the training of broad human contact, the discipline of hard facts. In his boyhood he wandered over the pastures and beaches of Long Island. Later he wandered over the whole country, looking into manifold eyes, touching manifold hands, kissing manifold lips, forgetting more faces than many of us ever see. "I envy you your capacity for being at home with anybody in any crowd," said the home-keeping Emerson. He liked the solitude of vast throngs as much as he liked the solitude of starry nights. He liked the bustle, the restless, creative activity, the hurried speech, the whir, of busy, modern America. "I see how lucky I was that I was myself thrown out early upon the average earth—to wrestle for myself—among the masses of people—never living in coteries; that I have lived cheek by jowl with common people."

He was literary by nature, that is, had from youth the double instinct of feeling and expressing, which comes from heaven knows where. In his early days this showed itself in rather ordinary verses and rather ordinary prose. Later it occurred to him that as he was a man of the people, why should he not be the poet of the people? He was a democrat, he was an American. Democracy and America had secrets that had never been uttered, great truths as yet unknown, vast possibilities, vast hopes, vast treasures of physical and spiritual delight. Some one must give these things adequate expression. Why not he? Literature had existed hitherto for literary classes, had represented a narrow culture, a limited experience, a selfish hope. Now it should take in the whole world. He had known and loved the common toilers and sufferers. Out of his knowledge and sympathy he would speak for them. "I have made my poetry out of actual, practical life," he said, "such as is common to every man and woman, so that all may have an equal share in it." And again, "I am willing to think I represent vast averages, and the generic American masses —that I am their voice." He aimed to write a "Poem of the People—representing the people, so copious, so simple, so fierce." His admirers called *Leaves of Grass* the "Bible of Democracy" and he never showed any disposition to contradict them—quite the opposite.

He wanted to break entirely with older forms of literature, to eschew them, to forget them, wanted to drop traditions, conventions, and establish a technique as novel as he thought his matter was. He worked hard for years, he says, to eliminate set phrases, those stereotyped poetical figures which lost their sparkle and freshness a thousand years ago. Literature? What is it? He neither knows nor cares. Life is good enough for him. "The more the literary guild discuss me the more I seem outside the particular interests they chew upon with such relish." "I hate literature. . . . I do not love a literary man as a literary man."

But all this is as old as literature itself. All strong, rising authors declare that they have done with literature. The preoccupation of novelty, of doing something altogether different, is one of the strongest marks of the literary in-

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stinct, and the classics represent the revolts that have survived amid the million wrecks of revolts that have been neither literature nor anything else. There is even about Whitman the peculiar literary consciousness, the uneasy sense of the judgment and criticism of literary men that comes from being half educated or self-educated. He is not one like François Villon, who has passed light-heartedly from learning to vagabondage, but one who has toiled upward from vagabondage to learning and never feels perfectly secure of his position. We see in Shakespeare just the same result of a book education that has been one-sided and incomplete. This it is that accounts for Shakespeare's stupefaction before the hidden possibilities of words, his curious jugglings with them, his naïve admiration of his own verbal pyrotechnics. To Whitman, also, words, which ring so hollow to the trained man of letters, were delightful, mystical entities, dainty playthings to forget life with, bubbles to toss in the air and to watch delightedly, as they sparkled in the summer sunshine. Only so can we explain his fearful dealings in such polyglot monstrosities as *Americanos, camarados, Santa Spirita,* his *résumés, eidolons, libertads,* and so forth. These things do not constitute a style but a lingo.

Thus, Whitman's literary attitude has too much theory behind it to be really popular, really representative of democracy. It was not spontaneous enough. Lanier's harsh comment, that all the elaborate rough garb and slouchy carriage were merely inverted dandyism, and that Whitman's poetry was everywhere "posing to see if it cannot assume a naïve and striking attitude," is much exaggerated, but has a basis of truth. Just as Zola used the brute vice of democracy to make a literary reputation, so, in much the same spirit, Whitman used its brute virtue.

The real literature of the people, as we find it in the old ballads, for instance, sung right out of the heart of the people, is altogether different. It uses literary machinery and conventional forms quite unconsciously and just because they are conventional—and therefore natural. Above all, it presents the spirit of the people in a fashion totally different from Whitman's. It insists not upon what the common people are, but upon what they are not—but would like to be. Here is the fundamental error of Whitman's attempt to be the poet of democracy. He endeavours to represent men's common life, glorified, indeed, transfigured, but glorified in overalls and transfigured through sweat, mud, grime, and weariness. Now of all human societies democracy has least desire to see itself as it is. An aristocratic, worldly class is not unwilling to behold even its vices travestied, takes a cynical pleasure in the process, saying, "See here, such I am, but after all I am the fine flower of culture and I would not be otherwise." But a democracy, especially the American democracy, maintains a veritable conspiracy, in the press, in the pulpit, on the stage, for getting itself presented quite other than it is, for keeping all sorts of brutal facts rigidly and severely in the background. We want our stories, we want our plays, full of heroism, full of melodrama, full of the splendid things we always expect the other fellow to be doing. The plumber, the brakeman, does not want a poem describing the glory of a wiped joint, or a coupled freight car, does not have his picture taken with a gasolene torch or a red lantern. He always sees himself in his best ready-made Sunday suit, walking with his young woman in a fourteen dollar and ninety-nine cent frock from a department store. But in Whitman's poems he is a plumber or a brakeman only. And the democratic instinct is herein perfectly right, even according to Whitman himself. For the essence of democracy and all that can justify it is aspiration and why aspire when we are patted on the back and told that we are perfect just as we are?

Further, democracy, our democracy, means woman. Our early education is controlled by women, our social life exists for women, our literature is adapted

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to women, our manners are dictated by women, our earnings are spent by women. Now Whitman's poems, whatever their excellencies, are not women's poems. It is really pathetic to see his longing for recognition by the reading sex. Some women, some noble and beautiful women, like Mrs. Gilchrist, accept him fully. How pleased he is! "I always say that it is significant when a woman accepts me." Again *"Leaves of Grass* is essentially a woman's book: the women do not know it, but every now and then a woman shows that she knows it." Very few of them, and it will never be different. What women detest in Whitman is, not that he makes sex too prominent, but that he does not make it prominent enough. The modern woman, like the woman of all ages, knows perfectly well that sex is her supreme instrument of domination and she instinctively obtrudes it in social life in every possible way, by the subtle suggestion which is far more effective than nudity. Whitman shows the bare fact of sex, in its cruel insignificance, and then tosses it into a corner. This is to rob woman of all her privileges, and she will not forgive it. Sex in literature, to woman, is sentiment, something forever tantalising and never satisfying, a halo of the impossible about a nucleus of the prohibited. What democracy, that is, woman, demands in literature is what she delightfully calls "a heart interest." There is no heart interest in Whitman.

The true, the satisfying poet of democracy, as democracy is and will be, for many years yet, is Longfellow. Longfellow fixes our attention not on what we are, but on what we might be. Longfellow makes gentle music of all those creditable emotions with which we like to believe that our country is sprinkled, like a meadow with blossoms in May. Above all, Longfellow gives woman that exalted importance which is no doubt her due and which she now likes to have assigned her not as a courtesy, but as an inalienable right.

Thus, the great poem of the people, the Bible of democracy, is not read by the people and will never be popular. It may be literature of the people and by the people. Literature for the people it is not. The plumber, that is, the plumber's young woman, will never read it, though she devours *Evangeline.* Earnest educators will never edit it in neat paper issues for the devout perusal of grammar scholars. "Children of Adam" will never be droned from graduation platforms on hot June nights, nor "Passage to India" ever be chosen to exhibit the peculiar oratorical gift which is to float James into the hospitable precincts of the Hall of Fame. Only, by that curious infelicity which picks a man's least characteristic work to typify him,—"English Traits" for Emerson and "The Sky-lark" for Shelley,—"My Captain" has contrived to get a certain hold on the imagination of many who know nothing of its author. "Damn 'My Captain'!" said Whitman.

It is extremely curious to observe the poet's own attitude about this matter of his popularity. He has admirers in England, enthusiastic admirers, and some at home. Oh, yes, that is well. Their incense is thoroughly acceptable. And of course one does not wish to be admired by the herd. "Longfellow was the expresser of the common themes—of the little songs of the masses—perhaps will always have some vogue among average readers of English." Certainly one would not wish to be anything like that. Yet when one writes for the herd——. And it is curious that the average reader does not understand. Our own mother and best lover does not understand—simply gives it up. Our dear friend, the honest, true-hearted brakeman, Pete Doyle, full of common sense and shrewd insight, loves us, but he cannot read our books. The devoted nurse of our old age tries hard to admire, reads a page or two, then takes a rest, and reads another. Well, it must be admitted, we are "not popular and never will be," but we have written *Leaves of Grass* and *Leaves of Grass* is the Bible of democracy, just the same—for everybody but democrats.

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II

The above analysis of Whitman's relation to his own work is an indispensable prelude to the discussion of the man, because the two are so constantly and inseparably intertwined. If, however, I have given the impression that a certain artificiality and literary consciousness in the work extended altogether to the author, I must hasten to dispel it. On the contrary, his soul was singularly candid and simple. "The great poets are to be known by the absence in them of tricks and by the justification of perfect personal candour," wrote Whitman himself, nobly. There may have been tricks in his verse. There was perfect candour in his heart. "If I talk wrong, then I talk wrong—but I talk honest, or always mean to: maybe that is the chief thing, to talk honest." It is, at any rate, a very great thing.

By the industry and devotion of Whitman's earnest admirers we have material for the intimate study of his life during a large portion of his career. Let us take him in age first, for here we have one of the most faithful and exhaustive records ever preserved of the life of any man. Mr. Horace Traubel has far out-Boswelled Boswell in the patience and the minuteness with which he has chronicled his hero's slightest words and vaguest gestures. I do not know that he has quite equalled the excellent bishop of Belley, Camus, who, to make double assurance of veracity in writing the life of Saint Francis of Sales, bored a hole into the saint's room that he might be observed when he thought himself entirely alone. Perhaps this is going too far. Certainly Mr. Traubel goes far enough.

Really no human being was ever so microscopically noted, so completely stripped of the decent garniture of privacy. And few would come out of the ordeal so well as Whitman. We see a serene, lovable old man looking back on his own great achievement, commenting leisurely on his failures and successes and on his vast and varied contact with human life. Intellectually these comments are marked by a never-failing curiosity and an immense desire to get at the truth of things. There is a hatred of partisanship, of narrow prejudice, of the greed of spiritual triumph, no matter how good the cause may be. All Whitman's sympathies were with what are called radical and progressive ideas. Yet any bitterness of advocacy, even for these, brings his protest in a moment. He "dissents from partisanship whatever its name or form, for after the best the partisan will say, something better will be said by the man."

A profound and consistent thinker he was not. He had neither the training nor the intellectual intensity. But he occasionally struck out a casual reflection of wide significance, as in his doubt "whether the Reformation of Luther was of such value to the world as most Protestants think." And his critical remarks and brief characterisations have often an extraordinary shrewdness and felicity, as the summary of Swinburne, quoted by Professor Bliss Perry, "Ain't he the damnedest Simulacrum?", or the inimitable touching off of Mr. Henry James, "James is only feathers to me," or the more serious portrayal of Sherman, "seamy, sinewy, in style—a bit of stern open air made up in the image of a man."

But the mere intellectual attraction of this elaborately sketched figure would not carry us far. It is the love in it that counts, the genuine tenderness, unshaken by age, unsoured by fatigue and pain. Who has surpassed the beautiful humility of the confession, "I no doubt deserved my enemies, but I don't believe I deserved my friends"? If long love deserves friends, and forgiving charity, and affection that caresses like sunlight, this man certainly deserved them. The undermining strain of tedious illness could not make him inconsiderate or forgetful. To the end he thought of those he loved more than of himself. And what sweet, simple, noble words he has that clearly come straight from the heart. "It seems to be the notion of some people that I should 'select' my

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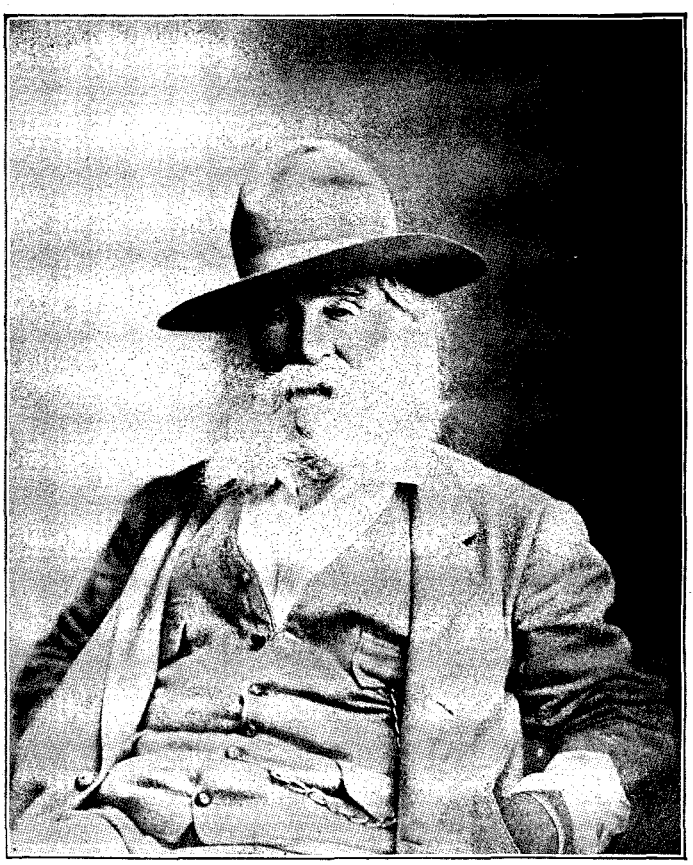
friends—accept and reject and so forth. Love, affection, never selects—just loves, is just affectionate." Again: "W. kissed me good night. He said, 'we are growing near together.' That's all there is in life for people—just to grow near together."

Also, this deep, unlimited tenderness was not confined to a narrow circle or to a few choice, sympathetic companions. Not many men have responded so quickly and vividly to the mere human contact, have felt the voice and sight of man and woman as such so constantly delightful. Nothing brings him hope and happiness more completely than the presence of a joyous spirit. A radical boy orator, full of Western hope, drifts into his room and drifts out again. "O he was a beautiful boy—a wonderful day-beam, I shall probably never see his face again—yet he left something here with me that I can never quite lose." And such broad human affection was based on sympathy, on the ever present sense that others felt what he felt and enjoyed what he enjoyed. It was thus that when he was tormented by restless, sleepless illness, and the Fourth of July racket began under his window, he checked every effort to interfere with it. "Don't send them away, Mary; the boys don't like to be disturbed either. Besides, who knows but there



"A SERENE, LOVABLE OLD MAN LOOKING BACK ON HIS OWN GREAT ACHIEVEMENT, COMMENTING LEISURELY ON HIS FAILURES AND SUCCESSES, AND ON HIS VAST AND VARIED CONTACT WITH HUMAN LIFE"

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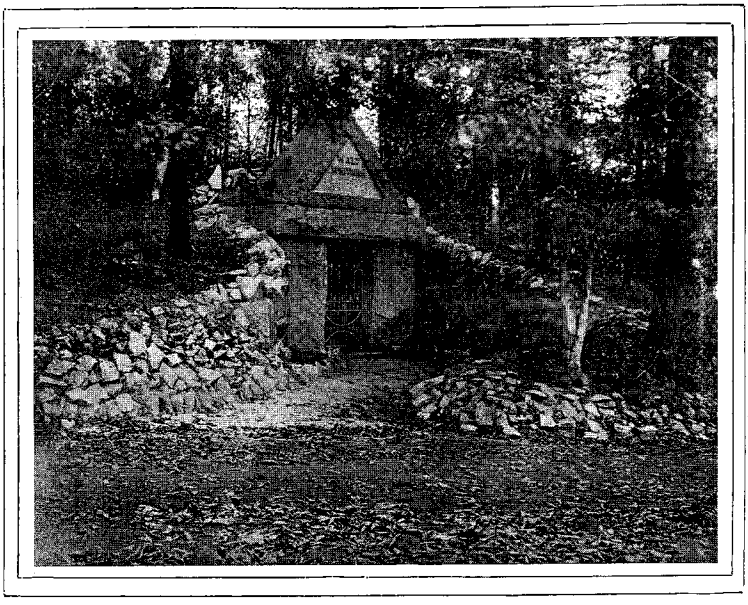

TOMB AT HARLEIGH, CAMDEN, N. J. DESIGNED BY WHITMAN HIMSELF

may be a sicker man round the corner?"

There is no surer foundation for democracy than human tenderness like this, and because Whitman's democracy was built on such tenderness, it was broad and unfailing and indestructible. He occasionally notes faults and weaknesses in this great, triumphant America of ours, notes them with a shrewdness which shows that he was by no means blind. But his general tone is one of enthusiastic confidence. These States hold the key to the future. These States are the country of hope, the abiding-place of love, the breeding-ground of strong, fruitful virtues which shall make the world over. The men and women of these States are the children of liberty, the nourishers of justice, the begetters of joy. It is not certain that democracy greatly needs to be told its excellences. If it does, Whitman should be the man for it.

And as this kindly, tranquil spirit looked out with confidence, from the bare refuge of his shrunken age, upon the seething conflict of the political world about him, so his vision of the moral and spiritual world was equally joyous and serene. They asked him if anything had ever shaken his faith in humanity. "Never! Never! I trust humanity. Its instincts are in the main right." And again, "I never have any doubt of the future when I look at the common man." So heroic was his trust, so indomitable his optimism, that he is said to have complained, "Emerson's deficiency is that he doubts everything." What must have been the robustness of that faith to which Emerson appeared a sceptic!

It is true that, as with all ardent optimists and pessimists alike, you sometimes get an impression of effort, of wilful eye-shutting. In an unguarded moment Whitman admits: "I have seen in the later years of my life exemplifications of devilishness, venom, in the human critter, which I could not have believed possible in my more exuberant youth." And elsewhere he recognises, still more unguardedly, the slight touch of strain I have suggested: "Life is not so bright that anybody should wanton with it—should keep its shadows too much to the front." But in the main,

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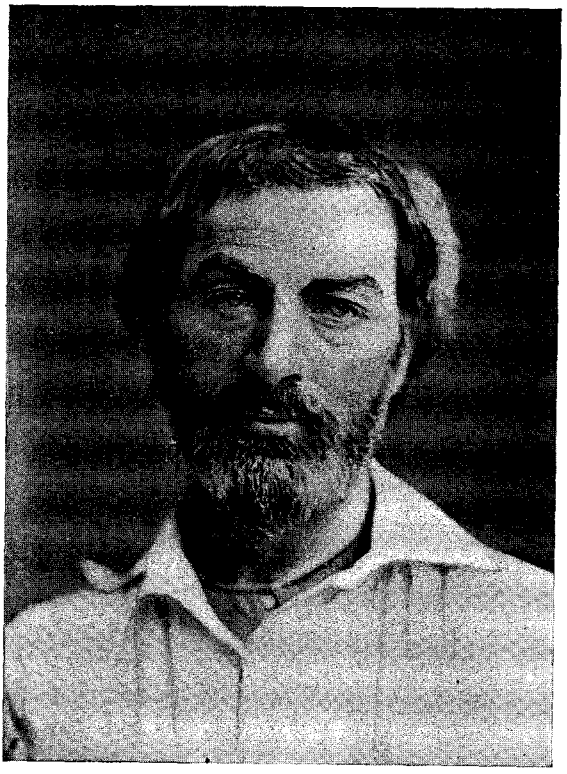

"HE WAS A MAN OF THE PLAIN PEOPLE, IF ANYBODY KNOWS WHAT THAT MEANS"

his spiritual contentment is boundless. He overrides the little ills of life, sees through them, sees beyond them, helps others to see beyond them. He drowns pettiness, meanness, decay, even disgust, which sometimes will peer out from dark corners, in a great security of joy. Dogmatic religion he has no need of, never apparently felt or realised those torments which it fosters and appeases. "I never, never was troubled to know whether I would be saved or lost: what was that to me?" But in the firm, calm, supporting, sustaining assurance of the peace of God few men of our day have surpassed him. "I claim everything for religion; after the claims of my religion are satisfied nothing is left for anything else."

It is sometimes asserted that Whitman lacked that very indefinable something called humour. If this means that he took himself and his work rather too seriously, it is just. If it means that he was not generally ready with witty, pungent speech, it is also just, though less so. What, for instance, could be better than his retort, when asked if he read Blaine's speeches, "No, indeed—I've got too much respect for the clock"? But if humour is based in the cheerful, receptive, kindly, believing attitude toward life which I have indicated, then Whitman had certainly his share of it. How admirably gentle in its raillery is the description of the Duyckink brothers. "I met these brothers: they were both 'gentlemanly men'—and by the way I don't know any description that would have pleased them better to hear—both very clerical looking—thin—wanting in body: men of truly proper style, God help 'em!" How pleasant in its mirthful twinkle the tribute to the sacred

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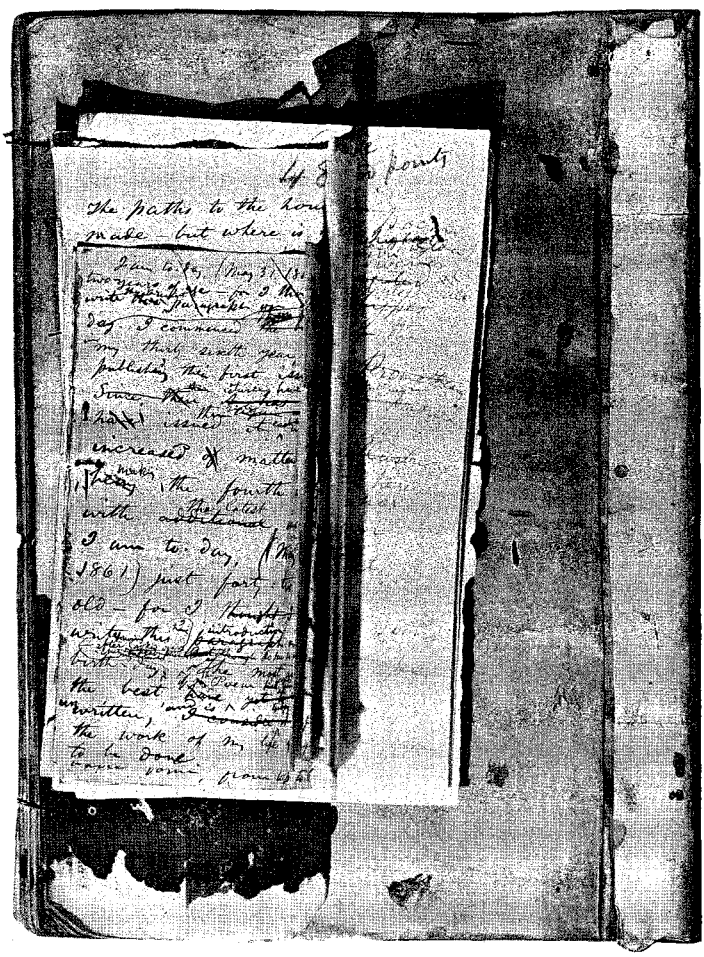
calendar. "I believe in saints if they're far enough off."

Will it be denied that Shakespeare's humour is so delightful because it is all sunshine? Well, Whitman was a sun lover, also, liked long, naked drenchings of sunlight in green solitudes. He wanted all about him to be sunny, made it so. He said, "Some people are so much sunlight to the square inch." He was, and he loved those who were. He said of himself, "I stand for the sunny point of view—stand for the joyful conclusions." And of his book he used this phrase, which surely would not discredit the loveliest poem in the world, "My book is written in the sun and with a gay heart." What better motto could we inscribe on *Twelfth Night* or *As You Like It?*

Such is this gracious and alluring torso of an old man, which might do honour to the richest canvas of Rembrandt. If we must put some shadows in it, they are not deep ones. From the usual weaknesses of prolonged invalidism and incipient senility he seems exceptionally free. If he is at times garrulous, we must remember that no man's garrulity was ever before recorded so without pity. The absence of waywardness, fretfulness, petulance is really re-



"LEAVES OF GRASS," WITH AUTOGRAPH NOTES AND OTHER MEMORANDA

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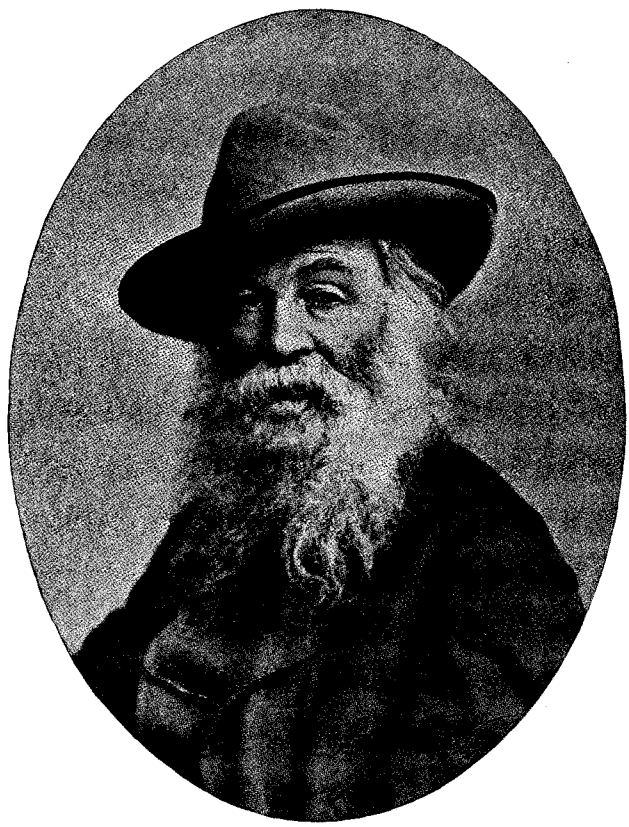
markable. The rare outbursts of indignation that occur are justified by circumstances. He endured tedious intrusion and irrelevant questioning with a quite saintlike meekness, and it was only when he was bored past the patience of man that he burst out with what a friend so vividly described as "his magnificent No!"

The charge of a rather flamboyant and offensive egotism is less easily disposed of. If you know Whitman, know his naïveté, his gentleness, his honesty, you do not mind the egotism. Besides, when a man so greatly and genuinely admires all the other works of God, why should he not bestow a little admiration on himself? At the same time, it must be admitted that the attitude evokes in most of us a kindly smile, in some a cumulative irritation. This he cannot understand. "I talked of myself as I would of you: blamed and praised just the same: looked at myself just as if I was somebody else: I am not ashamed of it: I have never praised myself where I would not have praised somebody else." There are spiritual complexities in this utterance which I need not analyse, but which no one can fail to enjoy. To be sure, he occasionally doubts himself,—as a moral exercise. "It takes a good deal of resolution to do it: yet it should be done—no one is safe until he can give himself such a drubbing: until he can shock himself out of his complacency." But I question whether that robust complacency could have been



"IT'S A LITTLE ROUGH AND TUMBLE, POSSIBLY, BUT IT'S NOT A FACE I COULD HATE. COULD YOU? HONEST INJUN, HORACE, COULD YOU HATE IT?"

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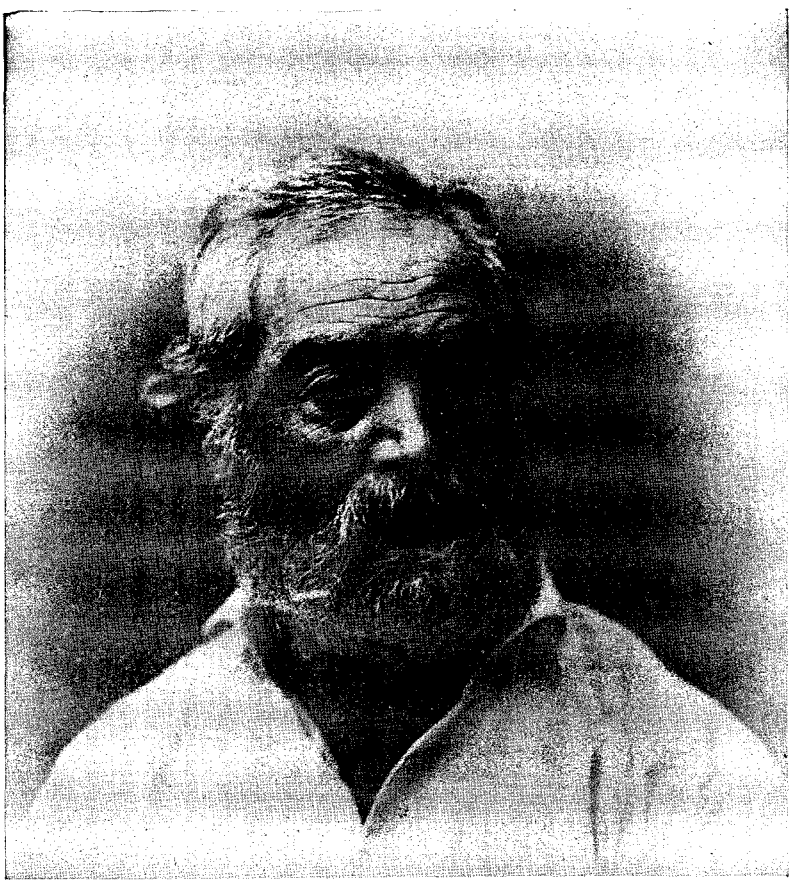
shaken by any shock less than the electric chair. Even as regards his person the complacency is not wholly absent. He offers one of his portraits to a lady in Washington. "She said she'd rather have a picture that had more love in it. It's a little rough and tumble, possibly, but it's not a face I could hate. Could you? Honest Injun, Horace, could you hate it?" But as to his book—it is old, it is new, it is elemental, it is universal, it includes everything and everybody, it is outside all the classifications of the critics, has a place of its own, a unique place. It will be read, it must be read, the heart of man needs it because it contains all the heart of man. And the assertion, made by so many poets, that he did not write it, but a higher power working through him, goes but little way to diminish the self-satisfaction of authorship. Perfect appreciation and admiration of such a masterpiece naturally become the touchstone of mortality, and hence this man, whose love and sympathy were so broad, so catholic, at times appears exclusive in a way strangely inconsistent with his real democracy. There is too much about *us,* our *crowd.* Men seem sometimes to be divided into the damned and the elect on the mere basis of acceptance of the Whitman gospel.

For all these things there was, of



"STALWART, WELL PROPORTIONED, RUBICUND, WITH A CLEAR, BRIGHT EYE, AND A NOBLE BEARING, THE MAN, FROM YOUTH TO AGE, HAD A PRESENCE THAT ATTRACTED ALL BEHOLDERS"

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course, much excuse in the atmosphere in which Whitman passed his later years. He was not widely praised, but he was immensely praised, and by those whose praise should exalt any man. To be applauded by minds so diverse as Emerson and Symonds, Dowden and Thoreau, to be idolised by men like O'Connor and women like Mrs. Gilchrist, was surely enough to turn the steadiest head. On the whole, I think we may affirm that Whitman kept his balance very sanely.

III

But this picture of the man in old age, completely as it is developed in Mr. Traubel's volumes, would be indeed inadequate. We must get what glimpses we can of him further back, when the torch was full ablaze, when *Leaves of Grass* was inchoate, in the bud, slowly maturing through the fat richness of a vast, silent, observant, many-sided experience of life. The lights that come to us are not so many as we could wish, but they are sometimes vividly, overwhelmingly definite.

There is the same egotism always, perhaps even more bristling and protuberant. If others will not praise my poems, I will praise them, vigorously,—and anonymously. There is a certain

"NOWHERE DO WE GET A MORE DELIGHTFUL, WINNING IDEA OF THE MAN THAN IN THE SERIES OF LETTERS WRITTEN TO HIS MOTHER FROM WASHINGTON DURING THE WAR, SIMPLE LETTERS, ALMOST ILLITERATE IN THEIR NÄIVE TENDERNESS, FULL OF THOUGHTFUL CARE AND FILIAL YEARNING AND THAT PATIENT INTEREST IN THE DETAILS OF A LOVED ONE'S LIFE WHICH CANNOT BE FEIGNED AND CANNOT BE MISTAKEN"

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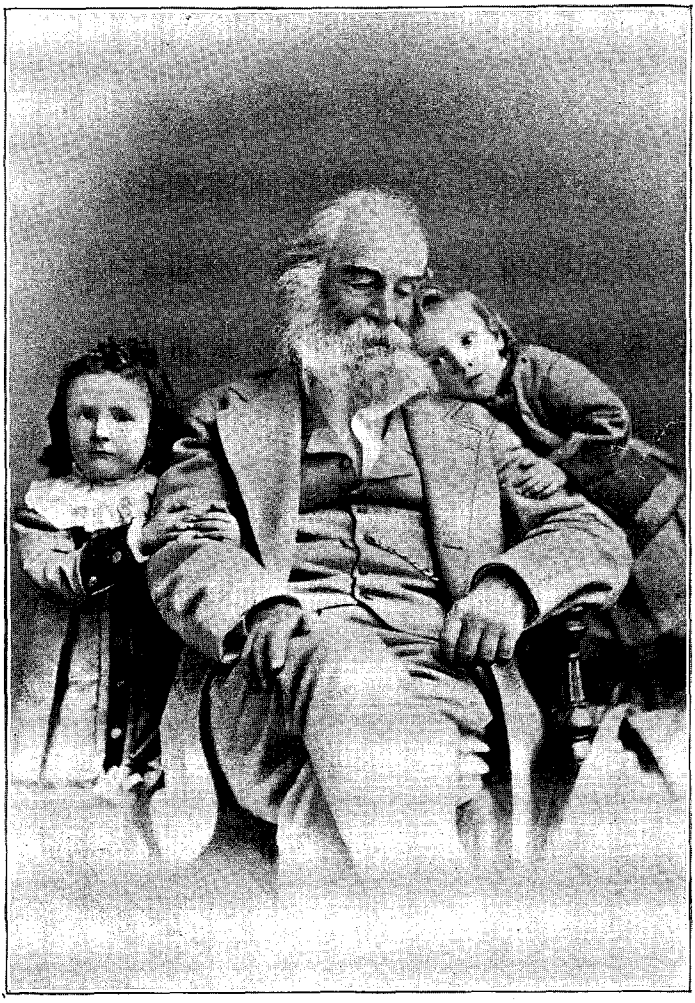

WHITMAN AND TWO LITTLE FRIENDS

lack of delicacy, an entire lack, Professor Perry calls it, as in the quite unscrupulous use of Emerson's private letter for advertising purposes.

There is a waywardness, a moodiness of temperament, inborn, and further fostered by vagrant habits of life and thought. "Back of all else in me is *feeling*—emotional substance." This shows rarely in violent temper, as in the thrashing of the sexton who forcibly removed the poet's hat, worn in thoughtless reminiscence of Quaker customs. It shows more often, modified, but not neutralised, by Dutch solidity and leisureliness, in a spirit of contradiction or of obstinate persistence. "My dear mother used to say to me: 'Walt—does thee not sometimes—just, sometimes, Walt—look for differences where there are none?' Dear mother!" The persistence was now bound up with high things, now with less high. Sometimes it is an ideal, which "seized upon me, made me its servant, slave; induced me to set aside other ambitions; a trail of glory in the heavens, which I followed, followed, with a full heart." Sometimes

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it is a whim or slighter fancy, grasped and clung to with the same tenacity. "When once I am convinced I never let go." And as there were moods of violence, so there were moods of quiet. "I had, I may say, an unusual capacity for standing still, rooted on a spot, at a rest, for a long spell, to ruminate, hours in and out sometimes."

But back of all these moods and anchoring them securely to reality, we must see, not the shattered physique of Mr. Traubel's volumes, but the splendid, vigorous, abundant, healthy temperament, so rare in poets and in literary men generally, the temperament that did not shrink from crowds, or noises, or coarse odours, or harsh speech, that revelled instinctively in the surging pressure of city streets as in the driven solitude of wild sea beaches, that was at home everywhere, at peace everywhere, everywhere alike throbbing with the buoyant, joyous, intense vividness of simple life.

No one can understand Whitman who does not base such understanding on a sense of this perfect bodily health, this normal, sound adjustment of muscles, nerves, and organs, which remained entirely unbroken till after the shattering strain and exhaustion of his war endeavour. Everywhere in the reminiscences of his early days you catch the ring, the exultant ecstasy of abounding physical vigour, the eager response of eye and limb to any demand the heart can make on them. What a rhythm of gorgeous living throbs in this brief note warm from actual experience! "A solitary and pleasant sundown hour at the pond, exercising arms, chest, my whole body, by a tough oak sapling thick as my wrist, twelve feet high—pulling and pushing, inspiring the good air. After I wrestle with the tree awhile, I can feel the young sap and virtue welling up out of the ground and tingling through me from top to toe, like health's wine."

And as the body was sound and healthy, so it was comely to look upon, which does not mar the joy of living in the least. Stalwart, well proportioned, rubicund, with a clear, bright eye, and a noble bearing, the man, from youth to age, had a presence that attracted all beholders. You can see in the numerous photographs what the charm was, though I confess that in every one of them there is something about the eyes I cannot wholly like, something of the waywardness, pushed almost to insolence, perhaps accentuated by the artificially rough and careless garb. Those who write from actual personal contact seem to register a magnetism greater than can be suggested by the photographs. "His presence exerted a peculiar fascination almost intoxicating," writes one ardent admirer. And Lincoln, not an admirer, and not intoxicated, said of him passing in the street, as Napoleon said of Goethe, "Well, he looks like a man." Isn't this compliment enough?

There was mental sanity, also, that round, balanced, joyous courage and hope which are better served by a healthy body, though they do not necessarily require it. Just hear this simple note from a pleasant day's journey: "On the *Mary Powell,* enjoyed everything beyond precedent." He always did. He takes a simple walk in the fields. "And there were the detours, too, wanderings off into the country out of the beaten paths; I remember one place—in Maryland in particular, to which we would go. How splendid above all was the moon—the full moon, the half moon: and then the wonder, the delight of the silences." It is the ecstasy of a man who has no worn, dead nerve tissue to cloud the ample working of his spirit. Whitman himself lucidly defines the glory of such a state of exaltation. "A man realises the venerable myth—he is a god walking the earth, he sees new eligibilities, powers and beauties everywhere, he himself has a new eyesight and hearing. The play of the body in motion takes a previously unknown grace. Merely *to move* is then a happiness, a pleasure—to breathe, to see, is also."

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Out of this superabundance of health and physical vigour there no doubt came, in Whitman's early life, a freedom of living not wholly consonant with conventional standards of morals. A country which is perfectly contented that a man should have had a number of wives and no children, but shrieks when he has a number of children and no wife, will never accept nor condone the poet's unauthorised paternity, though it is in itself indicative of a much more normal sexual habit than obtains in many marriages. It may, at least, be asserted that Whitman was neither vicious, nor corrupt, nor dissipated in any proper sense of the term, and the plain statement of his old housekeeper, who knew him, if any one did, may set him squarely on his feet for any normal man—or woman. "He *is* a good man; I think he is the best man I ever knew."

This warmth of blood, this depth and energy and tenderness of affection, appear most charmingly in all the relations of life as well as in the sexual. "What is humanity," he says, "in its faith, love, heroism, poetry, even morals, but *emotion?*" And more personally, "How many's the time I've just lived for days and days practically on my affections alone." Nowhere do we get a more delightful, winning idea of the man than in the series of letters written to his mother from Washington during the war, simple letters, almost illiterate in their naïve tenderness, full of thoughtful care and filial yearning and that patient interest in the details of a loved one's life which cannot be feigned and cannot be mistaken.

Also, there is the beautiful list of Whitman's male friendships, not indeed quite so lengthy as his enthusiastic talk of comradeship would lead us to believe, because many who loved him felt that they could not quite touch, could not quite understand. But the simplest souls came nearest to him. How charming is the attachment shown in his letters to the honest, manly brakeman, Peter Doyle, who could not do much with *Leaves of Grass,* but had the deepest regard and admiration for its author. The demonstrative tenderness that accompanied these simple friendships of Whitman, the caressing and kissing and embracing, is unusual and notable. It is interestingly compared with similar manifestations by one of the purest and noblest figures in American history, General Joseph E. Johnston, who was also accustomed to meet and part from his friends, for instance, General Lee, with such demonstrations as are exchanged between a lover and his beloved.

Nor was this depth of affection all subjective, all, so to speak, selfish. On the contrary, it welled out constantly in thoughtfulness, kindness, sacrifice for others. The noblest, the most fruitful experience of Whitman's life, as he himself admitted, was his work in the Washington hospitals during the war. Living in the city at that time, he gradually became interested, without any official status, in the wounded soldiers, devoted long, long hours to them, watched with them, soothed them, comforted them, took the bulk of his small earning to buy dainties for them, which he distributed himself with words more helpful than the dainties. No bitterer, more horrible record of wounds and death and the agony of war has ever been penned than Whitman's account of these hospital experiences. Sensitive as he was, susceptible as he was, he shrunk from no shock or disgust of disease or operation, holding many a hand at the hour of death, though, as he says, he often trembled and fainted afterwards at what he had heard and seen.

And what made his comfort and attendance so perfect and so satisfying was that it was not a mere matter of duty, or charity, or even pity, but was warmed by the glow of real human, personal love. The sick and dying looked for him, longed after him, as for no one else. "Come again, Walt," they cried, "oh, Walt, be sure to come again." Why they felt so is easily seen when we read only one of the many letters in which Whitman expresses his affection. "Sometimes, after an interval, the thought of

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one I much love comes upon me strong and full all of a sudden—and now as I sit here by a big open window, this beautiful afternoon, everything quiet and sunny—I have been and am now, thinking so of you, dear young man, and of your love, or more rightly speaking, our love for each other—so curious, so sweet, I say so *religious*—we met there in the Hospital—how little we have been together—seems to me we ought to be some together every day of our lives—I don't care about talking or amusement, but just to be together, and work together, or go off in the open air together." This is the tone that goes to men's hearts, whether in hospitals, or prisons, or palaces, or heaven, or hell.

IV

But thus far we have been dealing with a prosaic Whitman, a prose Whitman, at any rate. We must not forget that we are studying not only a man, but a great poet, one of the great poets of the world. What an advantage they have, these great poets, over the common herd of us. All the aspirations, all the hopes, all the ideals, which we can only mutter or murmur, with strangled inarticulateness, they sing right out with unimagined glory. Nay, even those dull strains which in us seem earthly and to be hidden, they can transfigure and illumine, making all things mortal splendid just because they are mortal and yours and mine as well as theirs. Thus *Leaves of Grass,* with all its various folds and gleaming tissues, is a colossal autobiography, but not of the poet only, of you and me and every man. Its egotism, often loud and brazen, is egotism for all of us.

What am I after all but a child, pleas'd
with the sound of my own name? repeating it over and over;
I stand apart to hear—it never tires me.
To you your name also;
Did you think there was nothing but two or
three pronunciations in the sound of
your name?

Its lofty, challenging self-assurance is the self-assurance of the mighty seers, striking the tap-root of their hearts deep, deep down into the greater heart of men.

I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own,

says Shakespeare, and Petrarch,—

Intenda mi chi po, ch'i'm'intend'io,

and Whitman,

Leave my works,
And go lull yourself with what you can understand, and with piano-tunes,
For I lull nobody, and you will never understand me.

How the bodily health and vigour leap out in singing verses, with exuberant felicity!

And who has been happiest? O I think it
is I—I think no one was ever happier
than I.
And henceforth I will go celebrate any thing
I see or am,
And sing and laugh and deny nothing.

Also, the red thread of sensibility, of emotion, of affection and tenderness, gleams and glistens through the whole fabric sometimes subtly evading, sometimes triumphant and irresistible.

O what is it in me that makes me tremble
so at voices?
Surely whoever speaks to me in the right
voice, him or her I shall surely follow,
As the water follows the moon, silently,
with fluid steps, anywhere around the
globe.

Who has ever put more breadth of sympathy into one line than throbs in the following, of the poet?

He is no arguer, he is judgment (Nature accepts him absolutely),
He judges not as the judge judges but as the
sun falling round a helpless thing.

And the patriotism is there, the dirge for heroes giving all for their country, sounded by one whose heart knew well what they gave. Knew well what they gave, and what they gave it for, America, sung by this man as never yet by any one else, in verses that must last as

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long as the nation lasts, that must last until even America comes to understand them. America, with its immensity, its fertility, its multiplicity, its turbulence, its vast problems and its vaster hope.

It is by love and by hope chiefly that these poems exist. No one has poured out the hope of democracy with such joyous and infectious confidence. It may seem sometimes that the hope is wilful, blind, overlooks immense and terrible dangers. Yet the sense of dangers is keen and present, if you search for it. The threat "of the never ending audacity of elected persons" is perfectly understood and the deepest tragedy of popular government has never been expressed better than in these words of pity,

As I stand aloof and look there is something to me profoundly affecting in large masses of men following the lead of those who do not believe in men.

But the confidence in democracy is justified because it is founded not on mere claptrap and catchwords, but on the deepest sympathy with the human heart and the strongest sense of what democracy may be, must be, and some day will be. It is not the mere assertion of the ballot and of rights too often shelf-destructive and not worth fighting for, but the vision of a whole society based on the large, rational enjoyment of those things that are best worth enjoying, the normal health of the well-nourished, well disciplined, well fostered body, the common magic of great art, the endlessly varied resources of natural beauty. In the latter especially Whitman finds depths of consolation, of charm, of unutterable rapture, certainly not surpassed in American poetry,

Jupiter shall emerge, be patient, watch again another night, the Pleiades shall emerge,
They are immortal, all those both silvery and golden shall shine out again,
The great stars and the little ones shall shine out again, they endure,
The vast immortal suns and the long-enduring, pensive moons shall again shine.

Above all, Whitman's democracy is solid and vital because it is based on God. Amiel's "Journal" begins, "There is but one thing needful—to possess God." Whitman declares, in words closely similar: "For America, and for to-day, just the same as any day, the supreme and final science is the science of God—what we call science being only its minister—as Democracy is, or shall be also." It is true, that for doctrine of God, *Leaves of Grass* wanders into strange places. It may be none the worse and none the less near God for that. It is true, that the poet avoids all definitions, all dogmas, and in so doing is only the better poet and the truer worshipper. But it is the sense of God that inspires his thought of man.

What do you suppose I would intimate to you in a hundred ways, but that man or woman is as good as God?
And that there is no God any more divine than yourself?

It is the sense of God that gives intensity even to the fullest life of the body. It is the sense of God that gives glow and splendour to trees and flowers and birds and clouds and stars. More than all, it is the sense of God that solves the greatest problem of life—death. Does not God vibrate in every syllable of that strange chant which salutes death in all its glory, in all its cloud of mystical possibilities beyond the sordid tumult of this world?

From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee I propose saluting thee, adornments and feastings for thee,
And the sight of the open-landscape and the high-spread sky are fitting,
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.

But a simpler word than this yokes God and death together in a final verdict for the man, and for his view of life, and for his view of all our lives.

And I say to mankind, Be not curious about God,
For I who am curious about each am not curious about God.
(No array of terms can say how much I am at peace about God and death.)

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ROMAIN ROLLAND AS A MUSICAL CRITIC*

BY LEWIS M. ISAACS

Literature abounds in the mistakes of writers who refer to music in terms demonstrating their ignorance of the subject. Tennyson's "loud bassoon" is a classical example. The poet or novelist who is also a musician in theory, if not in practice, is certainly rare. It is this factor which makes the author of *Jean Christophe* especially distinctive. In the combined chorus of praise from musician and literateur lies proof of unique quality. Indeed, it may be said without exaggeration, that the recognition of the value of *Jean Christophe* as a contribution to serious critical thought on music, is scarcely less general than its acclaim as an important work of literature, evidenced by the award of the Nobel Prize. Imbedded in the texture of the novel, but readily discernible through many of its pages, are rare nuggets of philosophical pondering and brilliant gems of acute analysis that repay close examination by the musician.

In his purely critical papers, published under the title of *Musicians of To-day,* M. Rolland evinced his authority as a musical critic, and his latest book, which may be called a companion volume, emphasises his unusual qualities still further. The novelist is never far off. In the series of chapters modestly entitled "Notes on Lully" there are to be found the same vivid and personal touches, applied to that most fascinating figure in French music of the time of Louis XIV, as abound in *Jean-Christophe*. One may say of M. Rolland that he approaches musical criticism like a novelist, and novel writing like a musician—with the added statement, of course, that he accomplishes both tasks as one who knows. The peculiar value of this method of approach is well illustrated in the chapter on "Lully's Recitative and Racine's Declamation." As the author himself says:

> Literary history has not yet found all the help it might in musical history. Many literary problems would be more easily solved if music were allowed to throw some light upon them.

This suggestion practically applied to the subject under discussion, leads convincingly to the conclusion that we "find a reflection of the declamation and acting of Racine's tragedies preserved for us in Lully's music."

So, too, the treatment of the Encyclopædists and the reform of French opera generally associated with the name of Gluck, is particularly notable for the impartiality with which the relative influences are set forth. Rolland points out that the "philosophers," in spite of Berlioz's flings at them, played an important part in the revolution in dramatic music which followed the famous *Guerre des Bouffons.* The author's criticism here and throughout the entire volume, which is more or less concerned with the general subject of opera in the making, is essentially constructive as well as suggestive. It is the sort of musical criticism which the layman can read with profit and without tedium. Probably with an eye to the fact that citation of authority would be of less interest to layman than to musician, the author has indulged in numerous footnotes, which contain valuable information in small space, and are strong additional evidence of his scholarly attainments. All in all, M. Rolland, thanks to his rare equipment, is justly to be considered the most interesting of living musical critics.

*Some Musicians of Former Days. By Romain Rolland. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF "R. L. S."

DRAWINGS BY WALTER HALE

ALONG THE WATER FRONT AT MARSEILLES. IN OCTOBER, 1882, STEVENSON AND HIS WIFE INSTALLED THEMSELVES IN A SUBURB OF MARSEILLES, WHERE LOUIS COULD LOOK OUT UPON THE CHATEAU D'IF AND DREAM OF EDMOND DANTES BEING FLUNG INTO THE SEA

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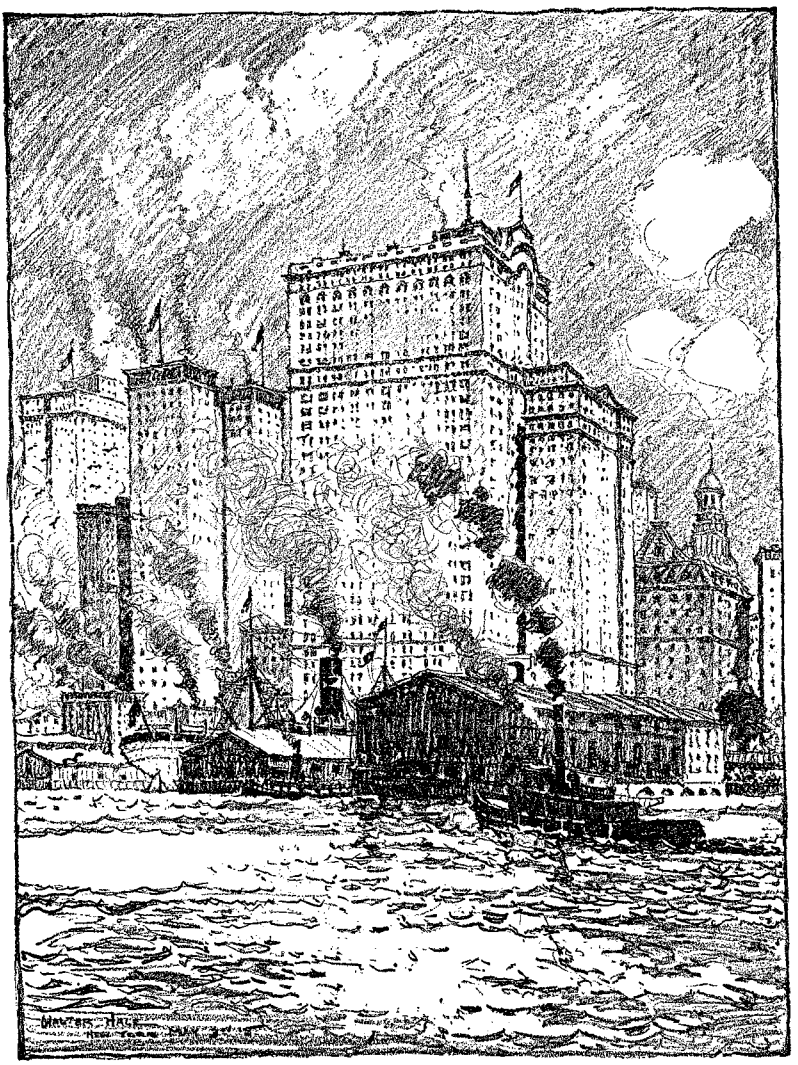
IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF "R. L. S."

DRAWINGS BY WALTER HALE



NO. 10 WEST STREET TO-DAY. A SOARING OFFICE BUILDING HAS BEEN ERECTED ON THE SITE OF THE OLD REUNION HOUSE, STEVENSON'S FIRST HOME IN AMERICA. COURTESY OF DOUBLEDAY, PAGE AND COMPANY

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THE HOUSE OF NIGHT

BY AMEEN RIHANI

Her sable robes the gloaming trails
  From golden strand to purple height,
And softly, over the wealds and dales,
  Into the vacant house of night.

But lo, where first her footsteps mark
  The sunset's last extinguished pyre,—
Above the hills,—a saffron spark,
  A gleam of unconjectured fire.

Between the foliaged zone and sky,
  Where sentries of the forest stand,
It peeps and flits—a firefly;
  It soars and glows—a firebrand.

A sacred flame from hemlock shades
  Rising like a mystic sign
Above the silence of the glades
  Into the solitudes divine.

A sign perchance from those who pass
  To those who follow in the gloom,
Dancing round a moulten mass
  Above the grudging gulfs of doom.

A new-born world, though years untold
  Have fed the forge that gave it breath,
Where Life still casts of beaten gold
  Cressets for the shrine of Death.

A dying world, though like a gem
  Of sapphire hues in nacre bright,
Dropt from the zone or diadem
  Of the immortal queen of night.

A world! From depths to heights as dark
  It leaps anon into the dance
And whirls away—'t is but a spark
  From the anvil of the God of Chance.

But Faith and Fancy often mar
  The mystery of things divine;
For that which is a rolling star
  Was fluttering neath a lonely pine.

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And lo, another orb doth roll
  Above the groves where once it trod;
And still another seeks its goal
  In the infinities of God.

From where the eagle marks his flight,
  Across the void that earth-bound seems,
They twinkle forth, a circle of light,
  Around the gloaming's couch of dreams.

And thus they first themselves disguise
  As glow worms in the gathering gloom,
And suddenly refulgent rise
  O'er the abysmal tracks of doom.

For aeons thus, from hill to sea,
  Athwart the grudging gulfs they glow;
And waning tell of the worlds that be
  And the ghosts of worlds of long ago.

For aeons thus, their torches high,
  The gods unseen, as when the light
Of day conceals the starry sky,
  Illuminate the house of night.

ON THE ROAD OF LUÁR

BY THOMAS WALSH

A moon and a single star
  On the silvery slopes of the sky;
  Art thou weeping, thou sightless eye,
Art thou blind with some dawn afar?

Whither, sad moth to thy flame?
  O starry tear, is it thine
  Or my own, or a sorrow divine
That the cheeks of the night proclaim?

The moon with her grief forlorn
  Droops down on the shouldering west,
  As a sleeper distraught from her rest
Turns back to her pillows at morn.

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THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PART IV

The silence of forty years—the English romantic movement—Longsword—Horace Walpole, the faddist—Mrs. Radcliffe and Monk Lewis—Northanger Abbey, the burlesque—difference between women in 1915 and women in 1815—Jane Austen and Booth Tarkington—climax of the romantic movement in Walter Scott.

THE forty years that elapsed from the publication of *Humphry Clinker* (1771) to *Sense and Sensibility* (1811) are notable for the absence of good fiction. Not a single first-class novel appeared. English manners were mirrored and satirised by Frances Burney, and at the very end of the century Maria Edgeworth coined her Irish experiences; but both these irreproachable novelists are faint in comparison with the great geniuses of English fiction and are growing fainter in the process of years.

One reason why no good novels were produced during this period was because the mighty name of Richardson had drawn a host of imitators in his wake; and while Richardson himself was and is splendid, imitations of him are nearly the last word in human tedium. Another and better reason is seen in the rise of the Romantic Movement, which gave to many absurd prose romances immense temporary fame, but which produced nothing of importance before Walter Scott.

For the first fifty years of the eighteenth century the classicists and the realists ruled; the words "gothic" and "romantic" were in bad odour; it was thought plebeian to be demonstrative; joyful enthusiasm and sobs of grief were alike unfashionable. Toward the close of the century any novelist of even ordinary ability could strike the once stony British heart, and streams of water flowed; everything mediæval and "gothic" became a fad; and wild tales of mystery and horror were mightily cried up.

English literature is instinctively romantic; and it took men of genius, like Pope and Swift, Richardson and Fielding, to repress and shackle the national spirit; just as in France it took a superman like Victor Hugo to fight with any success against the well-regulated and sober soul of Gallic prose. Toward the close of the eighteenth century, a natural reaction—which had begun in a variety of instinctive and unconscious ways—asserted itself against the tyranny of classicism; and as the reaction gathered force, it was guilty of absurd excesses. The eighteenth century revolt, which turned English fiction into a kind of nightmare during the final decade, had its parallel exactly a hundred years later, in an exceedingly lively revival of romance which reached a climax in 1900.

One supremely valuable thing—that England had sought in vain for centuries—came near to being lost in all this hurly-burly; I mean a perfect English prose style. The mastery of prose, richly illustrated in fictitious narrative by Defoe, Swift, Addison, and Fielding, ceased to be characteristic of the novel—ceased to exist in the novel. Fortunately pure and natural prose was kept alive by Boswell in biography and by Gibbon in history.

Although the impatient, free spirit of Smollett had found the limits of space and time somewhat irksome, and had in *Ferdinand, Count Fathom* sought a world at once impossible and fascinating, he can never rank as a forerunner of the romantic movement in prose fiction; for he was a realist. The first genuine historical romance of the eighteenth cen-

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tury—the first earnest of Scott's fiction—was *Longsword,* by the Rev. Thomas Leland, published in 1762. This book to-day is unread and forgotten; but it ought to be remembered by literary historians, for its significance is as great as its intrinsic worth is small. In plot, story, framework, setting, characterisation, this little book is a forerunner of the great romances of Scott. It is indeed the first modern romance of chivalry in the English language. In the "Advertisement," the author stated that "the outlines of the following story, and some of the incidents and more minute circumstances, are to be found in the ancient English historians." It is, like *Ivanhoe,* a story of jousts and knightly adventures; of ladies dead and lovely knights. Exalted constancy between man and maid is the basis of the plot. The style is pneumatic, but it was the style that was to be the fashion for fifty years: dare I quote?

> A youth who seemed just rising to manhood, of graceful form, tall of stature, and with limbs of perfect shape, lay sorely wounded upon the ground, languid, pale, and bloody. Over him hung one in the habit of a page [*art thou there, Truepenny?*], younger, and still more exquisitely beautiful, piercing the air with lamentations, and eagerly employed in binding up the wounds of the fallen youth with locks of comely auburn, torn from a fair though dishevelled head.

Clara Reeve was influenced by this book, and made one of the few references to it that I have ever been able to find. In her *Progress of Romance* (1785), the following dialogue occurs. "How is that, a Romance in the 18th century?" "Yes, a Romance in reality and not a Novel.—A story like those of the middle ages, composed of Chivalry, Love, and Religion." After some detailed discussion, the remark is made, "This work is distinguished in my list, among Novels uncommon and Original."

But it took a personage of more social prestige than the Rev. Thomas Leland to set the pace for romantic fiction. In 1764 appeared *The Castle of Otranto,* by Horace Walpole, a worthless hodge-podge of gloom and tinsel that threw England into a fever of excitement and is more responsible than any other one book for releasing the flood of tales of mystery. This is not in any real sense a forerunner of Scott, as *Longsword* was; for it is a "gothic," not a historical romance. Horace Walpole, the thoroughly sophisticated man of the world, was the last person on earth, *a priori,* who should have written this turgid stuff; but the paradox occurred simply because Walpole was a man of fashion—of fads rather than fancies—and the new romanticism was in the air. Just as a conventional and mundane person will wear flaunting and picturesque garments if they are the "latest thing," so authors and artists—whose real nature might be inclined even to cynical criticism—will sometimes be the first to scent the new movement, and start a whole pack in the hue and cry. The fact that Horace Walpole wrote *The Castle of Otranto* is the surest evidence of the approaching reign of Romanticism.

The analogy between architecture and literature is a sound one; and just as Horace Walpole had drawn the attention of London society to his "gothic Castle" at Strawberry Hill, so now he captured them anew with his gothic romance, written in a style that would have made Quintilian stare and gasp. It had its origin in a dream—"a very natural dream for a head like mine, filled with Gothic story"—and he began to write "without knowing in the least what I intended to say or relate." In the original edition he pretended that it was a translation of an old romance that he had found, but the sudden popularity of the work caused him to acknowledge the authorship in the second printing, where his preface contains a significant statement. "It was an attempt to blend the two kinds of romance, the ancient and the modern. In the former, all was imagination and improbability; in the

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latter, nature is always intended to be, and sometimes has been, copied with success. Invention has not been wanting; but the great resources of fancy have been dammed up, by a strict adherence to common life." This last sentence shows that the romantic sentiment in art is always the same; it is impatient of the bolts and bars of experience, unwilling to submit either to rules of authority or to tests of fact, and wants a free hand.

Even more remarkable than Walpole's authorship of such a story is Gray's critical admiration of it; and this once more can be explained only by remembering that Thomas Gray, with all his shyness, with all his fastidious scholarship, had completely surrendered to the new Romantic Movement. His unbounded admiration for the first fragments of *Ossian* (1760) made him an easy target, even for so poor a shot as Walpole; for he welcomed at this time everything in literature that savoured of "wildness." He had seen the manuscript, and advised his friend to print it; and when the book appeared, he wrote to Walpole that it made people cry and afraid to go to bed o' nights. Thus it produced the exact effect intended by all the works of this school—tears and terror—a combination of the school of sentiment with the school of mystery.

Tales that were meant to be thrilling now began to multiply; and we read today with a smile what our ancestors read with rising hair. Familiarity breeds contempt; and this is particularly true of ghosts. They must not appear too often or in too large numbers. But the thirst of the public for the uncanny had been aroused, and the main business of the second and third rate novelists was then, even as it is now, to satisfy a thirst. Clara Reeve's *Old English Baron* (1777), Ann Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794), and M. G. Lewis's *The Monk* (1795) are progressive examples of the fashion. Although not one of these books is worth reading for its own sake, they were a contribution to the stream of English fiction, and an evidence of the never-dying love of the English for romance. While great realistic novels, as faithful criticisms of life, may satisfy some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, they cannot satisfy all the people all the time.

There is another reason to-day why we may be grateful to these mystery-mongers. Just as *Pamela* was the mother of *Joseph Andrews,* so these hobgoblins gave birth to another immortal burlesque—*Northanger Abbey*. Jane Austen was only twenty-two when she wrote this story; and it was written in the flood-tide of the books it ridiculed, in the year 1798. In 1803 it was sold to a publisher in Bath, but perhaps the fashion in fiction was too strong for his courage, for he laid the manuscript away; years later, the family offered him the same amount that he had paid for the return of it; amazed and delighted, he lost no time in accepting. Then he was more amazed and less delighted by being informed of the author's name, already famous.

The sense of humour is the sure antidote for excessive sentiment and excessive improbabilities; as is shown by trying melodrama on a university audience. A huge Gothic galleon of romance may be successfully torpedoed by one joke. Many literary movements have found their limit—even in the most patient nations—by finally colliding with the public sense of humour; and it is certain that if the sense of humour were as well developed in the Russian people as the sense of tragedy, many of the contemporary abnormal novels would disappear in a burst of foam. Jane Austen—the most clear-headed woman who ever wrote fiction—found the atmosphere somewhat over-heated; and the good-natured laughter of *Northanger Abbey* was like a draught of fresh air. It blew out the candles and brought daylight back to English fiction.

It is, of course, a good story well told, with real characters; but its purpose was to attack *The Mysteries of*

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Udolpho and the whole fashion of romance represented by that work. The anti-climax of the washing-bill is a youthful burlesque; but not content with this, in the sixth chapter we have *Sir Charles Grandison* rated above all the romances, together with a specific attack on Mrs. Radcliffe's tale. Apart from the historical interest of this satire, I find very interesting the ironical treatment of the débutante of 1798; and I think a citation will prove that the twentieth century débutante has not radically changed.

Have you gone on with Udolpho?

Yes, I have been reading it ever since I woke; and I am got to the black veil.

Are you, indeed? How delightful! Oh! I would not tell you what is behind the black veil for the world! Are not you wild to know?

Oh! yes, quite; what can it be? But do not tell me. I would not be told on any account. I know it must be a skeleton, I am sure it is Laurentina's skeleton. Oh! I am delighted with the book! I should like to spend my whole life in reading it, I assure you; if it had not been to meet you, I would not have come away from it for all the world.

Dear creature! how much I am obliged to you; and when you have finished Udolpho, we will read the Italian together; and I have made out a list of ten or twelve more of the same kind for you.

Have you, indeed! How glad I am! What are their names?

I will read you their names directly; here they are, in my pocket-book. *Castle of Wolfenbach, Clermont, Mysterious Warnings, Necromancers of the Black Forest, Midnight Bell, Orphan of the Rhine,* and *Horrid Mysteries.* Those will last us some time.

Yes; pretty well; but are they all horrid? are you sure they are all horrid?

Yes, quite sure; for a particular friend of mine,—a Miss Andrews,—a sweet girl, one of the sweetest creatures in the world, has read every one of them. I wish you knew Miss Andrews, you would be delighted with her. She is netting herself the sweetest cloak you can conceive. I think her as beautiful as an angel, and I am so vexed with the men for not admiring her!—I scold them all amazingly about it.

There is nothing meretricious about Jane Austen except the alliterative titles of two of her novels; she stopped that business after her first two books, and we read and reread *Pride and Prejudice* with such enthusiasm that we find no difficulty in forgiving the author for its christening. For this work is one of the world's very few impeccable masterpieces.

Miss Austen was an absolute realist, and every one of her books is a profound and accurate criticism of life. Declining to write a historical romance she wrote to her foolish counsellor, "I could no more write a romance than an epic poem. I could not sit seriously down to write a serious romance under any other motive than to save my life; and if it were indispensable for me to keep it up and never relax into laughing at myself or at other people, I am sure I should be hung before I had finished the first chapter."

Although it would be false to say that her aim in writing stories was a didactic one, it is nevertheless true that, in common with her master Richardson, she meant to improve social manners, and her novels are in a sense books of etiquette. She was disgusted with the foolish and trivial and ill-written letters that passed between young girls in society; she was thoroughly indignant with fond fathers and mothers who made their little children protagonists of the family drama, as is so often the case to-day; she could not endure to have the children's conversation quoted, to have the good talk of adults lowered to the level of infants who happened to be in the room, nor to see a number of men and women surrounding a child, and talking baby-talk to its unconscious face. And while she probably loved Elizabeth Bennet more than any other of her characters, saying playfully of her, "I must confess that I think her

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as delightful a creature as ever appeared in print; and how I shall be able to tolerate those who do not like her at least, I do not know," she perhaps meant Anne Elliott in *Persuasion* as *her* ideal of what a young girl should be.

The enormous change that has taken place in a hundred years, not merely in our ideal girl but in the girl-ideal, can happily be illustrated by comparing the Anne Elliott of *Persuasion* with the Anne Elliott of *The Guest of Quesnay,* written by our deservedly popular American novelist, Booth Tarkington. Both girls spell their name the same way; each is meant to be attractive and representative; and the similarity of spelling together with the contrast in temperament made me feel certain that the comparison was intentional, until I was informed by Mr. Tarkington that it was wholly unconscious. The modern girl is healthy and capable; her face, neck, and hands are heavily tanned; on the inside of her hands there are callous mounds, caused by tennis, golf, and steering-wheels; much of the form divine is revealed by modern clothes; her language is an epitome of the latest argot; and Mr. Granville Barker says her walk, her gestures, and her manner are all an exact imitation of contemporary musical comedy. The attempt of most novelists is to make the heroine attractive; and I remember reading a review of Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune,* where in a discussion of how Hope Langham rose to a certain emergency, the reviewer exclaimed, "Hope did her stunt without a whimper." Now imagine Sophia Western—to illustrate from a very male novelist—doing her stunt without a whimper! Imagine Clarissa driving a motor! Why is it we never hear the word "Tomboy"—so common in my youth—applied to the modern girl? Simply because all girls nowadays are tomboys. The late Mr. Lounsbury said that Cooper's heroines were a combination of propriety and incapacity. I would not say that the modern heroine is improper—but simply that she would have seemed so to her sister of a century agone.

For the fact is, that just as there are styles in clothes so there are styles in character, in manners, yes, in the female body. In the twentieth century thin girls are all the rage, so that the reputation of Rubens as a painter has sunk to such a depth that even the most ignorant American tourists know that he is not to be praised. This has not always been the case; Charles Reade did not hesitate to give the leg of Christie Johnstone a "noble swell"; he would pare her down to-day. The modern heroine is thin to angularity; when meant to be *very* attractive, her figure is called "boyish"; and among the many trials of women, I should think the necessity of changing their bodies to fit fashionable requirements was not the least. Bad enough to have such caprices in garments; but to have your figure out of style! Still, it is not so bad as being a dog; for if you are a dog and are not in style, you simply are not born at all. You cease to exist. What has become of all the coach-dogs and Spitz dogs of my youth? They went out of style and out of life simultaneously.

Now the eighteenth-century fashionable girl was most gentle, most proper, most retiring. Her chief charm was delicacy; and if she had a touch of tuberculosis, she became irresistible. This was the kind of young woman worshipped by our ancestors; to whom the modern Booth Tarkington girl would have been physically repulsive, as repulsive as an aggressively mannish woman is still. Does it seem incredible that a whole generation of males can differ from another generation in their admiration of women, and in their susceptibility? Such is nevertheless a fact. Fenimore Cooper, whose "females" are a mark for modern satire, was simply carrying the eighteenth century ideal to its limit. America has always been more conservative than England; for the same reason that a bourgeoise is much more careful in her "company manners" than a duchess. Cooper's heroines, like real

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eighteenth century ladies, faint with the greatest ease and with perfect technique; and as to their modesty, our novelist said of one of his creations, "on one occasion her little foot moved," although "she had been carefully taught too that even this beautiful portion of the female frame should be quiet and unobtrusive." Many readers, impatient at such drivel, think that Cooper must have been an ass. He was nothing of the kind; he was following the fashion. If he should revisit the glimpses of the moon, it would be worth while to guide him to Atlantic City or Coney Island.

Although the boldest of eighteenth century reformers would have been shocked by our modern girls, the ideal of physical incompetence and shy delicacy did not maintain its supremacy without a protest. And, as Professor Cross has shown, the first real rebellion broke out in that marvellous monitor of youth, *Sandford and Merton* (1783-1789), by Thomas Day. No sickly females for him! "She rises at candle light in winter, plunges into a cold bath, rides a dozen miles upon a trotting horse or walks as many even with the hazard of being splashed or soiling her clothes . . ." Jane Austen had so much common sense that she meant her Elizabeth to be a rebuke to the over-fastidious. "To walk three miles, or four miles, or five miles, or whatever it is, above her ankles in dirt, and alone, quite alone! what could she mean by it? It seems to me to show an abominable sort of conceited independence, a most country-town indifference to decorum."

Although Jane Austen's robust contemporary, Walter Scott, sometimes made his heroines act and talk in a way that seems to us insipid, his best girls are full of vigour, both of body and of mind. Mr. Saintsbury had the courage to give a list of five nineteenth-century women whom he would have been glad to marry. They are Elizabeth Bennet, of *Pride and Prejudice;* Diana Vernon, of *Rob Roy;* Beatrix Esmond; Argemone Lavington, of *Yeast;* and Barbara Grant, of *David Balfour.* Most of these girls, while not reaching the cover standard of the contemporary American magazine, are active and capable; and among all of Scott's creations, it is notable that the modern critic selected Di Vernon, the all-around athlete.

The Romantic Revival of the eighteenth century reached a tremendous climax in Walter Scott. By virtue of his immense power and range and unlimited creative activity, he remains the King of the Romanticists. He belongs of course to the objective side of romanticism, as Byron belongs to the subjective; Scott is romantic in his material, Byron romantic in his mood. The great streams of Gothicism, Chivalry, and Mystery, as seen in architecture, ballads, and wild fiction, united in the work of the Wizard. His achievement in prose romance is incomparably better than that of all his immediate predecessors put together, and had indeed no equal in English literature since the time of Malory.

Scott is the great impromptu in fiction, as Browning is in poetry; all of his work seems extempore. Naturally, therefore, he does not serve as a model of style. Stevenson, who had nothing but adoration for Scott's character, and his marvellous inventive powers, never forgave him for his carelessness in manner. "It is undeniable," said he, "that the love of the slap-dash and the shoddy grew upon Scott with success." Of one of his sentences, Stevenson remarked, "A man who gave in such copy would be discharged from the staff of a daily paper. . . . How comes it, then, that he could so often fob us off with languid, inarticulate twaddle?"

Mark Twain, one of the most careful and painstaking artists in the history of literature, had nothing but contempt for Scott until he happened to read *Quentin Durward.* He had been ridiculing the professors and the critics for their praise of Sir Walter, insisting that the so-called great man not only was insufferably dull, but that he did not even know how to write. Then he read *Quentin*

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Durward, which fascinated him so powerfully that he playfully insisted it had come from another hand. While it was impossible for Mark Twain to write any essay in criticism without grotesque exaggeration, there is some truth both in his condemnation of Scott and in the exception noted. If I were condemned to read all of Scott's novels again (and I would regard such a sentence as a fearful punishment) I should look upon *Quentin Durward, Ivanhoe, The Bride of Lammermoor,* and *Kenilworth* as notable mitigations. Indeed, for sheer dramatic power, *The Bride of Lammermoor* is one of the greatest romances in the world. Many years ago, Sir William Fraser was engaged in a warm discussion of Scott with Bulwer-Lytton. Finally, Sir William proposed that each man write on a slip of paper what he conceived to be Scott's masterpiece, at the same time expressing the utmost confidence that they would write the same title. They did; it was the *Bride of Lammermoor.*

Many of Scott's novels I find unreadable. I cannot get through the underbrush. Over and over again I have attacked *Woodstock,* always in vain, and I shall never try any more. What is there about such dreary romances, filled with long descriptions and interminable meanderings, that conquers children? When I was a child, I read Scott and Cooper with intense interest, never skipping a word. I rose before dawn to read Cooper's *Two Admirals,* thinking of it with anticipatory delight as I fell asleep; I should exact favourable terms for reading it now.

Scott, like all the great Romantics, was a mighty man, and much of his production has immortal life. Somehow a writer may be a great realist and yet not impress us with his vitality; may indeed seem anæmic. But the great Romantics,—Scott, Victor Hugo, Dumas, Cooper, Sienkiewicz,—men who find this world too cramped, and are forced to make their own world, where they can have elbow-room—these always give the impression of endless force. The physical exception, Stevenson, had such amazing mental vitality that if his bodily frame had been powerful, he would probably never have written a line; would perhaps have gone to hell by the shortest available route. Readers who knew nothing of him always imagined him healthily robust. The other Romantics had concealed within their mortal clay some inextinguishable fire; on the coldest winter day, Dumas would sit by an open window with his coat off, writing novels, while the sweat poured down his face. Victor Hugo, when he ate a lobster, ate it all, insisting that the hard shell aided his digestion, as he crumpled it in his strong teeth. When he ate an orange, he ate it as a boy eats an apple, skin and all. The great Romantics are supermen.

And this vital flame blazes forever in their masterpieces. Why is it that so many of our modern romances, which sell for some years by the hundred thousand, disappear with a rapidity that must to their authors be disconcerting, while *The Three Musketeers, Ivanhoe, Notre Dame,* and *The Last of the Mohicans* are being read by thousands of people while I am writing this sentence? It is because, with all their carelessness of diction, with all their blemishes and incongruities, they are rattling good stories; stories that, told in the crudest manner about a campfire, would hold every auditor breathless; and because they contain characters so filled with the breath of life that a reader can no more forget them than he could forget his most intimate friend.

(*To be continued*)

The outline of the next installment of Professor Phelps's "Advance of the English Novel" is as follows: The greatest decade in English fiction—Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot—which is her best novel?—Trollope and his twentieth century reincarnation—the Brontës—few women among great novelists—invention and imagination—American supremacy in the short-story—Russian masters in the twentieth century.

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HOW HOVEY WROTE BARNEY McGEE

BY BLISS CARMAN

It is getting to be a long time since Richard Hovey went away, and yet the memory of him does not fade as so many memories do. He was such a striking figure, that even those who met him only casually would not easily forget him. To his intimates he must always remain very distinct, very vivid, with very little blurring of the mental portrait. Our memories of our friends are not unlike a moving picture film, made up of innumerable flashes or snaps. At will they pass again before our eyes as in life, from act to act, from scene to scene, and we recall each look and motion, every trick and characteristic of manner and habit.

Hovey had a way, like a boy, whenever he found anything in poetry that pleased him, of exclaiming, "Listen to this, will you!", and then reading it aloud,—sometimes for its beauty, sometimes for its humour, and always with a zest. He never ecstasised too much, nor gushed over anything or any one, but if he came upon something funny, he would chuckle softly at first, and then throw back his fine black head and laugh aloud. It was the same with his own work. When he did anything that pleased him for the moment, or that he thought would interest you, he would come and read it to you. One night in Washington, in the old Indiana Avenue house, when I had gone to bed rather early, I was wakened by the sound of the typewriter, and as I opened my eyes there I saw Hovey tapping away at the keys and smiling to himself. Presently he looked up and said, "Listen to this, will you!" and read me several stanzas of "The Kavanagh," which he had just thought of and was working out.

Hovey did a great deal of his work on the typewriter, particularly his later work, when he was in full command of his powers. I do not mean that he would compose a poem on the machine, as one might rattle off a letter. But he had the faculty of holding a new poem in solution in his mind all at once, and brooding upon it until it was practically finished. Then he would sit down and commit it to type. Even his longer odes were composed in much the same way. He would "shut himself in with his soul," to paraphrase Rossetti's line, and with a supply of cigarette papers and tobacco, and perhaps for several days take time only for his meals, all the while thinking intensely and going over the work in his mind, until it was thoroughly ordered, and he knew just how he wanted to begin and where he wanted to end. He did not make notes of detached lines and fragments at haphazard, to be rearranged later, but had it all clearly arranged before he put mark to paper. Then he would sit down and tick off the first few opening lines; then get up and walk about the room awhile, rolling a cigarette, smoking, turning over the next few lines or stanzas before committing them to type. And so on piece by piece until he reached the end. Then the poem was finished. That first draft was practically the final one,—each bit completed and polished as he went along.

"Barney McGee" was written at Wolfville, Nova Scotia, in that beautiful Grand Pré country, where for many year I used to spend my summers. Several seasons Hovey accompanied me, as he found in that charmed locality immunity from his inveterate enemy hay-fever. He went to Nova Scotia first in 1893, and "Barney McGee" was written in the following year. Richard and I were going down to Nova Scotia from

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Boston by steamer, having taken passage to Yarmouth, to go on from there by train to the Grand Pré district. It is about an eighteen hours' voyage, and gives one at least part of a day at sea. Our boat was crowded with passengers, summer tourists bound for the Land of Evangeline. The sea was not rough, but there was quite a smart breeze; and as we sat on deck going over the proofs of *Songs from Vagabondia,* we had trouble keeping the long galley slips in order.

We had noticed a sailor of rather an unusual type, a slim figure in his blue pilot cloth, walking about the deck, not seeming to look at any one, and yet, if you watched him more closely, evidently observing everyone very keenly indeed. Sometimes he would stop and lounge against the rail. There was nothing of the dapper officer about him, and much less of the ruddy sea-dog. He looked rather like a keen-faced student, and might have been a college boy acting as steward in his vacation. To our surprise he presently came up to us and said we had better come into the wheel-house out of the wind. He was the Captain, and one of the best officers of the line.

Of course we were delighted to accept the invitation, and were soon occupying chairs behind the wheel. No more proofs for us, however! Our new acquaintance was far too entertaining not to be enjoyed while we could. For a man is a man, while a book is only a book. One could turn off a poem about the sea any day, but it was seldom one had the chance of knowing a man who made the sea his home and also had all our own romantic fondness for it.

It seemed he liked to go about quietly among his passengers without being recognised, and make up his mind about them, taking mental stock of people while they were still unaware of his identity. Of course we were too easy a guess for him. Our fluttering proof-sheets stamped us at once, and really secured us our coveted shelter. He loved poetry almost as much as he did the sea. They were both in his blood. He was well read in all the current verse of the day and astonished us by quoting something one of us had recently published in a magazine. He knew the classic English poets also, and quoted them with spirited appreciation and real feeling. But it was the sea, of course, that was his great enthusiasm. He had a poet's sentiment about it, running through his sailor's passion. When he spoke of some of the storms he had been through, with the good ship under his feet, obedient to his will, battling for him against the Elemental Titan, one could see the joy and daring of the born sea-lover and sea-captain. Though so quiet-spoken and unassuming, he was one of those distinct personalities that are not easily forgotten.

That is how I recall so clearly the reading of the proofs of our first joint volume. We went on to Wolfville, that lovely little town on the edge of Grand Pré, in the midst of the land of orchards and dykes and great tides and peaceful, hospitable folk. There we spent our few golden weeks, turning our thoughts already to a new venture, *More Songs from Vagabondia,* to follow the first. I was staying with friends, and in their garden on the slope behind the town overlooking the great Meadow, I was sitting with Hovey one day, when he was evidently working on something new. Presently with his winning smile he looked up and said, "Listen to this, will you!", and gave me the first stanzas of "Barney McGee." It was easily the best of our efforts in those care-free days, or at least the most attractive. And although it had no immediate inspiration from the environment in which it was written, and portrayed a purely imaginary character, I shall always see again, when I hear it, the little northern garden on the hillside above Grand Pré, looking out over the Basin of Minas, and my friend's droll pleasure in his delicious achievement.

Long after that, when I no longer had a companion in Verse, I published

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a volume by myself, called *Songs from a Northern Garden,* many of the pieces in which I attempted to gather something of the magic charm of that loved land and those memorable hours. But my songs were all in the tranquil vein of nature and meditation, and I was never able to match the human note of abandon and aplomb which runs through Hovey's rollicking stave.

A NOTE ON PAUL HERVIEU

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

In the third quarter of the nineteenth century the dominant figures in the French drama were Emile Augier and Alexandre Dumas fils; yet even before the end of the century their immediate influence was fading and their plays were beginning to be out of fashion—without having yet attained to the charm of being old-fashioned. Other men came to the front, men with a different outlook on life, men with a different ethical code, and even men with a somewhat different technic.

For a brief season it seemed to some enthusiasts that Henri Becque was the leader of a new departure in the drama, and he might have been the coming man—if he had ever come. He had his disciples, no doubt, but they were only a few, even if they were pugnacious and vociferous. Saner critics soon perceived that Becque was too hard, too narrow, too wilful, and above all, too sterile to supply the fresh impetus which was needed for the forward movement in the theatre that the younger generation was awaiting.

Then M. Rostand sprang forward into the spot-light and displayed his astounding virtuosity in the triumphant *Cyrano de Bergerac,* which was hailed by many as a harbinger of the return of poetry to the French stage. But *L'Aiglon* did not fulfil the promise of *Cyrano,* and *Chantecler* was discovered to be characterised by aspiration rather than by inspiration. M. Rostand's verse was full of fancy and of verbal felicity; but it lacked the larger imagination; it was superficial in its excessive adroitness; it was very pretty and very delightful; yet its indisputable merits were those of *vers de société,* brilliant and buoyant rather than those of vital poetry, simple, sensuous and passionate. M. Rostand is supremely clever; and after all is said cleverness is likely to be its own reward. Even when he is able "to pull off his stunts," the applauding audience is perfectly conscious that they are only stunts after all, and they acclaim him as they would any other acrobat.

While M. Rostand was breaking through a paper-covered hoop in the glare of the arc-lights which sputter high above the tan-bark arena, M. Brieux was slowly and laboriously winning his way to the front and establishing his reputation by a succession of prose plays, in which he dealt, honestly and sincerely with one after another of the more pressing problems of French life. He is proud to avow himself a follower of Augier, who was also emphatically sincere and honest. But Augier, even if he had a message and even if he was willing to preach a sermon when the occasion arose, was first and foremost a playwright, who could people his adroitly articulated plots with characters standing on their own feet, and existing independent of the thesis the author might be expounding; and it is because Augier could create accusable characters, Giboyer and Monsieur Poirier and the Marquis de Presles, that he abides today as a true dramatist and that he is not now recalled only as a formerly successful playwright.

M. Brieux is a propagandist before he is a playwright, rather than after. A French critic once remarked that M.

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Brieux had accustomed us to expect in any play of his three elements, a story, a satire, and a thesis,—adding that these three elements were not always fused together, being sometimes not only distinctly separate but apparently incapable of combination.

Although M. Brieux and M. Rostand are better known outside the boundaries of their own tongue than was the late Paul Hervieu, they are neither of them as highly esteemed as he was by the French themselves. M. Brieux is perhaps a little too serious and M. Rostand is perhaps a little too spectacular in his cleverness to win a final verdict from their clear-eyed and critical countrymen, who found Paul Hervieu clever enough in his own fashion and serious enough also, with a keener insight into human nature and a firmer grasp on the realities of life. His compatriots recognised in Hervieu's plays a mastery of construction, a purely technical accomplishment that they did not always find in the plays of M. Brieux; and they respected in Hervieu an intellectual and ethical integrity which was generally lacking in the plays of M. Rostand.

Like many another of the dramatists of the day, like Sudermann and d'Annunzio, like Mr. Shaw, Mr. Galsworthy and Sir James Barrie, Hervieu first came forward as a novelist; and like these other story-tellers, he yielded to the call of the sterner and nobler art of the playmaker. As might have been expected his earlier pieces are a little uncertain in their plotting; but as he persevered he made himself a master of the technic of the theatre. In his later plays one can trace the influence of the logical severity and the rigorous simplicity displayed by Ibsen in *Ghosts* and in the three or four other social dramas in which the lonely Norwegian disclosed his power of compression and exclusion and selection. Hervieu's plots are built with implacable logic and they unroll themselves with the swiftness and the certainty of a mathematical demonstration. His art was austere; and he never pandered to the relaxing tastes of the "average sensual man." In his plays there are no under-plots; no accessory characters devised to supply comic-relief, no digressions, and no expositors (*raisonneurs* is the French term for these mouthpieces of the author himself). Hervieu reduces his story to its essential elements, spending his strength of the "obligatory scenes," the passages where the essential struggle comes to its culmination.

The stories Hervieu set forth on the stage may have seemed to some spectators bare and almost too much simplified. But no spectator could fail to find these stories dramatic, because all of them present that clash of will which is the specific characteristic of the drama, and because they all are stiffened by the stark assertion of the human will. Merely as a playwright, without regard to the content of his plays, Hervieu was a master, fertile and ingenious in invention, clear in exposition, adroit in creating expectancy and suspense, and possessed of the power of steadly increasing the emotional pressure as the action climbs to its apex.

Hervieu's plays are in prose; they deal with the life of our own time; they bring before us men and women of like passions with ourselves; they nearly always present to us some aspect of the eternal conflict between the individual and society, between the human being who claims the right to live his own life in his own way and the rest of the community which has forever to insist that the rights of others must always be respected. Like Ibsen's, Hervieu's plays are social dramas,—problem plays, in the phrase of the moment. But now and again they rise above this classification and take on the aspect of true tragedy; they have the unpitying austerity of tragedy and its irrevocable and inexorable inevitability.

The finest and firmest of these problem-plays of Hervieu, *Les Tenailles* (produced in 1895), *La Loi de l'Homme* (produced in 1897), *La Course du Flambeau* (produced in 1901 and recently translated for the series of pieces

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issued for the Drama League), *Le Dédale* (produced in 1905)—these almost satisfy Aristotle's definition of tragedy as a story of a certain magnitude, complete in itself and having a beginning, a middle and an end. Where these French plays fail completely to fill the Greek definition is in the magnitude of the subject. They lack largeness of appeal, partly because the fundamental situation of the hero or the heroine is not always broadly typical, is often too special, too individual. Furthermore, these plays of Hervieu's are frequently wanting in pity and in sympathy; they set before us only the greyness of existence and the hardness of life; and they fail to suggest that existence is not always grey and that life is not always hard.

None the less was Hervieu the most interesting among the French dramatists of our day, the loftiest in his ambition, the keenest in insight into social injustice, the most accomplshed in dramaturgic craftsmanship, the most powerful in the presentation of character inmeshed in situation.

SPEEDING-UP THE AUTHOR

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

QUANTITY rather than quality seems to be the feature most admired and striven for in American fiction. The more novels an author puts out in one year and the less time he spends upon each one the surer he can be of his publisher's staunch support and the consequent winning of readers and dollars. The American publisher likes to catch his authors young, with many years of work ahead of them, the perspective alluringly golden with many possible books. Having got one who appeals to a wide circle of readers he subjects the pleased and expansive young creature to a systematic speeding-up process: "How soon can you let us have another good story? We have your readers, now we must hold them with another novel before they forget how well they liked this one. If we strike while the iron's hot with another equally good story we ought to be able to double these sales with it and at the same time keep this one alive and going good for another year."

With visions of a yacht and a herd of automobiles and several gold mines floating before him and luring him on, the young author pounds his typewriter furiously to get a new novel ready in record time. Stop for niceties of phrasing, for graces of style, for careful working out of his characters, for craftsmanship, for literary finish? Not he! He is chasing that herd of automobiles with too much fervour to know whether he is using singular verbs with plural subjects or singular subjects with plural verbs. And his publishers are too intent on the profits from his work looming up in the near future—the more novels by a popular author the more profits—to care in the least how much punishment the English language may suffer in the scuffle.

Most American novelists turn out a novel a year each, unless they are equal to the physical labour involved in writing one for the spring and another for the autumn publishing season. Some write even more than two per twelvemonth. Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady, who likes to dilate upon the pleasures and advantages of dictating your novels instead of writing them yourself, brings out so many each year that he must put in a twelve hour day seven days in the week talking fiction to stenographers in relays. A few of our novelists are content with two year periods for their novels. But even that extension of time rarely seems to have much effect upon the quality of their work.

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The publishers of *Me: A Book of Remembrance,* a recent piece of fiction, proudly declared in their advertisements and in the publicity matter they sent out concerning the novel that the author wrote it in two weeks. It is a book of some hundred thousand words or more and she was flat on her back in a hospital during the writing. The imagination grows giddy at the thought of how rapidly her pen might have spun across the pages had she been well enough to sit up. When Kathleen Norris brought out her *Saturday's Child,* a year ago, her publishers were particularly proud of the fact that she had written the whole book of 180,000 words in ninety-eight days, a trifle more than three months. Compared with the whizzing speed of the anonymous author of "Me," Mrs. Norris would seem almost to have been living a life of self-indulgent leisure while at work upon her three months' stunt. But her feat came first and so of course it was necessary for it to be outdone. But why point out either feat—or any similar one, as has been done many times during recent years—as an admirable thing, or one which is any credit whatever to an author? If writing is an art that demands artistic feeling, knowledge, training, care, and conscience for its worth while exercise such high-speed work is discreditable. For it is bound to be careless, slip-shod, shambling, exactly as very much of the writing of American novelists is.

Winston Churchill is one of the more temperate workers among our writers of fiction. He is content to bring out a long novel of perhaps 200,000 words or more about once in two years, and he does not pride himself upon a daily wordage capacity enormous enough to strike the groundlings dumb with amazement. That ability, by the way, to write, in creative work, huge numbers of words day in and day out grotesquely suggests the queer feats of those gallant knights of the trencher whose eating of so many eggs or drinking of so many bottles of beer in a certain number of hours gets occasional chronicle in the newspapers. They are all alike feats of endurance and each one exemplifies in its own way the power of mind, will, determination over matter reluctant, even recalcitrant. And in each case the gold gleaming beyond the achievement furnishes the motive. It is permissible to wonder also if such edacious feats are not, perhaps, accomplished with more regard for the art of eating than are the word producing stunts for the writing art.

To return to Mr. Churchill, one might reasonably expect his temperate activities in writing to result in more deference to the laws of his mother tongue. But one needs to read no more than a page almost anywhere in, for instance, *A Far Country,* to be convinced that if he had taken double two years for its writing its quality would have been improved.

"Neither Fowndes nor Ripon have the peculiar ability you have shown," is a sentence whose construction might have been less deplorable had Mr. Churchill taken more time for revision, although "Neither Laurens nor Conybeare, however, were for annihilating it" makes one wonder if possibly Mr. Churchill has suffered a lapse of memory since his school days. "I loved her with that affection which goes out to those whom we feel understand us" was taken from a randomly chosen page of *A Far Country,* and so was "And they are often the respectable lawyers, too, men of high station whom you would not think would do such things."

"If I had not been as conventional as the rest I would have preferred to have run away with her," is an example, also from *A Far Country,* of an unfortunate locution less often found in the work of American than of English authors, although of late it can be noted more and more frequently in American novels. It is no less than committing mayhem upon the mother tongue thus to disable the subordinate infinitive in the function of indicating by its tense delicate shades of meaning. The de-

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plorable lack of care, possibly also of knowledge, and the extreme haste with which so much of the writing of all kinds is done in this country are having their due effect upon the language. It is losing in flexibility and in precision, delicacy, and economy of expression, and Americans are losing their appreciation of such qualities in the books they read.

A sprawling, slipshod quality is almost sure to mark work that is done at high speed, in the feverish desire to get it off one's hands and into the publisher's as quickly as possible. A sentence will begin up in the northeast corner of some mental field, wander zigzaggedly down the page, like a cow coming through a pasture lot, cross over fences, and finally bring up out of breath at the southwest corner of somewhere else. In the meantime it has covered enough ground and picked up enough ideas by the way to make many sentences. Capable and brilliant as is Gertrude Atherton's work in many ways, its slovenly style is a shocking commentary upon how little we Americans care for literary grace—even for lucidity, an elemental virtue in literature. In other words, it, together with other proofs, shows that we gobble our reading and are conscious of nothing in it but its strongest flavours.

Here is a sample sentence from *The Perch of the Devil:* "The moon chuckled and reminded his exacting mistress, Nature, that were he given permission to scatter some of his vast experience instead of the seductive beams that had accumulated it, this young man, with his natural distinction of mind, and already educated beyond his class, would enjoy a sudden clarity of vision and perceive the defects of grammar and breeding in this elemental siren with nothing but Evian instincts to guide her."

Mrs. Norris's stunt of 180,000 words in fourteen weeks betrayed her into such sins against the art of words as this sentence: "Even the Nottingham lace curtains at the second-story windows seemed akin, although they varied from the stiff, immaculate, well-darned lengths that adorned the rooms where the Clemenceaus—grandmother, daughter, and granddaughter, and direct descendants of the Comte de Moran—were genteelly starving to death, to the soft, filthy, torn strips that finished off the noisy, cheerful, irrepressible Daleys' once-pretentious home." Another page yields this example: "Ella was by this time passionately playing the new and fascinating game of bridge whist, in a nearby room, but Browning was still busy, and presently he came across the floor to Susan, and asked her for a dance—an honour for which she was entirely unprepared, for he seldom danced, and one that she was quick enough to accept at once."

The works of the best known American authors are full of such slovenly, slipshod writing as these sentences show. It is the direct result of rapid work and unwillingness to take proper time and care for the drudgery of revision—combined perhaps with lack of the artistic conscience. For one is forced by much reading of present-day American books to the conviction that that pride in work well done which is one of the master urges in human development can have little influence upon American authors. Rather do they seem to be moved by the desire to achieve rapid and immense output, with consequent quick and large financial returns.

The sprawling style is not the only result of heedless, speedy writing. Sometimes the pendulum swings as far the other way, producing a spasmodic effect that makes one wonder if the author's typewriter was in the habit of balking, or his stenographer of having hysterics. The results are something like this: "Which was all the same to him. Entirely. Still, a thorough-going nuisance. Which he hated." "His face and manner was quiet and thoughtful" presumably means that his face was thoughtful and his manner was quiet. "None of the children were present" indicates a conviction on the part of Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter, shared, unless their works belie them, by many other Ameri-

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can authors, that "none" means several. There is not a word in the dictionary more emphatically and distinctively of the singular number and to use a plural verb with it is as careless, as criminally abusive of the English language, as to say "We is here." But one finds it so used time and again in current books—the result, doubtless, of speeding-up, of hurry and carelessness.

One finds a child characterised as a "little mite" and is told of a "vast dog" lying on a farmhouse porch, or the "vast towers" of an ordinary country villa, or even, regardless of the price of real estate on Manhattan Island, of the "vast halls" of a clubhouse in New York City. Punctuation bids fair to become a sort of free-for-all melee, with ten to one odds in favour of the comma on all occasions. Most authors seem to know only the comma and the period and to have a remarkable obsession in favour of the comma. In writing conversation they like to use it to indicate the places at which their characters stopped to take breath, regardless of whether or not they had also reached the end of a sentence.

Compare all this hurly-burly of hot haste, production by the wholesale, and sprawling, slovenly work with the methods of the man whose writing is so exquisitely beautiful that it has won for him the characterisation of "the Beethoven of French prose." Imagine an American author spending hours, even days, as did Gustave Flaubert, over a single page of manuscript in order that he might make each sentence a rounded, perfect whole, make each word express the exact shade of meaning for which it stood. For three years he brooded over the idea of his masterpiece, *The Temptation of St. Anthony,* before he set pen to paper. An American author doesn't brood over an idea. He doesn't have time for such evolution of his work. He gets the general shape of his thought, seizes his typewriter or summons his secretary, and works it out as he pounds, or talks. In three years an American novelist could write three novels of a hundred thousand or so words each and collect and spend the royalties from all three. But slow-going Flaubert, after his three years of working out and reworking in thought, took one year to put his first draft upon paper. It made 540 pages and he thought it too wordy. So he laid it aside to let it ripen, for the mellowing process makes easier the work of revising and pruning and condensing. Seven years later, six of which he had spent upon *Madame Bovary,* he had made a second version, reduced to 193 pages. Six years more sufficed to make this more compact by nearly sixty pages. Afterward he did still more pruning and revising and it was not until nearly thirty years after he first began thinking of the work that it was finally published. And now—does there live, can there ever live, any true lover of the art of literature whose heart will not thrill at the exquisite perfection of those majestic, glowing pages, packed full of human significance and profound philosophy, but beautiful as morning sunlight upon precious stones?

The labourer is worthy of his hire, and the hire of him who writes is of many kinds. His own spirit will decide which kind he will have. In an age gone mad over physical comforts and material pleasures is it too much to expect of any author that he will deliberately choose to spend time writing better which he might spend writing more and so earning more money with which to buy more luxuries?

Certain it is that books that are worth while to read for their content and a pleasure to read for their style are not dashed off at the rate of one or more per twelve-month. Ideas that are not brooded over, lovingly and with pleasure, come forth unripe, malformed. Expression that is not watched, cared for, pruned, revised, is almost sure to be wordy, unkempt, and awkward. Doubtless the authors who do that kind of work think it good enough to buy automobiles with. But has any author the right thus to misuse and debase his

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mother tongue, to lower the standard of English speech, to lessen the knowledge and the appreciation of good English, because he wants to buy a new motor-car?

For it is not his to do with as he will. He holds it and uses it in trust and if he cannot or will not use it with due regard for its beauty, its dignity, and its simplicity he ought, in common honesty, to find some other means of paying for that automobile.

THE NEW YORK OF THE NOVELISTS

A NEW PILGRIMAGE

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

PART V—TEA, TANGO, AND TOPER LAND

Illustrated by photographs by the author and drawings by Tom Wilkinson

I. THE INNS OF FICTION

In the course of this rambling pilgrimage the reader will be asked to step into an astonishing number of hostelries, inns, refectories, restaurants, lobster palaces, or whatever is the poetical or practical name to be applied to those establishments of varying degrees of elegance to which the heroes and heroines of fiction resort, ostensibly for food or drink, but in reality to give the author himself a convenient and congenial background. Mine Host himself has become a less prominent figure than he was in the novels of an earlier generation. We no longer see him on the threshold, rubbing his hands, scraping his effusive welcome to the travellers, protesting the quality of his cuisine, service, and beds, then perhaps slipping away to an adjoining room to drop the mask of pretended friendliness, to drug the wine, or to prepare the ingenious descending bed that drops unsuspicious victims into dungeon or *oubliette*. No. M. Terré, who kept the famous tavern in the New Street of the Little Fields—where the bouillabaise came from—has become a corporation, and the Maypole Inn, if it were standing to-day, would very probably have been taken over by the Great Western Railway, with the result to the traveller, of more substance and less romance.

Already, in earlier instalments, we have heard much of the rattling of knives and forks and dishes. We have lunched at Wassabauer's with Potash and Perlmutter, at Pontin's with Artemis Quibble and his partner; we have invaded the near Bohemia of Maria's, Benedetto's, Solan's, and kindred restaurants in the neighbourhood of Washington Square. But in the city to the south eating and drinking were incidental. Crossing the threshold of Tea, Tango, and Toper Land, eating and drinking seemed at times, deriving impressions from the novelists, to be life's main objects. It is a riot of Rathskeller, a tumult of terrapin, to drop into a form of expression imitative of O. Henry. But, after all, why not? What scenes in fiction cling more persistently in the memory than those that deal with the satisfying of man's appetite? Who ever heard of a dispeptic hero? Are not your favourites beyond the Magic Door all good trenchermen? Think of the groaning board of Cedric, the Boar of Rotherwood, the good cheer he placed before the Templar and the Prior—the fowls, deer, goats, and hares, the huge loaves and cakes of bread, and the confections made of fruits and honey! Or of the hospitality extended by Friar Tuck to the Black Knight in Sherwood Forest! When Dickens wanted to place

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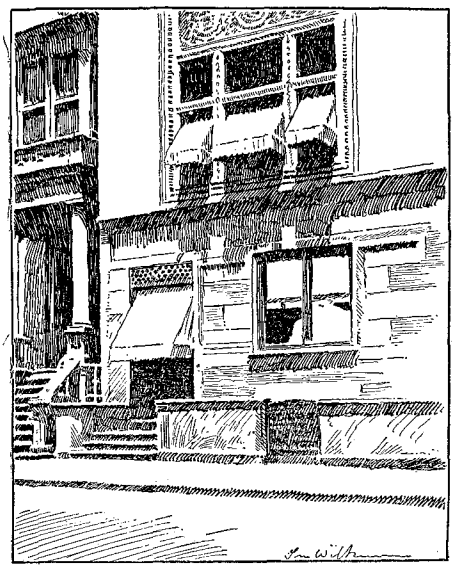
the final seal of happiness upon his characters he gathered them round the table, and there is no doubt whatever that Old Scrooge, reformed by the visit of the Fairies, became somewhat of a glutton, whose chief delight in his declining years was to dine and wine his new found cronies at certain delectable London inns noted for their haunches of venison and saddles of mutton. Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and d'Artagnan were as proficient with their knives and forks—is that an anachronism?—as they were with their rapiers; and in the course of *Les Trois Mousquetaires, Vingt Ans Apres,* and *Le Vicomte de Bragellone,* you will find two dinners to every duel. So in imagination the pilgrim is gathering together about the board a certain company, and confident in the resources

THE HOUSE OF RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S "VERA THE MEDIUM" WAS ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF WEST THIRTY-FIFTH STREET, NEAR SIXTH AVENUE AND DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE GARRICK THEATRE. THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD HAS UNDERGONE A REMARKABLE TRANSFORMATION IN THE COURSE OF THE PAST TEN YEARS



GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON FOUND A NEW YORK RESIDENCE FOR MONTY BREWSTER

of the city which is so close to his heart, leaves the selection of the viands and beverages to the discretion of the maitre d'hotel of the Lafayette, or the Waldorf, or the Knickerbocker, or the Beaux-Arts, or Sherry's, or Delmonico's, or the Vanderbilt, or the Biltmore, or any other establishment that happens to be associated with the New York novel of the moment.

The dinner, as originally planned, was to have been of some thirty odd covers, with a heroine to the right and left of the host, and a heroine before every second plate down the table. But who, in that case, would there have been to preside at the other end of the long board? For certainly most of those men and women of the Magic Land of Make Believe would feel just a little out of place, if seated, *partie carré* fashion, round a dozen little tables. So perhaps, after all, it is better to make the dinner strictly a stag affair,—in which case a club private dining-room replaces the more pretentious hostelry,—and to cancel the invitations that had been addressed to Mrs. Rawdon Gowley (Curzon Street, W.), The Duchess

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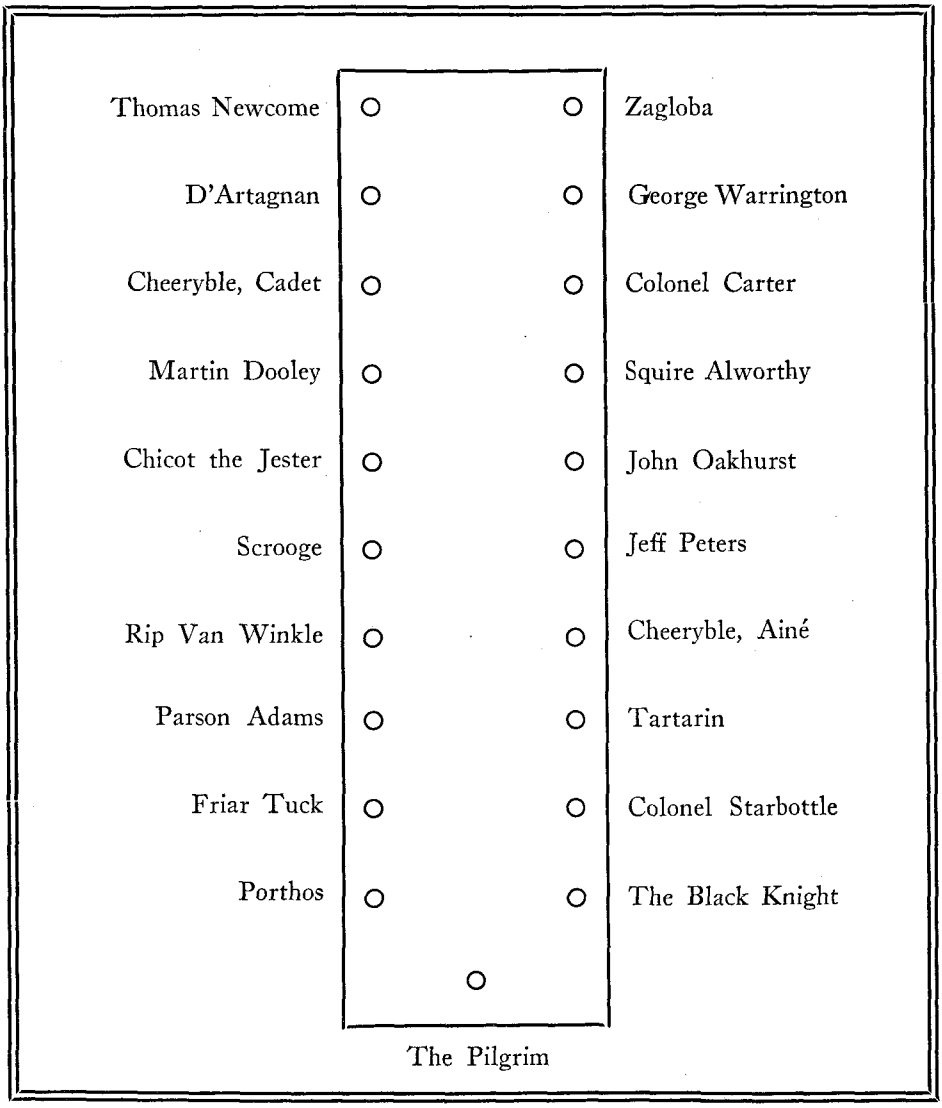
of Towers, Mrs. Arthur Clenham (née Little Dorrit), Beatrix Esmond, Valerie Marneffe, Mrs. Riever, Mrs. Clive Newcome (née Ethel Newcome), Madame Svengali, Eugenie Grandet, Jane Eyre, Mrs. Hauksbee, and the rest. In which event the gathering at table will be somewhat as follows:



II. DOUBLING ON THE TRAIL

Although this instalment of the series purports to deal with those regions of the city proper to Tea, Tango, and Toper Land, which may roughly be described as covering all of the central thoroughfares of the Borough of Manhattan from Madison Square north to Harlem, the Pilgrim, in accordance with intimations thrown out in the course of previous articles, is taking the liberty of retracing his steps.

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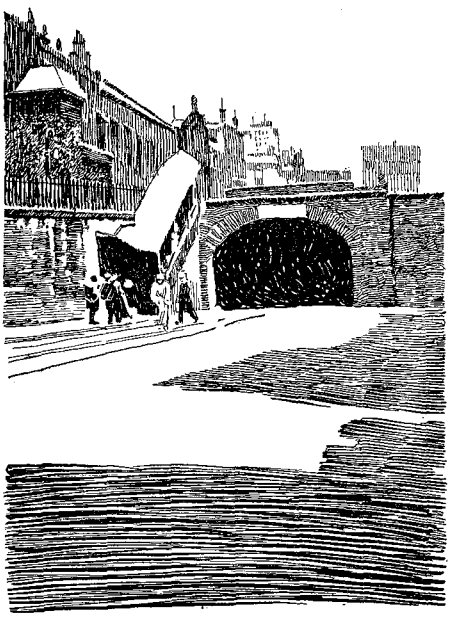
So behold him once again in the neighbourhood of Washington Square, once again delving into the jungle of streets that constitute Greenwich Village. It was about twenty years ago that Robert W. Chambers staked his first New York claim with *The King in Yellow*. That tale dealt with the Square, the Square of other days, when Mr. Chambers himself was living at No. 60 South,



"WITH A CRASH AND A SHRIEK FOURTH AVENUE DIVES HEADLONG INTO THE TUNNEL AT THIRTY-FOURTH STREET AND IS NEVER SEEN AGAIN." O. HENRY'S "A BIRD OF BAGDAD"

when the old University building was there, and the huge, ugly, square mountains of steel and concrete were not, and when in West Third Street, one block to the south, a certain kind of wickedness flaunted itself as brazen as in the "crib alleys" of New Orleans, or in the old San Isidro of Havana. Had McAndrews, the dour Scotch engineer of Kipling's poem, found his way along the narrow thoroughfare from lower Sixth Avenue to Sullivan Street, where the Elevated, overhead, partly hid worldly iniquity from the light of heaven, there might have been a line added to

Years when I raked the ports wi' pride to fill my cup o' wrong—
Judge not, O Lord, my steps aside at Gay Street in Hong-Kong!
Blot out the wastrel hours of mine in sin when I abode—
Jane Harrigan's an' Number Nine, The Reddick an' Grant Road!

No wonder the spectacle of the old Square conjured up in the story-teller's mind the picture of a vast lethal chamber where, under municipal supervision, the utterly weary and the hopelessly broken might pass to easy rest. A book not easily forgotten, *The King in Yellow*. In point of sheer terror equalling Poe's "The Fall of the House of Usher" or De Maupassant's "Le Horla." The memory of it still haunts after all the years.

The apartment house in *The King in Yellow* known as The Monastery was in reality The Benedick, intimately known to generations of New York bachelors. It also appeared in Mr. Chambers's *Outsiders*. Then there was the story "The Whisper." The scene of that was laid in West Third Street in the palmy days alluded to when the thoroughfare answered shamelessly to the name of "Profligate's Lane." Between Macdougal Street and Greene Street was a dive known as "Billy the Oyster Man's." The dominating figure of the establishment was not the proprietor himself, but his sat, "Red," introduced in the tale. Billy used to boast of "Red" as the only cross-eyed cat in New York. In "The Whisper" a murder has been committed. A Chinaman has been arrested. In the small hours of the morning there is a conference of the newspaper men who have been assigned to the case at Billy the Oyster Man's. They are discussing the crime. A Great Dane dog that had belonged to the murdered girl enters and stretches himself in his usual place. One of the reporters gives expression to his theory. At a certain point in the narrative, and at the mention of a name, the dog manifests a strange interest. The reporter perceives it. He leans over and whis-

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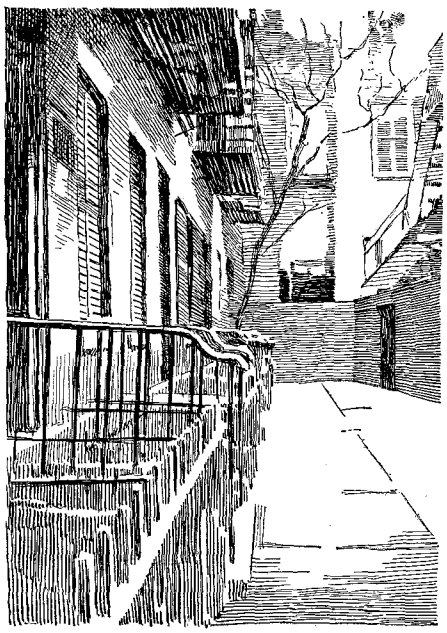
pers something in the dog's ear, then turns to the door. The dog rises and follows him out.

As a rule the *impasse,* or blind alley, is rather rare in New York. But here and there may be found one as quaint as any that appear in the London novels of Dickens or the Paris novels of Daudet. For example, from the northwest corner of Washington Square walk north two blocks to Eighth Street, west to Sixth Avenue, incidentally passing, if you are taking the southern side of the street, the opening that leads into Clinton Court, north to Tenth Street, and then cross under the Elevated at a slight diagonal. Between two brick structures fronting the Avenue there is a gap of perhaps five feet and a wooden gate. Beyond that gate lies Milliken Place, a tiny triangle shut off from the sight if not from the sound of the city's tumult. High above looms the clock tower of the Jefferson Market Police Court. But so small is Milliken Place, so shut in by



"BEYOND THE GATE LIES MILLIKEN PLACE, A TINY TRIANGLE SHUT OFF FROM THE SIGHT IF NOT FROM THE SOUND OF THE CITY'S TUMULT." ROBERT W. CHAMBERS'S "THE CASE OF MR. HELMER"

THE OPENING THROUGH WHICH THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN MILLIKEN PLACE REACH THE OUTSIDE WORLD. SO SMALL IS IT THAT ITS *DENIZENS MUST SEEK THE ROOFTOPS TO SEE* THE TOWER.

the surrounding buildings, that its denizens, unless they seek the world without, have to climb to the rooftops for a glimpse of the tower. Mr. Chambers made use of Milliken Place in "The Case of Mr. Helmer." It was there that the sculptor Helmer had his studio. On the north side of West Twenty-third Street, between Ninth and Tenth Avenues, is a line of houses built far back from the pavement, with protecting gardens extending in front. This is known as London Terrace. Practically unchanged, it is a reminder of the days when Chelsea, which long ago ceased to have an identity, was really a village. In one of the Terrace houses Robert W. Chambers found a home for Ailsa Paige, the heroine of his Civil War novel of that name. In the broad street in front of Ailsa's house a regiment of Zouaves, departing for the front, receives its colours.

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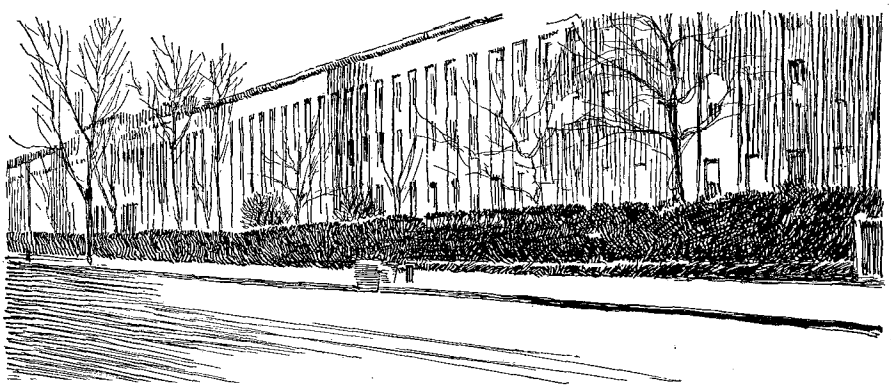

ON THE NORTH SIDE OF WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, BETWEEN NINTH AND TENTH AVENUES IS A LINE OF HOUSES BUILT FAR BACK FROM THE PAVEMENT, WITH PROTECTING GARDENS IN FRONT. THIS IS KNOWN AS LONDON TERRACE. PRACTICALLY UNCHANGED, IT IS A REMINDER OF THE DAYS WHEN CHELSEA, WHICH LONG AGO CEASED TO HAVE AN IDENTITY, WAS REALLY A VILLAGE. ROBERT W. CHAMBERS USED THE TERRACE IN "AILSA PAIGE"

III. THE LATER ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

The Robert W. Chambers of the later books, so far as the Borough of Manhattan is concerned, is essentially associated with the vast expanse of city which comes under the head of Tea, Tango, and Toper Land—in a word the great hotels, clubs, and theatres, the sweep of Fifth Avenue from Murray Hill to the Plaza, and beyond along the east side of the Park, the Park itself, and the structures that line the Riverside Drive. This is the social New York which he has attempted to interpret in half a score of successful novels. Stretching, in part, even south of Murray Hill is the "magic country of brilliant show windows, which, like an enchanted city by itself, sparkles from Madison Square to the Plaza between Fourth Avenue and Broadway." In this world other heroines besides Geraldine Seagrave of *The Danger Mark* were lured by spectacular charities from "the Plaza to Sherry's, and from Sherry's to the St. Regis." Here the Chambers men-about-town dropped into the Holland House for cocktails, or for gossip foregathered in the Patroon Club, which is as obviously the Knickerbocker Club at the corner of Thirty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, as the Pyramid Club of the novels is the Century Association at 7 West Forty-third Street. Here are the studios of the fashionable painters as depicted in *The Common Law*.

But in these days it behooves the novelist to proceed with discretion, lest he bring upon himself the odious charge of writing *a clef*. So while hotel, and restaurant, and theatre, and club may be regarded as legitimate settings of the scene, the question of a private residence is always a ticklish one. "You would think," said Mr. Chambers, "that there would be safety in a vacant lot. That there would be perfect security in finding a corner of unoccupied ground at, let us say, Fifth Avenue and Ninety-fifth Street, and there building on paper a structure that, in architecture and decoration, would be an expression of your hero and heroine, or an expression of their forebears. But even in that direction danger may lurk." A point which he illustrated by a story that shall not be told here. Through the Park there are countless strolls by the men and women of Mr. Chambers's book. In one novel it will be The Mall that is introduced, in a second the Bridle Path, in a third the Ramble, in a fourth the Wisteria Arbour that lies to the south and west of The Mall. This taking his heroes and heroines so often through the Park is a reflection of the novelist's own love and his inherited love

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for it. Keen as his delight has been in Paris's Bois de Boulogne, and London's Regent's Park, it is the Central Park of his own New York that lies nearest to his heart.

Here, in a nutshell, is a survey of the Robert W. Chambers New York as it is reflected in certain of his novels and short stories. "The Princess Zim-bam-Zim" touches Madison Square, West Twenty-seventh Street, and the Pennsylvania Railroad Station. "The Story of Valdez" is laid in the galleries of the American Art Association on Madison Square South. *The Green Mouse* introduces Central Park and a building that is identified as number 1008 Fifth Avenue. The house and back yard of number 161 East Sixty-fourth Street are the settings of "In Heaven and Earth." *The Tree of Heaven* deals with lower Fifth Avenue and St. Patrick's Cathedral, and "The Tree of Dreams" with certain model tenement buildings on the East Side. In "Out of the Depths" there is a scene at the old Calumet Club on Fifth Avenue. East River Park plays a part in "An Overdose." In Central Park and along Fifth Avenue are the scenes of *The Tracer of Lost Persons*. "The Case of Mr. Carden" deals definitely with the Ramble in Central Park. In *The Adventures of a Modest Man, The Green Mouse,* "A Matter of Interest," and "Diana's Choice" there are scenes in Oyster Bay, South Oyster Bay, Jamaica, and along the Bronx River. But these stories will come up for discussion later, as they belong to the division of the series called "The City Beyond."

There was one book by Mr. Chambers—incidentally the scene of it was placed definitely at the southwest corner of Madison Avenue and Seventieth Street, where there was no house nor was there likely to be one for the reason that the land was the property of the Lenox Library—that was the subject of wide controversy at the time of its appearance, because its hero was generally accepted as being modelled upon a very much exploited personality. That book was *Iole*. "How furious So and So will be when he reads it," said people, referring to the supposed victim of the lampoon. So and So was quick to recognise the resemblance. But the emotion aroused was neither anger nor annoyance, but a sheer, unadulterated delight, to which he gave free expression in a letter to the novelist. The book had served to turn in his direction a great deal more of the warm limelight in which he so loved to bask. Yet, very curiously, it was not the Sage of that town in northwestern New York that Mr. Chambers had in his mind at all when he wrote *Iole*. The model was not even an American model. It was French. Over in Paris, Aristide Bruant, long-haired, bull-throated, gesticulating, was declaiming his verses from the tops of café tables. In him were embodied all the physical characteristics needed for the character. Furthermore, at Bruant's heels followed a score of satellites, for at that particular time Paris was full of those idle, thundering fakirs. What induced Mr. Chambers to mix his hero up with the slab furniture business—the touch that was supposed to sweep away the last vestige of doubt—was merely his own intense aversion to slab furniture.

IV. "THE AVENUE"

Imagine a man had inherited New York, who from early childhood to boyhood, and from boyhood to manhood, had seen its amazing growth, returning to it to-day after a continuous absence of fifteen or twenty years. Picture him on the deck of a steamer coming through the Inner Bay, staring at the altered skyline, being whirled northward from the landing pier through a labyrinth of streets in a taxicab, and finally, having found a temporary home in one of the new hotels in the neighbourhood of Forty-second Street, starting out on foot to survey a city that would be at once a stranger and an old friend. Of all the transformations that would meet his eyes, the one that would probably seem to him the most marvellous, the one

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most likely to move him to say: "Mere man cannot have wrought all this. Surely, here is where Aladdin rubbed the Wonderful Lamp," would be that which has changed the old Fourth Avenue to the new. "The Avenue" it used to be to its denizens of a decade ago, just as the parallel thoroughfare two blocks to the west is "The Avenue" to those of more aristocratic tastes and associations. But whether it be regarded as the lane of the mediæval solitude of yesterday, or the lane of the silent and terrible mountains of to-day, it can be traversed best, within the compass of these articles, in the company of the amiable shades of F. Hopkinson Smith and of William Sidney Porter.

In the writing of *Felix O'Day* the creator of Colonel Carter avowedly attempted a novel of New York life that was to have something of the flavour of Dickens. For direct inspiration he went to mouldy stones and broken pavements. The task took him to many corners of the city, to the old Studio Building on West Tenth Street, to Gramercy Park, where "the almanac goes to pieces and everything is ahead of time," to Dover Street, that short cut along the abutment of the great bridge, with its narrow, uneven sidewalk, and its shambling hovels and warehouses, to St. Mark's Place, and to Greenwich Village. But the picture that remains longest in the mind is that of "The Avenue," between Madison Square and the tunnel, which was "a little city in itself." In this city lived Bundleton, the grocer; Heffern, the dairyman; Porterfield, the butcher; Codman, the fishmonger; Pestler, the apothecary; Jarvis, the spectacle man; Sanderson, the florist; Digwell, the undertaker; Jacobs, the tailor, and above all Otto Kling of the old curiosity shop in which Felix O'Day found occupation. But they are all gone now. To quote Mr. Smith's words:

> Hardly a trace is now left of any of them, so sudden and overwhelming has been the march of modern progress. Even the little Peter Cooper house, picked up bodily by that worthy philanthropist and set down here nearly a hundred years ago, is gone, and so are the row of musty, red-bricked houses at the lower end of this Little City in Itself. And so are the tenants of this musty old row, shady locksmiths with a tendency toward skeleton keys; ingenious upholsterers who indulged in paper-hanging on the sly; shoemakers who did half-soling and heeling, their day's work set to dry on the window-sill, not to mention those addicted to the use of the piano, banjo, or harp, as well as the wig and dress makers who lightened the general gloom. And with the disappearance of these old landmarks—and it all took place within less than ten years—there disappeared, also, the old family life of "The Avenue," in which each home shared in the good-fellowship of the whole, all of them contributing to that sane and sustaining stratum, if we did but know it, of our civic structure—facts that but few New Yorkers either recognise or value.

The shop of Otto Kling was very definitely described and placed. When O'Day, leaving the theatre district, walked eastward along Thirtieth Street, he saw, when reaching Fourth Avenue, a lighted window, a wide, corner window filled with battered furniture, ill assorted china, and dented brass—one of those popular morgues that house the remains of decayed respectability. On a card propped against a broken pitcher was printed: "Choice Articles Bought and Sold—Advances Made." The number of the building was 445. The visitor to this section of the city to-day will find many antique shops similar to that of Otto Kling; but he will not find Kling's. Six or seven years ago the building that stood at the northeast corner of Fourth Avenue and Thirtieth Street was demolished. With it went several other buildings that stretched along the avenue half way to Thirty-first Street. On the site was erected a tall modern structure, covering the numbers from 443 to 449. That building happens to be the building of the publishers of this magazine. To all practical purposes these lines of description

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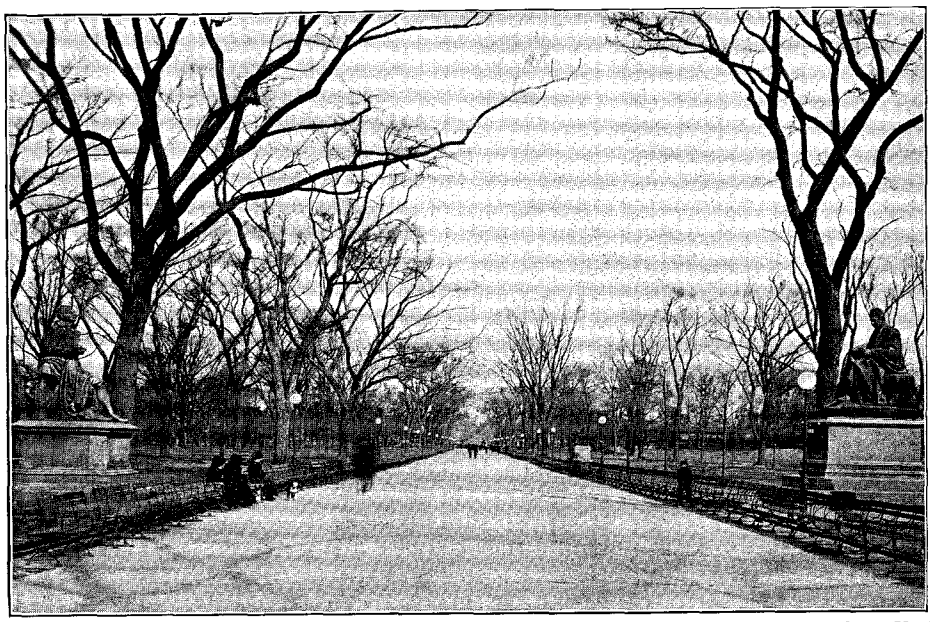
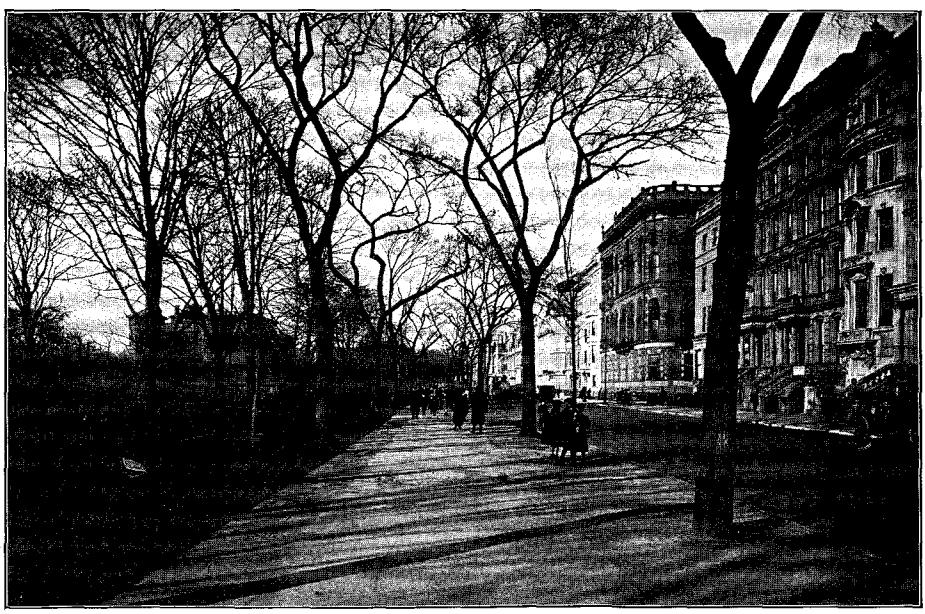


Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York

THE MALL IN CENTRAL PARK. TROD BY GENERATIONS OF NEW YORK HEROES AND HEROINES



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THE ARISTOCRATIC SWEEP OF FIFTH AVENUE OVERLOOKING THE PARK. IT IS TO THE NOVEL DEALING WITH THE SOCIAL SIDE OF LIFE WHAT PARK LANE IS TO THE LONDON NOVEL, OR THE AVENUE *BOIS DE BOULOGNE IS TO THE PARIS NOVEL*

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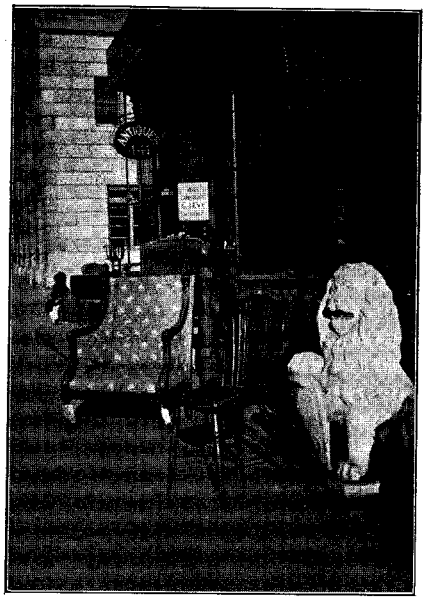
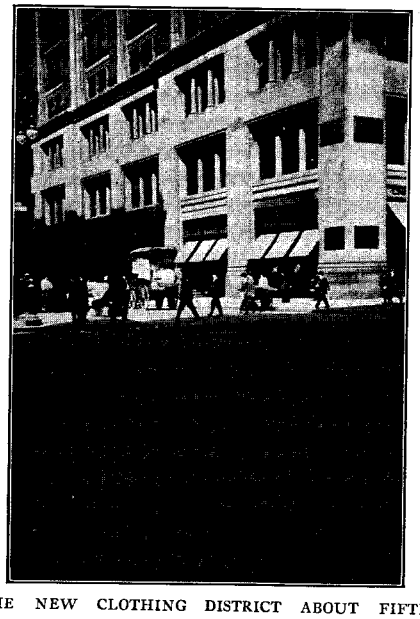


THE TYPE OF ANTIQUE SHOP AT FOURTH AVENUE AND THIRTIETH STREET DESCRIBED BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH IN "FELIX O'DAY." THE ACTUAL SHOP OF KLING WAS AT NO. 445. THAT NUMBER IS NOW OCCUPIED BY THE LARGE BUILDING IN THE BACKGROUND

are being written on the exact spot of the labours of Felix O'Day, of Otto Kling, and of his daughter Masie.

Then there was the Fourth Avenue of yesterday that has been preserved, for coming generations let us hope, in the stories of O. Henry. Partly because it was convenient to his various domiciles in New York, and partly because of its quaint picturesqueness, Porter adored it. In half a dozen tales he played whimsically upon its contrasts. Perhaps it would seem at its best through the medium of "A Bird of Bagdad." There it was pictured as a street that the city seemed to have forgotten in its growth, a street, born and bred in the Bowery, staggering northward full of good resolutions. At Fourteenth Street "it struts for a brief moment proudly in the glare of the museums and cheap theatres. It may yet become a fit mate for its high-born sister boulevard to the west, or its roaring, polyglot, broadwaisted cousin to the east." Then it passes what O. Henry in "The Gold That Glittered" called "the square presided over by George the Veracious," and come to the silent and terrible mountains, buildings square as forts, high as the clouds, shutting out the sky, where thousands of slaves bend over desks all day. Next it glides unto a mediæval solitude. On each side are the shops devoted to antiques. "Men in rusting armour stand in the windows and menace the hurrying cars with raised, rusty iron bumpers, hauberks and helms, blunderbuses, Cromwellian breastplates, matchlocks, creeses, and the swords and daggers of an army of dead and gone gallants gleam dully in the ghostly light." This mediæval solitude forbodes an early demise. What street could live inclosed by these mortuary relics and trod by these spectral citizens? "Not Fourth Avenue. Not after the tinsel but enlivening glory of the Little Rialto—not after the echoing drum beats of Union Square. There need be no tears, ladies



THE NEW CLOTHING DISTRICT ABOUT FIFTH AVENUE AND TWENTIETH STREET. THIS IS THE LATER ENVIRONMENT OF MONTAGUE GLASS'S POTASH AND PERLMUTTER. ACCORDING TO EDNA FERBER, EMMA MCCHESNEY WILL ALSO BE FOUND IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD

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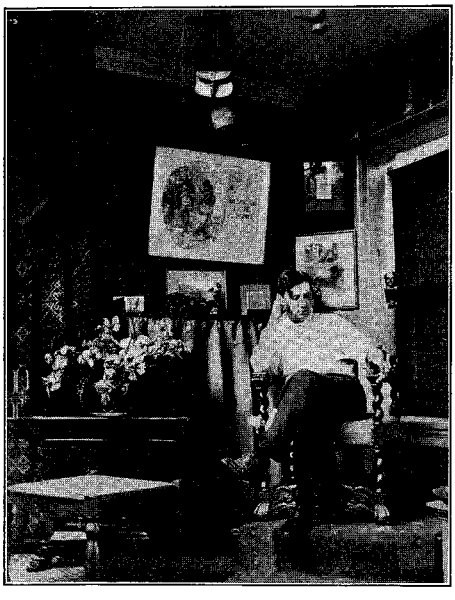
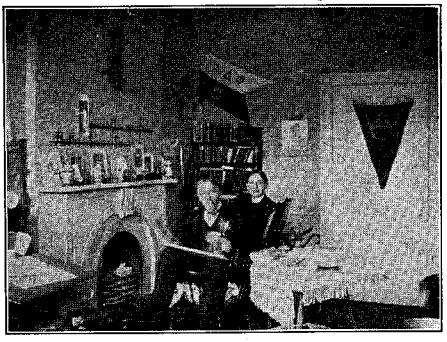
and gentlemen. 'Tis but the suicide of a street. With a shriek and a crash Fourth Avenue dives headlong into the tunnel at Thirty-fourth Street and is never seen again."

V. CONCERNING THE TOWN OF THE PLAYWRIGHT

Already in this series has been told the story of the care with which the late F. Hopkinson Smith, when the stage presentation of *Colonel Carter of Cartersville* was in the making, piloted the scenic artist through the old, rickety wooden structure in the rear of number 58 West Tenth Street, in order that theatre goers might see the Colonel's dining-room just as the author had seen it when he was writing the story. Which suggests that there is a New York of the playwright, just as definite, even if more limited in scope, as the New York of the novelist. As a small boy the Pilgrim first saw *The Old Homestead.* It was, he thinks, at the Fourteenth Street theatre of other days. Very little of the plot remains in the memory, if there



THE STUDIO OF HARRISON FISHER, IN WEST THIRTY-SECOND STREET, FROM WHICH STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN DESCRIBED THE STUDIO OF FELIX PIERS OF "PREDESTINED"



THE SITTING ROOM ON THE FIFTH FLOOR OF NO. 129 MADISON AVENUE USED BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE IN "THE CLAIM JUMPERS" AND "GOLD." IN THE PICTURE ARE IRA REMSEN AND MR. WHITE'S BROTHER, GILBERT WHITE

ever was an plot to speak of, but sharp and clear stands out that picture of Grace Church, and again he hears the notes of the organ, and sees the lighted windows and the iron palings, and the pedestrians on Broadway passing across the stage in the falling snow. It must have been Christmas Eve, for a scene like this on the stage is always Christmas Eve, unless it be Thanksgiving Day night in front of the church in a New England village. Then, to revert again to personal reminiscence, there were the impressionable teen years, when the old Lyceum Theatre on Fourth Avenue was a source of never failing joy. The world was young then, and the ladies of the stage were houris to be worshipped ardently but bashfully across the footlights. What a long line of plays the present Pilgrim witnessed there! How many of them there were that reflected the New York of the period! Who that saw them can have forgotten *The Charity Ball* or *Merry Gotham,* or *The Moth and the Flame,* or *The Woman in the Case,* or *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines?* The first act of the last named piece showed the New York landing dock of the Cunard Line. It was a very different scene from the dock in the Chelsea Piers of to-day, for the action of the play was supposed to take place in the early seventies. In the background was the

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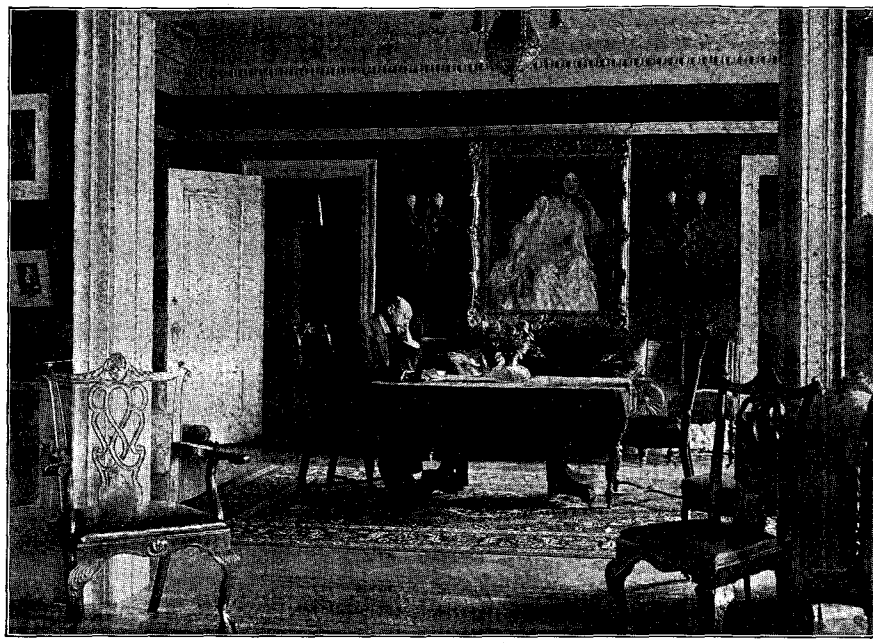

THE OFFICE OF DANIEL FROHMAN AT THE TOP OF THE LYCEUM THEATRE BUILDING. THIS OFFICE WAS INTRODUCED IN MARJORIE BENTON COOKE'S "BAMBI." MR. FROHMAN IS SEATED AT THE TABLE

grey river, with Hoboken in the distance, and the Stevens house on the hill. Then in the second and third acts the actions shifted to a parlour in the Brevoort House as it was in the heyday of its aristocratic prosperity. In *The Woman in the Case* there was an act in the visitors' room of the Tombs Prison, and another in a flat in West Fifty-second Street. It was the drawing-room of a New York residence that served as the background for the tragically ending first act of *The Moth and the Flame,* and it was at the altar of a New York church that the moth and the flame came to a final parting of the ways. Other plays of Clyde Fitch, such as *The Climbers, The Truth, The City, The Girl with the Green Eyes,* and *The Stubbornness of Geraldine* probably came later, but they were all, in part at least, distinctly of New York. And Fitch was merely one of a number. The same may be said of a score of playwrights who have been busy in the last two decades providing amusement for American theatre goers.

But of the older plays there was none that, to the memory of the Pilgrim, suggested and reflected the city more than *The Charity Ball,* which was the joint work of David Belasco and of Henry C. DeMille. First there was the scene in the chancel of Grace Church. The great scene was staged in an angle of the staircase of the Metropolitan Opera House on the night of the ball. It was placed there because Mr. Daniel Frohman, who was the producing manager, felt that there was only one title to be used. It was not a matter of choice, but of expediency. *"The Charity Ball,"* said Mr. Frohman, discussing that play reminiscently a few weeks ago, "was what the play had to be called. Everybody in New York knew about it, throughout the country everywhere people had heard of it. The play was strong enough to stand by itself, but to insure success before the audience some

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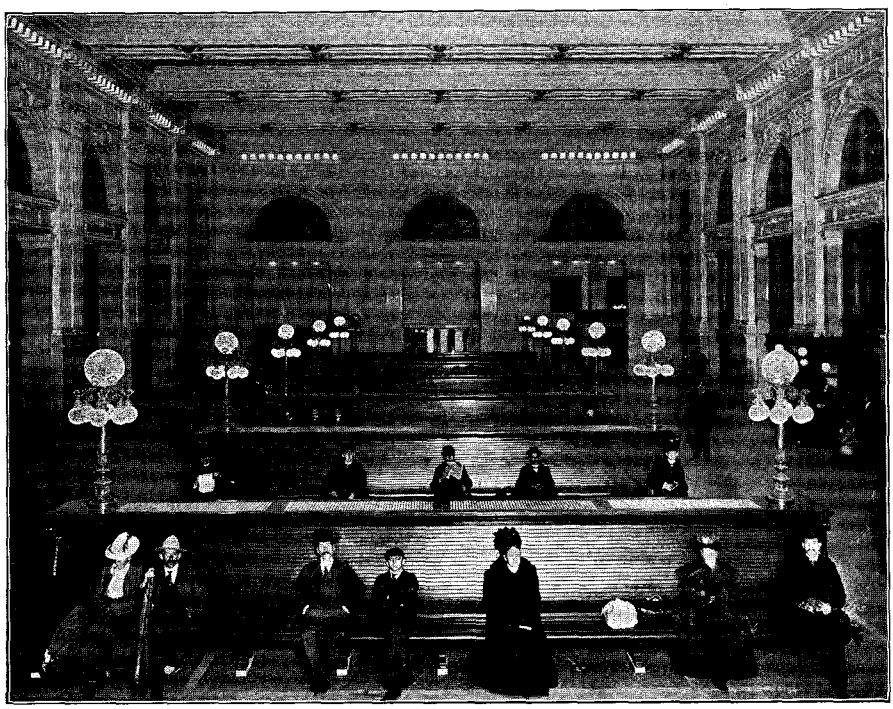

THE WAITING ROOM OF THE OLD GRAND CENTRAL STATION. FROM HERE LILY BART, OF MRS. WHARTON'S "THE HOUSE OF MIRTH," STARTED ON HER WALK WITH SELDEN. AT THE TICKET WINDOW RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S "CAPTAIN MACKLIN," BACK FROM ADVENTURE IN HONDURAS, THRILLED AS HE ASKED FOR A TICKET TO DOBBS FERRY

means had to be found of justifying the use of the title. The scene itself naturally fitted a private house. But for *The Charity Ball* we had to introduce the old Metropolitan Opera House where the ball took place. Finally, we hit upon that angle of the landing where crowds do not linger, where the principal characters might meet and the action proceed logically without interruption."

VI. THE DEPARTMENT STORE IN FICTION

When, in the course of the Rougon-Macquart novels, Émile Zola reached the department store as a phase reflecting Parisian life, readers were divided in their opinions as to the exact model from which *Au Bonheur des Dames* had been drawn. Furthermore there seemed to be no agreement as to the particular section of the city in which it was situated, some finding the original in the Bon Marché, far over on the left bank of the Seine, while others identified it with one or another of the great shops about the boulevards near the Opera. So, when, in New York fiction, you come to a reference to the "Biggest Store" you are usually at a loss as to whether one is meant that is on lower Sixth Avenue, or on Thirty-fourth Street, or in the fashionable part of Fifth Avenue, or over on the East Side. But wherever it may be, while we are on the way there, it may not be amiss to stop for a brief moment in the wholesale clothing district, which, of recent years, has been moving uptown, and now centres about Fifth Avenue and Twentieth Street. There, first of all, will be found the familiar figures of Montague Glass's Abe Potash and Mawruss Perlmutter, for it was purely for ephemeral purposes of the stage that

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THE MELANCHOLY PLEASURE GROUND OF BRYANT PARK, WHERE LILY BART (MRS. WHARTON'S "THE HOUSE OF MIRTH") RESTED BRIEFLY OF A NIGHT WHEN THE ENNUI OF LIFE WAS STRONG UPON HER

the partners allowed the firm to be incorporated by Wall Street promoters, with the resulting disaster, and the beginning of business life anew in the old quarters on East Broadway. Another familiar figure of the hour that bears kinship to Mr. Glass's heroes is Edna Ferber's Emma McChesney. Concerning the scenes of Emma's New York business activities Miss Ferber writes: "I cannot imagine your making a pilgrimage to the wholesale skirt district. Still if you chance to be down that way looking for Abe and Mawruss you might drop in on Emma. She's in that neighbourhood." And so also is the New York of Fanny Hurst's *Just Around the Corner*—the city of the working girl, of Childs's restaurants and department stores.

Two recent novels touching the department store are F. Hopkinson Smith's *Felix O'Day* and Mrs. A. M. Williamson's *The Shop Girl*. In the former book was Rosenthal's, the large store on Third Avenue where Lady Barbara found employment and from which she took the lace mantilla that was afterwards stolen by Dalton. The heroine of *The Shop Girl*, a book which Mrs. Williamson says that she enjoyed more than any other book she ever wrote, was drawn from two models. One was a girl of a very good family who sought employment in a spirit of independence and found it at Gimbel's; and the other was a typical New York shop girl. The atmosphere for the life of her heroine after working hours Mrs. Williamson found in the neighbourhood of Columbus Circle.

There was a novel of last year, which, while practically all the action took place in Paris, was, in the person of its heroine, the very embodiment of the atmosphere of the big New York department stores. That was Mr. Samuel Merwin's *The Honey Bee*. If

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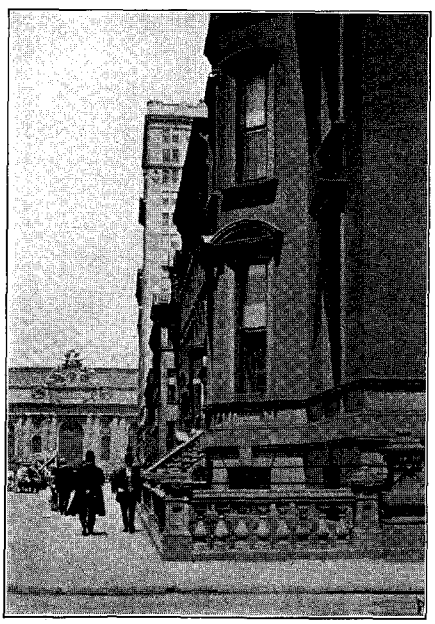
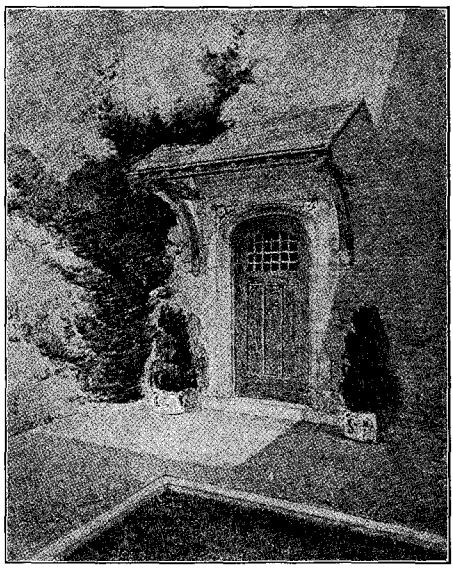
you would see the establishment which served in part as the model for the one in Mr. Merwin's story you can find it on the west side of Fifth Avenue between Thirty-eighth and Thirty-ninth Streets. But it was such only in part. In its physical aspect that was the place that the author had in mind. But for the inner workings, for the system and organization, Mr. Merwin drew upon his knowledge of a large department store in Boston. It happens that the general manager of the Boston store is a life long friend and a fraternity brother of the author. There have been occasions when the manager has called upon Mr. Merwin for suggestions when a line of reading of an especial nature was thought necessary to distract the mind of some hard-worked employee. The manager is one of the characters in *The Honey Bee* and, with the establishment, was transferred from Boston to New York for the purpose of the story.

But again across every counter of the New York department store is the



THE PART OF THE CITY ASSOCIATED WITH OWEN JOHNSON'S "THE SIXTY-FIRST SECOND." THE HOUSE OF MAJENDI MAY BE RECOGNISED



A GATEWAY IN WESTOVER COURT, THAT PEACEFUL OASIS WITHIN A STONES THROW OF LONGACRE SQUARE. "ALI BABA" COURT, WAS THE NAME GIVEN IT BY ONE OF THE CHARACTERS OF OWEN JOHNSON'S "MAKING MONEY"

shadow of O. Henry. "Shop girls," he says of Nancy of "The Trimmed Lamp," "No such persons exist. There are girls who work in shops. They make their living that way. But why turn their occupation into an adjective? Let us be fair. We do not refer to the girls who live on Fifth Avenue as 'marriage girls.'" Go down to Sixth Avenue and Eighteenth Street and you will find Sieber-Mason's, the scene of "The Ferry of Unfulfilment, whence a thousand girls flowed along the sidewalk, making navigation dangerous to men. Discharged from "The Biggest Store," Hetty Pepper made her way to her home high up in the Vallambrosa Apartments, there to find romance and adventure as related in "The Third Ingredient." Madame Beaumont, who in everyday life answered to the name of Mamie Siviter ("Trancients in Arcadia"), having lived her annual glorious week in the Hotel Lotus, went back to her place behind the hosiery counter at Casey's Mammoth Store. In a dozen more of the tales the atmosphere is re-

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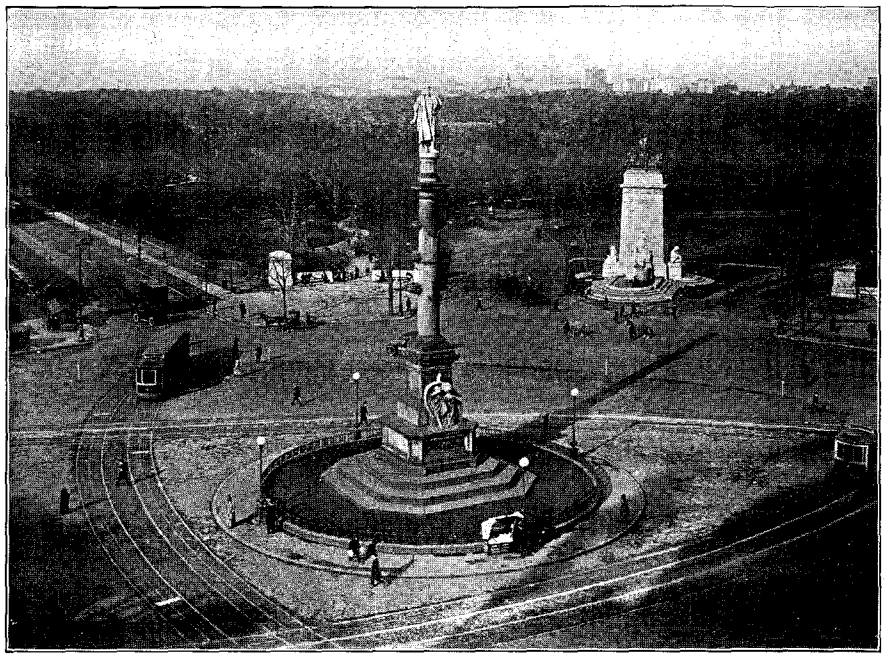

COLUMBUS CIRCLE. ALL ABOUT HERE ARE THE "LOBSTER PALACES" OF THE TEA, TANGO, AND TOPER LAND OF NEW YORK FICTION. IN "THE WORLD AND THE DOOR" O. HENRY TOLD HOW MERRIAM AND WADE, IN THE TWO DEEP SEA CABS THEY HAD CHARTERED, HOVE TO LONG ENOUGH "TO REVILE THE STATUE OF THE GREAT NAVIGATOR, UNPATRIOTICALLY REBUKING HIM FOR HAVING VOYAGED IN SEARCH OF LAND INSTEAD OF LIQUIDS"

flected. A saleslady in the gents' gloves, Masie of "A Lickpenny Lover," was one of the three thousand girls in the "Biggest Store." Perhaps of all the stories in which O. Henry touched upon this phase of metropolitan life "A Lickpenny Lover" is the one best remembered. It was behind the counter that Irving Carter, painter, millionaire, traveller, poet, and automobilist found Maisie, and finding her, strangely lost his heart. By persistent wooing he at length reached the flimsy, fluttering, little soul of the shop girl that existed somewhere deep down in her lovely bosom. And having found that he poured out his story, and painted his picture of a future before them—of lands far beyond the seas, of shores where summer is eternal, of far away cities with lovely palaces and towers full of beautiful pictures and statues, of the gondolas of Venice, the elephants and temples of India, the camel trains and chariot races in Persia, and the gardens of Japan. But Maisie, listening to the story, grew suddenly cold and left him. The next day at the "Biggest Store" her chum waylaid her and asked about her "swell friend." "Him," was the retort, "O, he's a cheap guy. He ain't in it no more. What do you suppose he wanted me to do? He wanted me to marry him and go to Coney Island for a wedding tour."

VII. THE SHIFTING SCENE

There has come into fashion in the last few years a kind of novel of New York life which aims to reflect and interpret the restlessness of that life by a constant and intentional shifting of the scene. For example, there is Rupert Hughes's *What Will People Say?* which dealt with the very rich and the luxurious side of the city and which

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took up the beginning of the dance mania in April, 1913, and ended early in 1914. The opening paragraph showed Fifth Avenue at flood tide. To the eyes of Lieutenant Forbes, just home from the Philippines, it was a strange sight. He had not seen the Avenue since the pathetic old horse coaches were changed to the terrific motor stages. Forbes's first glimpse, according to the key supplied by Mr. Hughes, was at the crossing either at Thirty-fourth Street, or at Forty-second Street. Then, by way of illustration of this kind of novel, take the first hundred pages of the book. In the course of a few hundred words we are at the Enslee's home at Fiftieth Street and Fifth Avenue, and a litle later, at Fifty-first Street there is a description of the "affable grey cathedral." By page eight we have seen Fifty-seventh Street, Broadway, and the Riverside Drive. Page thirteen brings in the Knickerbocker Hotel at which Forbes is stopping. Longacre Square steps into view on page fifteen, with the *Times* Building standing aloft, a huddled giraffe of a building. At page eighteen the reader has been taken to a theatre which is identified as the Eltinge Theatre. The peacock rivalling café of page twenty-five is Murray's, which is soon left so that Reizenweber's with its "great sign in vertical electric letters," may be presented on page thirty-five, the Café des Beaux Arts and Bustanobey's on page thirty-eight, and on page thirty-nine the Café de Ninive, in reality the Café de l'Opera, later Martin's, and now torn down. By the time page sixty-three Forbes has begun to investigate Central Park, strolling through the Zoo, and from an arch which Mr. Hughes identifies as the bridge near the Seventh Avenue entrance, pausing to watch a cavacade of pupils from a riding school. On page sixty-seven we have the Army and Navy Club, and the Knickerbocker Café, and on page sixty-eight the Fifth Avenue Bank at Forty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, and Sherry's. On page seventy-one back to the barroom of the Knickerbocker for ginrickies and a study of Maxfield Parrish's fresco of "King Cole." Bustanobey's again at page seventy-four and at page ninety-six the beginning of an elaborate description of the Metropolitan Opera House. In the same way one might go through Louis Joseph Vance's *Joan Thursday,* or Rex Beach's *The Auction Block,* George Bronson-Howard's *God's Man,* or Owen Johnson's *The Sixty-First Second,* or *The Salamander,* or *Making Money.* In *God's Man* the Curate's, Canary's, Griffony's, and Sydenham's of fiction, are the Rector's, Sherry's, Tiffany's, and the Café de Paris of fact. These names also figured in the same author's *Pages From the Book of Broadway.* Every one of the tales that made up that book had for the protagonist some conspicuous character along the Great White Way. For example, in "The Purple Phantasm," the lead was the late Paul Armstrong, under the name of Potter Playfair.

VIII. THE ZIG ZAG TRAIL

Zig zag goes the trail, of an afternoon along the stretch of Fifth Avenue, or through the winding paths of the Park; by night into the lane where the lights are brightest, and the hum of life swells into a tumult. "Is New York a large city?" asks a demure Haitian maiden of her American lover in a recent story by Mr. Richard Harding Davis. "No. It is a large electric light sign" is the sapient reply. So, dazzled by the light the Pilgrim takes the liberty of passing from scene to scene, from allusion to allusion, without any pretence of sequence or order. You are at Broadway and Thirtieth Street, before Wallack's Theatre, or what once was Wallack's Theatre. There you have the definite background that Booth Tarkington put into *Harlequin and Pantomime,* and the scene of Jesse Lynch Willams's "The Comedy of a Playwright." You are four blocks to the north, at the point where Sixth Avenue, Broadway, and Thirty-fourth Street cross one another. If

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they did not so cross, and if a man wearing a red necktie, and answering to the name of Kelly, had not there engineered a traffic block that, to use his own words, "would have made William A. Brady die of envy," how could Sidney Porter have written what is perhaps the O. Henriest of all his stories, "Mammon and the Archer"? At Broadway and Twenty-sixth Street was once Delmonico's. Then the restaurant became Martin's. In the latter incarnation it played a part in Arthur Train's *The Man Hunt.* There Ralston, the newly appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy, in his search for Steadman at the behest of Ellen Ferguson, finds his way through the revolving doors, makes the acquaintance of Florence Davenport, and knocks out the bully Sullivan. Incidentally Ralston's search came to an end in Farrer's gambling house, which was placed on Forty-fifth Street, near Broadway. Back to the theatre district, and you are in the haunts of the hero of George Barr McCutcheon's *Little What's His Name.* At the Metropolitan Opera House, and you have the choice of Marion Crawford's *The Prima Donna,* W. J. Henderson's *The Soul of a Tenor,* Brander Matthews's *The Action and the Word,* Thomas Dixon's *The Root of Evil,* and half a score more. The spirit of the Fifth Avenue shops plays a strong part in David Graham Phillips's *The Husband's Story.* Henrietta Hastings and Sophy Baker, living in the nearby Holland House, enjoyed an orgy of shopping. The dressmaking establishment in the same author's *Old Wives for New* was drawn from Mrs. Osborne's place on Fifth Avenue about Thirty-sixth Street. The Waldorf-Astoria was described by Brander Matthews in "Under an April Sky," of *Vistas of New York.* On the south side of Fortieth Street, almost in the middle of the block between Sixth and Seventh Avenues, you will find the fortune-telling den of Countess Casanova of Harry Leon Wilson's *Bunker Bean.* On Forty-second Street you will get glimpses of Harvey J. O'Higgins's Detective Barney—*The Dummy* of the stage version. For the Hotel Harlem read the Hotel Manhattan, and for the Beaumont, the Belmont. At the southwest corner of Lexington Avenue and Twenty-eight Street is the little restaurant where Dodo (Owen Johnson's *The Salamander*) used to go to dine in her hours of poverty. It served purposes not only of economy but of convenience because the boarding-house in which Dodo and her sister salamanders lived was at the northwest corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, nearly opposite the Seville Hotel. But when the admirer of early days appeared upon the scene, in order to avoid complications, she hurried him away to dine at the Prince George Hotel. Julie M. Lippmann's *Martha-by-the-Day* opened at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-third Street. The Century Association at number 7 West Forty-third Street, has been called by many names in the course of the fiction dealing with New York life, but never save in love and reverence. All hail to the spirit of the Centurions! As the Century, pure and simple, it appeared in F. Hopkinson Smith's *Peter.* It was Peter's favourite club. But those were the days when the club was still in its Fifteenth Street home, not more than a stone's throw from Peter's own quarters. Some of the men of the Century you will find at the University Club at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street, and at the University you can get in touch with the characters of Arthur Train's *McAllister and His Double,*—Peter the doorman is Peter the doorman still—and through the windows pick out on the Fifth Avenue pavement the girl who best fits your idea of the heroine of Jesse Lynch Williams's *My Lost Duchess.*

At the Grand Central Station a stop of some duration is imperative, for across the hall of the old building, which was torn down four or five years ago, flit the ghosts of a score of the men and women of the city's fiction. In *The Exiles,* a tale of Tangier, Richard Hard-

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ing Davis drew a picture of Fourteenth Street of a summer's evening that is not easily forgotten. In *Soldiers of Fortune,* his hero and heroine, leaning over the rail of a steamer somewhere in the South Atlantic Ocean, pretended that the glow upon the horizon was the reflection of the lights along the Rumson Road. But nowhere has Mr. Davis produced the thrill of the city more effectively than where, in *Captain Macklin,* he showed Royal, returned from the temptestuous adventure that had made him for a brief period Vice-President of Honduras, peering into the ticket office window in the old Grand Central Station and asking for a ticket to Dobb's Ferry. In that request, so commonplace to the ears of the alpaca-coated man behind the barred window, was summed up all the joy of home coming, all the reaction from the hunted days in tropical jungle and fever-laden swamps.

IX. "THE HOUSE OF MIRTH" AND OTHERS

Also in that waiting room of the old Grand Central the reader has his first glimpse of Miss Lily Bart, *The House of Mirth.* It was there that Mrs. Wharton's heroine, who had missed her train to Rhinebeck, met Selden, and visited his bacheler apartment for tea, a perfectly innocent venture that had consequences and misinterpretations. The Benedick was where Selden lived, but the Benedick is not easy of positive identification. From the station they turned into Madison Avenue and strolled northward. The walk was not a long one. Selden's street was probably about Forty-ninth or Fiftieth. Miss Bart noted the new brick and limestone house fronts, fantastically varied in obedience to the American craving for novelty, but fresh and inviting with their awnings and flower-boxes. The Benedick had a marble porch and pseudo-Georgian façade, and from Selden's apartment, which was on the top floor, a little balcony protruded. That is the environment in which we first meet Lily Bart. The time comes when we see her in another. Disillusionment and disappointment have come upon her. She is at Fifth Avenue and Forty-first Street, and she feels that she can walk no farther, and she remembers that in Bryant Park there are seats where she may rest. "The melancholy pleasure ground was almost deserted when she entered it, and she sank down on an empty bench in the glare of an electric street lamp. . . . Night had now closed in and the roar of traffic in Forty-second Street was dying out. As complete darkness fell on the Square the lingering occupants of the benches rose and dispersed; but now and then a stray figure, hurrying homeward, struck across the path where Lily sat, looming black for a moment in the white circle of electric light." The play is nearly done. The moment is at hand for the ringing down of the curtain on the tragedy of Lily Bart.

The sensational life of the New York underworld was the theme of Arthur Stringer's *The Wire Tappers,* and its sequel *Phantom Wires.* A house which figures in both those stories was Stanfield's gambling house, in reality Canfield's, next door to Delmonico's. Much of the same author's *The Hand of Peril,* which was published last spring, was laid in New York. There is mention of the Union Club; a fight in a taxi-cab takes place beside the drinking fountain in Central Park between the Sheep-Pasture and The Mall; the original of the little millinery shop of the tale may be found on the south side of Forty-seventh Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues; and the "Squab dump" known as the "Alambo," just off Long-Acre Square was plainly a well-known hotel-home of chorus girls just round the corner from The Palace. An even later book by Mr. Stringer, *The Prairie Wife,* is laid in part in New York, and a rather important scene takes place in the Della Robbia room of the Vanderbilt Hotel.

In Stewart Edward White's *The Claim Jumpers* four youths were shown holding a discussion in a fifth-story sit-

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ting-room of a New York boarding-house. The sitting-room was large and square, and in the wildest disorder. Easels and artist's materials thrust back to the wall sufficiently advertised the art student, and perhaps explained the untidiness. The original of that house, which also played a part in Mr. White's *Gold,* was at number 127 Madison Avenue, between Thirtieth and Thirty-first Streets. The old structure has been torn down and an unromantic office building occupies the site. The house in which Mr. White's heroes dwelt was situated between a church and an apartment house, and was therefore known as Purgatory. It was kept by a Swiss named Karl. "A number of us," writes the author, "had the whole top floor. Ira Remsen, my brother Gilbert, Rector Fox, Stanley McGraw, and some other more transient members. Naturally I turned to the old quarters at number 129 as a background for these New York scenes in *Gold* and *The Claim Jumpers.*"

X. NEW BOHEMIAS

Two or three years ago an architect of talent and imagination looked upon certain ugly and sordid brick buildings hard by Longacre Square and saw possibilities. "Give me a free hand," he said to the representatives of the great estate that owned the property, "And at a cost that will not be excessive I will convert all this into a bachelor apartment that will reproduce a bit of the London that we like best to think about, the London of the Inner Temple or of the Albany." He achieved all that he had promised. But, unwisely, he did not stop there. Looking upon his work he found it good, and was moved to write about it. With a fine rhetorical flourish he painted his "Westover Court" as another Albany, a quiet and almost remote living place for men who desire to be in the heart of the busy life and the amusement centres of the metropolis. Then, of the Albany that runs from Vigo Street to Piccadilly he went on rashly to say: "Among those who lived there were Lord Byron, Lord Macaulay, Thackeray, and Gladstone. Conan Doyle naturally had no more fitting residence for Sherlock Holmes." Of course it was E. W. Hornung's Raffles, and not Sherlock Holmes, with whom the Albany is associated, and countless drab London squares lie between Piccadilly and Holmes's rooms in Upper Baker Street. But for all that the atmosphere that the architect sought is in Westover Court, and upon that atmosphere Owen Johnson drew for one of his most vivid pictures of the city in *Making Money.*

Bojo and March had left the Great White Way behind them and turned down a squalid side street with tenements in the dark distances. Before two green pillars they stopped, and through a long, irregular monastic hall flooded with mellow lights and sudden arches, found their way into an oasis of quiet and green things. "Ali Baba Court" is what Marsh called it in his enthusiasm.

> In the heart of the noisiest, vilest, most brutal struggle of the city lay this little bit of the Old World, decked in green plots, with vine-covered fountain and a stone Cupid perched on tiptoe, and above a group of dream trees filling the lucent yellow and green enclosure with a miraculous foliage. Lights blazed in a score of windows above them, while at four mediæval entrances, of curved doorways under sloping green aprons, the suffused glow of iron lanterns seemed like distant signals lost in a fog. Above the low roofs high against the blue-black sky the giant city came peeping down upon them from the regimented globes of fire on the Astor roof. A milky flag drifted lazily across an aigrette of steam. To the right, the top of the *Times Tower,* divorced from all the ugliness at its feet, rose like an historic campanile played about by timid stars. Over the roof-tops the hum of the city, never stilled, turned like a great wheel, incessantly, with faint, detached sounds pleasantly audible; a bell; a truck moving like a shrieking shell; the impertinent honk of taxis; urchins on wheels; the shattering rush of distant iron bodies tearing through

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the air; an extra cried on a shriller note; the ever-recurring pipe of a police whistle compelling order in the confusion; fog horns from the river, and underneath something more elusive and confused, the churning of great human masses passing and repassing.

It is to a building, or a jumble of buildings, far different, but not less curious, that Mr. Johnson turns in the introductory chapter of his new serial, *The Woman Gives*. At that intersection of Broadway and Columbus Avenue where the grumbling subway and the roaring Elevated meet at Lincoln Square stands what Mr. Johnson calls "Teagan's Arcade," but what the Pilgrim prefers to think of as "The Castle of a Million Intrigues." It covers a block, bisected by an arcade, and rising six capacious stories in the form of an enormous H. Without, the Square, a charming place of contending human tides, where "the Italians had installed their fruit shops and their groceries; the French their florists and delicattessen shops; the Jews their clothing bazaars; the Germans their jewellers and their shoe stores; the Irish their saloons and restaurants." Within mystery—mystering in the dimness of the passageways, in the countless exits which lead through tunnels or over roof top bridges to adjoining structures, in the glazed doors on which are read strange names and stranger occupations. "It was a place," writes the author, "where no questions were asked and no advice permitted; where, if you found a man wandering in the long draughty corridors, you piloted him to his room and put him to bed and did not seek to reform him in the morning. This was its etiquette." The backyard of a new Bohemia, "Teagan's Arcade." "The Castle of a Million Intrigues."

ONE OF THE EXITS THAT LEAD OVER THE ROOF TOPS IN "THE CASTLE OF A MILLION INTRIGUES"

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IN FICTION'S PLAYGROUND

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON

WHERE is the dividing line between adult and juvenile fiction? Which question suggests another. At what age, allowing for individual differences, does the youthful mind turn from books written especially for it and desire the great works of literature which are written for men and women, youths and maidens alike?

There has been considerable discussion recently in literary magazines and in literary departments of daily newspapers, about the lack of consideration given juvenile fiction. And the bulk of the discussion hinged, if we may judge by examples cited, on the fiction written for young people in their teens. There is a reason for this. The newer ideals of education have practically eliminated the child under ten as a reader. He can be given picture books, and stories are told to him by parents and teachers, thus leaving the choice of books to them. But after ten, the youth or maiden enters the reading public as an individuality to be considered and thus far the consideration given has been of a rather peculiar sort. Opinions as to the tastes of these young people have differed as widely as there are numbers of authors with stories to write and publishers with books to publish, particularly in the Christmas season. And very few of them seem to have thought that possibly, after all, the young mind in the teens might be ripe for a handling of the problems of life as the great minds of all ages have handled them.

In looking over the fiction offered each successive Christmas time for readers in their teens an interesting train of thought suggests itself. Some of the books for boys and girls are so very like what was popular adult fiction a decade ago, that it leads to the conclusion that possibly adult fiction is changing and writers who will not change now label their books as juveniles that they may still be sure of their public! There is much that is good in this change which has so gradually come about. The eternal "heart interest" is not the only interest in fiction nowadays. For the change in the taste of readers which has crowded it out of adult fiction has sent it wandering off into space. It is easily recognised by any writer that the usual sort of "heart interest" would not be appropriate for juvenile fiction. The growing mind has something practical about it as well as something far-reaching in its imaginative trend where imagination is present. There are so many other interests in life beside the heart interest. Space is lacking here to follow up these thoughts although they might lead to interesting discoveries and interesting conclusions.

But our readers have already seen—at least we hope they have guessed by now—that in our Christmas article of this season we intend to lay the most stress on juvenile fiction offered for the consideration of young readers from ten or twelve years up. We admit that like a great many other people connected with the literary world, we have rather neglected this branch of late to linger over the fascinating Christmas gifts of-

OLD FRIENDS IN NEW DRESS

The Water Babies. By Charles Kingsley. Illustrations by W. Heath Robinson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Little Women. By Louisa M. Alcott. Illustrations by Jessie Willcox Smith. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates. By Mary Mapes Dodge. Illustrations by George Wharton Edwards. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Heidi. By Johanna Spyri. Translated by Elizabeth P. Stork. Illustrations by Maria Kirk. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

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fered younger children in Fairy Tale and Animal Story, in charm of illustration and daintiness of outer garb. Such books, too, fill a large space in all Christmas criticism. But this year we are coming first to the older children and want to linger a while with them to find out from them if possible what they really like.

Or, to be quite honest, we are going to tell them here what we think they will like and leave it to them to put us in the wrong or not.

First of all, however, we will linger a while with some old friends, who have come to us in fine new dress this year. And these old friends are among the very best of the season's offerings. There is no really great book among the juveniles this year, but there are new editions of two really great books and of several others which have proved their enduring qualities. Our gratitude is first due for the charming new edition of Kingsley's *Water Babies*. This is one of those books which may in the long run prove more interesting to grown-ups than to children and yet what child has ever failed to feel the charm of it and the thrill of Tommy's many adventures underseas? It is wonderful to know what all these weird and peculiar creatures are of whom we occasionally catch a glimpse when they swim to the surface of the water, or which we see in an aquarium. And the charming illustrations by W. Heath Robinson have brought all this water-life into our horizon so vividly that we feel intimately acquainted with the gentlemanly lobster, the wicked old otter, and other of our friends in the book. For the sake of them many a young reader will skip some passages of gentle satire on political and social conditions and will want to have the book as proudest possession in his library. And another deathless favourite, *Little Women,* comes to us in a luxurious gilt-edged binding with illustrations by Jessie Willcox Smith. All of which is justly due a book without which no home is complete. Reading it over now there is a dainty little old-fashioned touch about it, not as ancient as old lavender, but like something from the days when our mothers were young, a differing attitude toward the young girl, and a differing attitude on the part of the young girl toward life. The insidious charm of the book makes one question, while under its spell, whether the change along this particular line has been a change that is entirely for the good.

BOYS' BOOKS

Left Tackle Thayer. By Ralph Henry Barbour. Illustrations by Charles M. Relyea. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Secret Play. By Ralph Henry Barbour. Illustrations by Norman P. Rockwell. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Fair Play. By Hawley Williams. Illustrations by George Avison. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Against Odds. By William Heyliger. Illustrations by W. W. Clarke. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Deal Woods. By Latta Griswold. Illustrations by W. L. Bower. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Sandy's Pal. By Gardner Hunting. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

Joe Manning. By Irving Williams. Illustrations by W. J. Shettsline. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

In Camp on Bass Island. By Paul G. Tomlinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Boy Scouts of Snow Shoe Lodge. By Rupert S. Holland. Illustrations by Will Thomson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Dave Porter at Bear Camp. By Edward Stratemeyer. Illustrations by Walter Rogers. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

The Trail Boys of the Plains. By Jay Winthrop Allen. Illustrations by Walter Rogers. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Trail of Black Hawk. By Paul G. Tomlinson. Illustrations by D. Hutchinson. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Gold Seekers of '49. By Edwin L. Sabin. Illustrations by Charles E. Meister. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

In the Great Wild North. By D. Lange. Illustrations by W. L. Howes. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

An Army Boy in Alaska. By Capt. C. E. Kilbourne. Illustrations by R. L. Boyer. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Company.

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Hans Brinker in his gorgeous new garb, with illustrations like the tulip beds of old Holland, comes as a welcome friend, and the new and very excellent translation of Johanna Spyri's classic of peasant childhood, *Heidi,* may be classed as a book we are glad to see. It is a book that should be known here better; the humanity and democracy of the simple story never fail of their appeal.

But to come back to our boys and girls and to the feast which is labelled and marked as their very own. To one who has followed juvenile fiction for the past decade this department of it has shown possibly more change than any other line. The whole character of boys' and girls' books is changing, and changing very rapidly the last three or four years. The range of subject is broadening and the attitude of the writer toward his readers, as well as the attitude of the young protagonists of the stories toward life, is very different from what it was a few years ago in any except the really high class books. It is the change of the standard even in mediocre works that is after all of the most importance. Great books have always been good books, but when the rank and file of any sort of fiction shows an appreciable raise in value, it is a thing to be noted with satisfaction. In both girls' and boys' books of this year there is a splendid straightforward common-sense and an honesty of treatment which is most commendable. There is no really great book in either class this year, but the general standard is very high.

It shall not be "ladies first," but boys first here, as a reviewer is human and this particular reviewer is greatly prejudiced in favour of boys' books. We have many different types of boys' books this year, the usual crop of school and college stories, stories of Just Life, stories of out-of-doors as it forms part of the boy's life of work or pleasure, Indian stories, Western stories, and War stories, not to forget the always entrancing sea stories. There are four or five school stories asking for our consideration this year. As usual in these books the American schoolboy's life is one long, delightful round of football or baseball interests, varied occasionally by track team work. Once in a while we catch glimpses of the fact that the boys do something else in school except play ball and that some studying is required of them as well as merely brawn and muscle. But after all these stories are fresh and wholesome, they teach the lesson of clean manliness, and they lay an emphasis on the fact that to be a good loser may be as great a victory, in sport as in life, as to be a winner. Also they

Jack Straw, Lighthouse Builder. By Irving Crump. Illustrations by Leslie Crump. New York: R. M. McBride Company.

The Boy with the U. S. Life Savers. By Francis Rolt Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

Prisoners of War. By Everett Tomlinson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

Two American Boys in the War Zone. By L. Worthington Green. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

The Hosts of the Air. By Joseph Altsheler. Illustrations by Charles Wrenn. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Belgians to the Front. By Colonel James Fiske. Illustrations by E. A. Furman. Akron, Ohio: Saalfield Publishing Company.

Clearing the Seas. By Donal Hamilton Haines. New York: Harper and Brothers.

GIRLS' BOOKS

The Testing of Janice Day. By Helen Beecher Long. Illustrations by Corrinne Turner. New York: Sully and Kleinteich.

Lotta Embury's Career. By Elia W. Peattie. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

The Nowadays Girls in the Adirondacks. By Gertrude Calvert Hall. Illustrations by E. C. Caswell. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Patty's Romance. By Carolyn Wells. Illustrations by E. C. Caswell. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Jean Cabot at the House with the Blue Shutters. By Gertrude F. Scott. Illustrations by Arthur O. Scott. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

Winona of the Camp Fire. By Margaret Widdemer. Illustrations by Charles E. Meister. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

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preach the economic truth of community interest and the sinking of the individual in the group for the greatest good of the greatest number. There is in some of them furthermore, a delightful touch of humour which has not hitherto been a factor of this sort of literature. In Ralph Henry Barbour's *Left Tackle Thayer,* for instance, there is as delicious a character in Amory Munson Byrd, whom his schoolmates call "Amy," as any novel of the present season can show. We really wish somebody would follow up Amy's career and make a grown-up story about him. In *The Secret Play,* Fudge Shaw, the aspiring novelist, is also a very amusing personage whom we would like to know better.

Fair Play, by William Hawley, points a commendable lesson in democracy, taught by his schoolmates to a boy who thought too well of himself. Their brutal honesty cleared away the dross in time, as they showed themselves capable of appreciating his really good points. This also, as all on our list, is a wholesome, clean boys' book, which will find many grateful readers.

Mr. William Heyliger, whose this season's offering is entitled *Against Odds,* has had a good deal to say in public recently about the scant courtesy accorded juvenile fiction in general, and boys' books in particular, in the literary magazines. We agree with Mr. Heyliger and are certainly doing our best to clear ourselves of his reproaches. But there are certain things to consider, and one is that of a restricted public. Many boys who might enjoy Mr. Heyliger's excellent books, also enjoy adult fiction equally well and read many of the great classics, and yet it is these boys who offer the only real public for Mr. Heyliger's special sort of books. It is not possible, in the scheme of the average literary department or literary magazine, to give very great consideration to books which appeal to a minority of the reading public. *Against Odds* is a good story with a good moral and plenty of thrilling as well as plausible incidents. While it does not contain the delightful humour of the Barbour books, it offers some slight novelty in that it concerns itself with baseball instead of football. In some respects, of course, this is to its disadvantage as a Christmas book. Christmas books come out in the football season when the interest in that game is at fever heat in the school and the college world. However, Mr. Heyliger's book can be re-read with great pleasure in the spring when the eleven has put its togs in camphor, and aspiring schoolboys begin to save their pennies to buy tickets for the World's Series. Furthermore, Mr. Heyliger's story is

Two Little Women. By Carolyn Wells. Illustrations by E. C. Caswell. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Helen and the Fifth Cousins. By Beth Bradford Gilchrist. Illustrations by Ada C. Williamson. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Company.

Jane Stuart of Rivercroft. By Grace M. Remick. Illustratoins by Ada Williamson. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Company.

The Boarded-up House. By Augusta H. Seaman. Illustrations by Clyde Squires. New York: The Century Company.

Faith Palmer in Washington. By Lazelle T. Woolley. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Company.

Peg o' the Ring. By Emilie Benson Knipe and Arthur A. Knipe. New York: The Century Company.

A Maid of '76. By Emilie Benson Knipe and Arthur A. Knipe. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A Little Maid of Narragansett Bay. By Alice Turner Curtis. Illustrations by Wuanita Smith. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Company.

Beth Anne Herself. By Pemberton Ginther. Illustrations by Author. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Company.

Polly Comes to Woodbine. By George E. Walsh. Illustrations by F. Liley Young. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

The Three Gays. By Ethel C. Brown. Illustrations by Grace G. Kelley. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Company.

A Real Cinderella. By Nina Rhoades. Illustrations by Elizabeth Withington. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

Dorothy Dainty at Crestville. By Amy Brooks. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

Surprise Island. By James H. Kennedy. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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honest and sincere, the best quality a book for young readers can have.

There is somehow an elusive quality of difference about the "Deal" books by Latta Griswold, an indefinable something that throws them out in contrast to others of the same type. *Deal Woods,* the latest in the series, shows this quality very strongly, particularly in the character of the young hero Victor Orofino. It is not only because Victor is a hyphenated American, who is really an Italian prince; the boy himself is very real in all his conflicting qualities, his unusual distinctive personality which remains untouched even by the levelling influence of a big boys' school.

When we leave the school stories to go into other fields, we find a most delightful little book entitled *Sandsy's Pal,* by Gardner Hunting. It is a refreshing story of just life, of the queer but not impossible incidents by which the son of a well-to-do father becomes an office boy before he knows it and finds that he likes the business world so much that it is hard to persuade him to go back to school when winter comes. Bob Sands, and his pal, Larry Start, are very real boys, and Spin, the Collie dog, is so real and so delightful that the reader gasps in dismay, with a most delightfully real thrill of horror, at the danger that several times threatens this wonderful dog. *Joe Manning* is an honest little tale with a touch of very modern and rather thrilling adventure.

Of the books on out-of-door play life, the best is *The Boy Scouts of Snow Shoe Lodge,* which describes a winter vacation in the Adirondacks. Here, too, a thrill comes through perfectly plausible adventures which we admit do not usually happen to boys on winter vacations but which might happen. And they are so interesting that we are willing to give them the benefit of the doubt.

The Trail of Black Hawk, by Paul Tomlinson, and *In the Great Wild North,* by D. Lange, awaken the history of the earlier days of the great Northwestern frontier, when the vanguard of the encroaching white race came in contact with the Indian warriors fighting for their homes. Mr. Lange's book does not deal as much with Indian warfare

INTERESTING THO' INSTRUCTING

Smugglers' Island. By Clarissa H. Kneeland. Illustrations by Wallace Goldsmith. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

The Story of Leather. By Sara Ware Bassett. Illustrations by C. P. Gray. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Company.

The Fun of Cooking. By Caroline French Benton. Illustrations by Sarah K. Smith. New York: The Century Company.

The Amateur Carpenter. By A. Hyatt Verill. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Home-Made Toys for Boys and Girls. By A. Neely Hall. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

The Junior Parish. By Herbert W. Lathe. The American Tract Society.

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. By Jacqueline Overton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Child's Book of American Biography. By Mary Stoyell Stimpson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Heroic Deeds of American Sailors. By Albert F. Blaisdell and Francis K. Ball. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Places Young Americans Want to Know. By Everett Tomlinson. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

In Victorian Time. By Edith L. Elias. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

FAIRY TALES AND ANIMAL STORIES

Fairy Tales Every Child Should Know. Edited by Hamilton Wright Mabie. Illustrations by Mary Hamilton Frye. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Shoe and Stocking Stories. By Elinor Mordaunt. Illustrations by Harold Sichel. New York: John Lane and Company.

The Kingdom of the Winding Road. By Cornelia Meigs. Illustrations by Grace White. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Really Truly Fairy Stories. By Helen S. Woodruff. Illustrations by Griselda McClure. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Wishing Fairies. By Madge A. Bigham. Illustrations by Fanny Y. Cory. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Every Day Fairy Book. By Anna Alice Chapin. Illustrations by Jessie Willcox Smith. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Who's Who in the Land of Nod. By Sarah S. Vanderbilt. Illustrations by Ruby Winckler. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

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as does the other, although the subject is touched upon. It gives us instead a most interesting and accurate picture of the hardships borne by the isolated pioneer in the great Northern wilds.

The Gold Seekers of '49 shows us the days of the Great Stampede for the newly discovered gold fields of California. Two boy chums in St. Louis make the journey to the gold fields with their fathers, Charlie Adams by the Isthmus route and Billy Walker by emigrant train overland. The story follows Charlie in his varying adventures by sea and land and we glimpse the rough-and-tumble haste of those exciting days, the fevered life of the mushroom Coast towns when wild speculation of all sorts drew men's thoughts from productive work and where wages for the most menial labour rose to dizzy heights because of the unlimited opportunity offered by free natural resources. These days were a lesson in fundamental economics which it is well that our growing boys should heed. Mr. Sabin's story is thrilling enough to please any boy besides, and the background will interest him fully as much as does the plot. Captain Kilbourne in his book, *An Army Boy in Alaska,* has "written down" to a public of lads in their teens. He has made a book which is good enough in its way, in its authentic pictures of the life in that far distant corner of our great country. But, recurring hereby to our remarks in the beginning of this article, this is one of the cases where a better piece of work might have been done with the superb central figure (not the hero, but the most interesting man in the book) whom this writer has sacrificed to what he thinks his audience would like. It is safe to assert that boys old enough to enjoy the book anyway would enjoy still more what any one of a half a dozen writers that could be named would make out of the figure of Ralph Ralston, the superman, born in a New York slum and finding in Alaska the space his nature needed for its development. All boys who love the sea will like *Jack Straw,* and Dr. Rolt-Wheeler's spirited description of the adventures of *The Boy with the U. S. Life Savers.* They are equally useful in their accuracy on important subjects and, what is more, they are equally full of splendid thrills.

It was to be expected that the boys' fiction of this year should reflect some echoes of the Great War. The best of the books that deal with this is Joseph Altsheler's *The Hosts of the Air.* With great tact and a clever grasping of the situation this practised writer has chosen to make a romantic tale of the adventures of a young American which puts the Ruritania type of novel quite in the shade. Because, you see, as Mr. Altsheler puts it, the turning backward of civilisation which this war means makes everything possible. And so we have a beautiful lady carried off by a mediæval prince, and a gallant knight posing as stable boy to rescue her, and besides which we have aeroplanes, high powered motor cars and wireless telegraphy and spies and shells bursting in the trenches and about everything else that the most exacting reader of romantic stories of adventure could desire. Also it is very well written and, what is best of all, there is not a single note of bit-

POGANY NURSERY BOOKS SERIES

Little Mother Goose.

The Children in Japan, verses by Grace Bartruse.

The Gingerbread Man, rhymes by Leonard Fable.

Pictures by Willy Pogany. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

The Sleepy-Song Book. Music by H. A. Campbell. Words by Eugene Field, May Byron, and Florence Campbell. Pictures by Anne Anderson. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

A Child's Stamp Book of Old Verses. Pictures by Jessie Willcox Smith. New York: Duffield and Company.

The Scissors Book. By William Ludlum. New York: G. P. Putnam Sons.

The Dot Circus. By Clifford L. Sherman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

Indian Why Stories. By Frank B. Linderman. Illustrations by Charles M. Russell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Little Folks of Animal Land. By Harry Whittier Frees. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

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terness, of race or national hatred in it. This good point is characteristic of the juvenile war fiction of this season, we are glad to state. The writers have evidently tried to give the point of view of the men who are doing the fighting, who have no hatred but only a great respect and a great sympathy for their so-called enemies. It is greatly encouraging to find this spirit reflected in fiction which some boys, we hope, will read more often than they will read the newspapers with their burden of narrow-minded hate.

But our girls have been kept waiting long enough to hear what special offering we have for them this year. In books for girls even more than in books for boys the new spirit makes itself felt. Quite logical, too, as the new spirit is making itself felt in the lives of girls even more than in that of boys. If we are to judge the books that have come to us this year at Christmas time as typical of the new trend in fiction for girls, then we may say that the writers of girls' books have at last caught up to the girls of to-day. There is in most of the books on our list an acknowledgment of the fact that the average American young girl is just as fond of outdoor sports as her brother and in many cases just as clever at them, that she is just as eager for adventure and that she has a charmingly artless disregard of the fact that there are any limitations on her actions by reason of her sex. The girls' books of to-day are full of the life of out-of-doors, are full of adventures which are very similar to the adventure in the books for boys, and those of them which appeal to older girls show a fine sense of the new responsibilities that are coming to women, old and young, in this twentieth century.

A good example of this is shown in *Lotta Embury's Career,* by Elia Peattie. This is a fine, wholesome book, pointing the incontestable truth, acknowledged in life but not always in fiction, that even a young girl would like to plan out her life and do something that meant something. The tragedy of the disappointed artist, Aunt Catherine, who hoped that Lotta might become a great musician, is a very appealing story and Lotta's common sense realisation of the fact that her talents lie along more prosaic lines bring the story very much up to date. But alas—and yet it's nice, too—at the very end we have a little glimpse of the possibility that Lotta will give up the work in the store which pleases her so and will give up her own individuality as well to follow that nice boy Roland Root to a far distant coun-

Six Little Ducklings. By Katharine Pyle. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Strange Story of Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear. By Mabel Fuller Blodgett. Illustrations by L. J. Bridgman. New York: The Century Company.

Tommy and the Wishing Stone. By Thornton W. Burgess. Illustrations by Harrison Cady. New York: The Century Company.

Old Mother West Wind "Why" Stories. By Thornton W. Burgess. Illustrations by J. Harrison Cady. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Bedtime Stories.

The Adventures of Sammy Jay.

The Adventures of Chatterer the Red Squirrel.

By Thornton W. Burgess. Illustrated by Harrison Cady. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Bunny Rabbit's Diary. By Mary F. Blaisdell. Illustrations by George Kerr. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Adventures of Mollie, Waddy, and Tony. By Paul Waitt. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Bunnikins Bunnies' Christmas Tree. By Edith B. Davidson. Illustrations by Clara E. Atwood. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

Nanette Goes to Visit Her Grandmother. By Josephine Scribner Gates. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

PLAYS FOR LITTLE ONES TO ACT

The Pig Brother Play Book. By Laura E. Richards. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Puppet Princess; or, The Heart That Squeaked. By Augusta Stevenson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

Puck in Petticoats. By Grace E. Richardson. Akron, Ohio: Saalfield Publishing Company.

A Book of Handy Plays for Girls. By Dorothy Cleather. Akron, Ohio: Saalfield Publishing Company.

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A few years ago such books as *The Testing of Janice Day, The Nowadays Girls in the Adirondacks, Jean Cabot at the House with the Blue Shutters,* and *Patty's Romance* would have been considered adult fiction. Janice Day and Jean Cabot might be found not uninteresting heroines by women past their teens even now. They are good, strong, and wholesome books which girls of various ages will enjoy. Miss Wells's perennial Patty is, as always, distressingly well-dressed. In fact in this latest book it is a great comfort to read of the days passed by Patty as the kidnapper's victim, when she is obliged to wear coarse underclothing and an ugly print wrapper. It makes her seem more human somehow.

Winona of the Camp Fire is indeed a new sort of book for girls from twelve to sixteen. It shows them out-of-doors, camping, hiking, and doing all sorts of things which hitherto were supposed to have been the privilege of their brothers. The book is so wholesome, so hearty, so full of clean and vigorous fun—the episode of the cat clearing-house and the selling of the camp-made goods are two instances—that it can be heartily recommended to any one who wishes to give a present of lasting value to a young girl. Another exciting book is *The Boarded-up House,* a detective story in which two enterprising young girls and a large and self-satisfied cat play important parts. The reader has an hour of delicious breathlessness while Joyce, Cynthia, and Goliath are investigating the house which was long closed and yet furnished even to the most intimate belongings of its former owners. They try to figure out the story of the house and do some pretty good amateur detective work, but we and they are equally surprised at the real story of the Collingwood family and how they came to go away in such a hurry.

Helen and the Fifth Cousins, and *Jane Stuart at Rivercroft,* are two jolly books bubbling over with young people and fun and yet there is in each an under-current of life's burdens which gives them a strength that aids rather than harms the gayness. Early days of our country's history and how a young girl may play a leading part in it, is told in the three books *Peg O' the Ring, A Maid of '76,* and *A Little Maid of Narragansett Bay.* For real little girls *Beth Anne Herself, Polly Comes to Woodbine,* and *Surprise Island* will give satisfaction beyond a doubt.

There is a sort of book of which we have several excellent examples this season which is instructing but which, gratifying to state, is also interesting. *Smuggler's Island,* by Clarissa H. Kneeland, is a very fascinating example of this sort of book. It is a modern *Swiss Family Robinson* and tells the story of a family of young people, with a girl of eighteen as the eldest, marooned on an island off the Mexican coast. It is a lesson in what can be done by those who have grown up in civilisation, when none of civilisation's aids are at hand. *The Story of Leather* tells of the making of leather into shape for all its uses to-day, but it tells also of the making of a man out of a spoiled rich man's son. We fear some of the writers of schoolboy stories will not look with favour on this rich man's attitude toward his son's

EVERYTHING ELSE

Children's Book of Thanksgiving Stories. Edited by Asa Don Dickinson. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Christmas in Legend and Story. Edited by Elva S. Smith and Alice Hazeltine. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

Tell-Me-Why Stories About Colour and Sound. By C. H. Claudy. Illustrations by Thomas Wrenn. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

The Apple Tree Sprite. By Margaret W. Morley. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company.

Kisington Town. By Abby Farwell Brown. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks. Selected and arranged by Burton E. Stevenson. Decorations by Willy Pogany. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Saalfield's Annual. Akron, Ohio: Saalfield Publishing Company.

When Christmas Comes Around. Stories by Priscilla Underwood. Pictures by Jessie Willcox Smith. New York: Duffield and Company.

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baseball triumphs. *The Fun of Cooking* mingles all sorts of useful food recipes with a jolly story of what a group of young people can do. The other books on this list are every one of them excellent in their way, so that extended mention need only be given to the *Life of Robert Louis Stevenson*, by Jacqueline Overton. It is fitting indeed that the romantic incidents in the life of this Prince of Romanticists should be told to girls and boys who in a very few years will find Stevenson's works a gold mine of delight.

We have lingered so long with young people in their teens that we have little space left, beyond the listing of them, for books of fairy tales and animal stories. There are not as many fairy tales this year. The beautiful book *Fairy Tales Every Child Should Know,* edited by Hamilton Wright Mabie, retells some old favourites. New stories, which may or may not be all new, but which are delightfully told and delightfully illustrated, are to be found in the *Shoe and Stocking Stories,* by Elinor Mordaunt. The author wisely let the five-year-old to whom the stories were told while he was learning to dress himself, advise her as to points here and there and so her stories have something of the genuine ring of older legends which have been handed down from one narrator to another and revised by each succeeding audience.

The Kingdom of the Winding Road is another charming story of fact and fancy with a hint of modern problems amid the dreams which have no age, which were and always will be. *Who's Who in the Land of Nod* is a quaint and delightful conceit which will give the kiddies something to do themselves when they have to guess which of the names of their well-known fairy-tale friends fits in the story made around the delightful illustrations by Ruby Winckler. The map of the Land of Nod with the Sandman's Garden and the Witch's Cottage in Sherwood Forest is so fascinating that many an imaginative grown-up would like to wander there in sleep and meet Chicken Licken at the Crossroads, go to Mother Hubbard's Zoo, or do any of the fascinating things that sleepy kiddies do when they have this book to help them.

In the animal stories we find two or three novelties, first of all *The Indian Why Stories,* by Frank Linderman, whose name in Indian has a syllable or two less than the name of the illustrator, Mr. Russell, but whose work in the retelling of these fine and quaint old myths is as good as that of Mr. Russell in the pictures. *The Little Folks of Animal Land* is indeed a novelty, for it consists of a series of photographs of adorable kittens and puppies in all sorts of attitudes and situations. A little story prefaces each picture, but the main part of the book is the photographs, which are some of the most charming successes of Mr. Frees, whose work in this most difficult of all photography is already famous. *The Scissors Book* and *The Dot Circus* give eager little hands welcome occupation, although it is a pity that in *The Scissors Book* some of the subjects to be cut out are not at all appropriate or even interesting to children young enough to care for the work.

An important part of new educational methods for little children is in what is called "playing a story." To meet this growing demand there are a number of plays for children among this year's Christmas books. Particularly good are *The Pig Brother Play Book,* by Laura E. Richards, and the *Puppet Princess,* by Augusta Stevenson. In the left-over group which we have entitled "Everything Else," there are some very good collections of stories and poems, a couple of charming little original stories (by which we mean new ones), *The Apple Tree Sprite,* by Margaret Morley, and *Kisington Town,* by Abby Farwell Brown. There is one book which we have put in this group, which we might have put anywhere along the list because it belongs almost anywhere and appeals to almost any one who likes a good book. This is the *Tell-Me-Why Stories About Colour and Sound,* by C. H. Claudy,

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whose *Tell-Me-Why Stories About Animals* was one of the most delightful of last year's offerings. We are glad indeed to meet again that Human Question Mark, the irrepressible Carlie-boy and to have Old Pops spin him some more delightful yarns about all manner of things. Again Old Pops disclaims any originality of scientific discovery but he tells all sorts of scientific facts in a way that will charm all children and many grown-ups, too.

SOME NOVELS OF THE MONTH*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

"THE BENT TWIG"

To readers possessed of discrimination, Dorothy Canfield became an interesting personality upon the publication of *The Squirrel-Cage* a couple of years ago, and more recently the collection of short stories under the title of *Hillsboro People* revealed still another side of a promising and versatile talent. Yet, although the promise was there, the fulfilment in the shape of *The Bent Twig* is none the less a rather big surprise, for it is unmistakably a book of a different and higher order of workmanship. It impresses one chiefly with a sense of its durability, as being one of the books we so seldom meet which will wear well, books that it is a pleasure to take down from the shelf at intervals and read over again, in part or in whole. Like many books that are really alive in the best sense, *The Bent Twig* when analysed is quite simple in structure; it is merely the chronicle of a young girl's life from early childhood until as a young woman she solves one by one life's bigger problems and comes to a clear and wise understanding of herself. The formula is an old one, and naturally so; for one of the first instincts of a story-teller is to revert to early memories and embroider them, weaving in a certain measure of autobiography and family portraiture. Theoretically, it may not result in the best technique; but beyond question it does at times give us something better, and that is a vitality, a richness, an intimate sense of human fellowship that comes only from a book which has been truly and poignantly lived by the author. All of which may be cordially admitted as holding true of *The Bent Twig*. It is a wise and comprehending story, probing with sympathetic and indulgent touch the early ideas and emotions of an unusually complex nature. Sylvia Marshall and her younger brother and sister are experiments in that method of education which consists mainly in throwing upon the child the responsibility of making its own decisions. A dangerous method in most cases; but Sylvia was fortunate in having an exceptional home, and in growing up in a rarely unworldly atmosphere, where the dominant keynote of life was that wealth, luxury, social functions are among the least important things, as compared with truth, duty, and a sense of beauty in nature and in art. The setting of the story is a town in the Middle West; Professor Marshall, Sylvia's father, holds the chair of economics in the local co-educational college, and incidentally has solved the problem of bringing up a large family on two thou-

*The Bent Twig. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt and Company.
Bird's Fountain. By Bettina von Hutten. New York: D. Appleton and Company.
The Hope of the House. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. New York: D. Appleton and Company.
H. R. By Edwin Lefevre. New York: Harper and Brothers.
Police!!! By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton and Company.
These Twain. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company.
The Gray Dawn. By Stewart Edward White. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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sand a year, and having a comfortable reserve fund besides. And the miracle by which he accomplishes this is due solely to Barbara, Sylvia's mother, one of the best and truest and most thoroughly real types of American womanhood to be met with in the fiction of the last ten years. As Sylvia, at the age of eight, puts it, "mother is always *right,* and father isn't; but father always *understands,* and mother doesn't." Father could understand, because the dominant part of Sylvia's nature, the traits of character destined to lead her into trouble, all came from him; but that early conviction that mother was always right remained as a corner-stone upon which in the course of years the young girl moulded herself into the sort of woman that her mother, had she lived, would have been proud of. In looking back over this book, one realises that it is not only very real, but also quite symmetrical. It does not leave the impression of a series of episodes, but rather of that unbroken continuity which is life itself. Natural and inevitable changes take place; disillusions come, and sickness and death,—and yet never once does the question come to mind, "why did the author make them do so and so, instead of otherwise?" No, the impression left is one of inevitability, something no more to be altered or evaded than a death notice in the daily paper. And to produce that sort of impression is rather a fine kind of art. Furthermore, the author's own outlook upon life is eminently sane and normal. Her handling of those delicate questions of a young girl's awakening to the physical facts of life, the rude shock of certain revelations, the natural revolt, the gradual readjustment, are all handled with a brave out-spokenness and a wise understanding that make the book not only the work of an artist, but also, in the best sense of that much overworked term, a human document.

"THE HOPE OF THE HOUSE"

In this, their latest volume, the Castles have put some of their most careful work, and unquestionably certain episodes inspired by the pathos and horrors of the present war do grip the reader with some poignancy. And yet the general impression left when the final page is turned is that it is rather hysterical and quite unconvincing. It is not a piece of literary architecture, but rather the sort of block house that a child piles up at random. Indeed, a suspicion persists that the first part was a story begun some time ago and laid aside, until the outbreak of the war suggested a new and wholly different method of development. Here, in brief, is the outline of the story as it now stands: David Owen, on the eve of entering the university, learns that his father's death has left him wellnigh penniless, that the old family estate of Treowen is heavily mortgaged, and that the one way out, as his legal advisor sees it, is to sell. David thinks the matter over and refuses. Not to sell means years of sacrifice and exile; he must turn, not gentleman-farmer, but farmer in reality, cutting himself off from social intercourse, labouring in the fields beside his men, slowly wringing from the soil the shillings that eventually will pay off the family debt. And all this he undertakes for the sake of his little brother Johnny, who some day will have the old estate and wife and children, the hope of which David himself renounces. All of which is very fine, but rather futile, when we learn that ten years later, just as the last shilling of the mortgage is lifted, the estate contains a rich vein of coal and David is a millionaire and free to return to the old social life for which he no longer cares. David's first awakening, the first quickening of his pulse in ten years is when he meets Peggy, the girl whom Johnny soon expects to marry,—the girl who bestows upon him the name that follows him through the story, "Johnny's Brother." The first appearance of Peggy, with her exuberant joy of living, her unconventionality, her open and unashamed affection for Johnny, form one of the pleasantest passages in the volume; and so there is all the more reason

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for feeling annoyed when we discover that neither Peggy nor Johnny plays an important part in the story. War suddenly breaks out and both brothers enlist and within a few weeks David returns badly wounded and Johnny is reported dead. The father's death, the years of toil, the discovery of the coal mine, Johnny's betrothal, Peggy's joyousness, all this could have been wiped off the slate, and the real story the Castles had to tell would not be essentially altered. Among a band of wretched Belgian refugees is a young girl, who up to a few days before had been the "little countess," the spoiled darling of an old and aristocratic family. Then one night the Germans came, the castle was pillaged, the girl's mother and sister seized, and she herself barely rescued by an old family servant. What horrible sights she witnessed we never know, because in a certain sense the girl is frozen and cannot talk, excepting in veiled hints: "the worst was the things I did not see, —at the corner of a street a horrible heap, covered by some sheets, and on the sheets was blood; I didn't see beneath the sheets,—but I can't forget." Vivianne, for that is the young girl's name, was, like Peggy, soon to have been married; but at the outbreak of the war her lover was in Venice, finishing an opera; and in reply to her urgent appeals to him to return and fight for his country, he says that he cannot, because his music is of more importance to him than Belgium. To Vivianne this disloyalty is worse than Belgium's martyrdom, worse than the death of her family, worse than the nameless outrages suffered by her mother and sister. It is this disloyalty that has frozen her heart, and left her with a lasting horror of man,—a horror that forms the the keynote to the latter half of the book, because David's rôle, from the moment he meets her, is to overcome that horror, and to teach her that there is at least one man in the world who is loyal and clean-minded and tender. All of which is handled in the customary Castle manner,—although at best Vivianne remains to the end a rather artificial creation. And the net impression left is that nothing would be simpler than to pull down this building-block structure, and pile up the pieces in an entirely different way; at least three stories, each more symmetrical, could be constructed from the raw material.

"BIRD'S FOUNTAIN"

Bird's Fountain, by Bettina von Hutton, is a new harping on an old, familiar theme, yet so well done that one pardons the triteness of the central idea. It is based upon the hackneyed triangle of a beautiful wife in love with nothing but her own beauty; a slow-witted husband whom she cannot conceive of as loving her any more than she can of loving him; and the interloper, professional seducer of women, who first awakens her to a suspicion that she has a heart. It is the manner in which the situation is visualised, the incisive, epigrammatic, almost cruel insistence with which the woman is vivisected that makes the volume readable. We are first introduced to Mrs. Claudsley Dorset in the Grey Room where, under the deft manipulation of Seraphine her maid, she is undergoing the daily cult of her own beauty. It is very cleverly done, and by its subtle suggestion, its salient touches, its skilful reticence, it leaves a distinct sense of real charm, a feeling that we know personally this small but exquisite woman whom one admirer has christened the "little Tanagra lady." But from the time that she meets Archie Hood and feels her pulses quicken, Amy Dorset's serene satisfaction with her own beauty is at an end. She is haunted by the inevitable *"enfin seule* hour" beyond which Captain Hood's imagination does not go, "whereas her imagination, poor, little, undeveloped growth that it was, struggled on in clouds of bewilderment and helplessness. While he was thinking of kisses, she was months ahead considering the horrors of her divorce." The weak side to the story is that the outcome is a bit too obvious rather early in the game. The reader soon discovers

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that Claudsley Dorset happens to be genuinely in love with his wife, so much so that he will let her go if the other man can make her happier than he. And when Amy Dorset is about to have her own way, she makes the discovery that although it is Captain Hood who awakened her, the man that she really has loved all the time without knowing it is her own husband. All of which is quite in accord with the conventional lines laid down in the text books on "How to Write Stories." But the merry game of flirtation, with the male pursuing and the quarry eluding, is quite deftly and entertainingly depicted.

"H. R."

One feels quite sure of one fact, after reading *H.R.,* and that is that Mr. Edwin Lefevre must have enjoyed himself hugely throughout the task of writing it. Otherwise it would have been impossible to spread the contagion of a like enjoyment to the reader. The quickest way to convey an idea of the story's substance is to say that it deals with the great American game of bluff raised to the Nth power. Imagine a plodding bank clerk on eight hundred a year suddenly awakening one day to a sense of the treadmill life stretching greyly before him, demanding a substantial raise of salary, and upon being promptly discharged, drawing a long breath of relief and deciding that a man can become what he thinks he can, that boldness is its own reward, and the born leader of men is the one who stretches out his hand and takes what he wants. Hendrik Rutgers makes his memorable start with the brilliant idea of unionising the sandwich men of New York City and making himself their "boss." To attempt to retell the farce comedy that ensues from the simple process of making use of such raw material to its full value would be as futile as to try to reduce to narrative form the gyrations of a Catherine Wheel. Suffice it to say that the book is a display of pyrotechnics from start to finish. And scattered through its pages are little flashes of irony, epigrammatic asides that seem to clamour to be quoted. For instance:

> His speech had quotable phrases. A country that once cast the biggest vote in its history for the square deal, that makes millions of dollars out of asking you if you see that hump, and from promising you to do the rest if you push the button, and boasts of the thorn that made a rose famous, is bound to be governed by phrases. The only exceptions are the Ten Commandments. They are quotable, but not memorable.

But to say more would be to rob the prospective reader of a part of what is in store for him. Of course, if you happen to be devoid of a certain sense of humour, you will probably toss the volume impatiently aside, with no idea of what you are missing. But if you like a fantasia played in variations on the theme of the colossal power of publicity, the stream of golden wealth that flows in a mountain tide from even the humble sandwich-board, when its advertising is directed by a Napoleonic brain, then by all means read *H. R.* It is to be recommended as a good tonic for the blues.

"POLICE!!!"

The series of extravaganzas that make up the latest volume by Mr. Robert Chambers, with its scarehead title of *Police!!!,* and its quite unashamed bathing-suit lady on the cover, leaves the impression that the author is sardonically laughing at his characters, his readers and the world at large. The time was when Mr. Chambers had a peculiar gift for the uncanny; he could send little furtive creeps all the way up your spine and down again; he could distil virgin gold into loathsome, slimy, creeping shapes that would haunt you with the persistence of a delirium; or he could at will convey the charm of elusive, elfin shapes, airy, butterfly beings bridging the chasm of the unknown. All this he has apparently lost. Whatever he purposed doing in relating the mythical adventures of Professor Smith, of the Bronx Zoological Park, one thing is cer-

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tain: that they miss fire. He may have meant them as horror stories, but they fail to horrify; he may have meant merely to mystify, but the mystery is ineffective; or perhaps his ambition did not extend beyond farce comedy, but if so, it is too heavy-handed to be really amusing. Take, for instance, "The Ladies of the Lake": two professors, masquerading as guides, escort an Amazonian band of elderly suffragettes into the wilds of Alaska, and there discover a small lake five miles deep, whose unfathomed waters contain a hitherto undiscovered species of minnow the size of a sperm whale. These giant fish have a habit of rising to the surface at nightfall and leaping high in the air, with a roar like Niagara, to feed on the myriads of bats that flit above the water. Well, one evening when the suffragettes indiscreetly venture out for a row at twilight, a playful flap of a giant tail sends the boat skyward and the ladies meet the fate of Jonah. The whole thing is too overdrawn to hold you; it isn't convincing, it isn't creepy, it isn't even funny. "Un Peu d'Amour" comes a little nearer to being a success in its own line. The professor discovers, in some remote, unspecified locality, a wonderful crater from which fumes constantly rise; and when he cautiously creeps down the inner slope, he sees that the fumes arise from a ring of flame, half-way down, and that below the ring the bottom of the crater is smooth and sandy, without smoke or fire. Moreover, in the flames, scores of little ferret-like creatures disport themselves, in salamander fashion, and when he succeeds in catching one with his naked hand, he finds it cold, with a glacial coldness that numbs his body. It is all quite elfish and fanciful, and leads you to the point of wishing it might be true,—and then suddenly Mr. Chambers rudely awakens you by weaving in a monstrous yarn about a giant earthworm a mile or so in length, that set the hills and valleys rocking as it squirms its titanic way under ground, burying crater and fire-ring and salamanders under a vast cataclysm. Like all the other stories in the volume, it leaves you with an exasperated sense of having been hoaxed.

"THESE TWAIN"

These Twain is the long promised volume with which Mr. Arnold Bennett was to round out the trilogy begun with *Clayhanger* and somewhat disappointingly continued in *Hilda Lessways*. It is pardonable, after the lapse of years, if one takes up a sequel with a certain degree of reluctance, doubting whether memory has retained enough of the essential threads to make the narrative clear. In the present case, however, any such apprehension is uncalled for. We are, to be sure, following the later development of Hilda and Edwin Clayhanger, subsequent to their marriage; yet all earlier episodes, although they may shed some side-lights, are really unessential to an appreciation of what is in substance a probing, insistent, remorselessly intimate study of modern marriage. The familiar background of Mr. Bennett's more serious novels, the Five Towns, is still with us; the curious, diverting local types move in and out of the pages with the same effective comic relief; but all this is kept more in the background than usual; it is, so Mr. Bennett wants us to realise, quite subsidiary. The story deals with just two human beings, just "These Twain," and the outside world is of interest only in so far as they help or retard the slow process of readjustment that must take place in the life of every married pair. Wedlock, as Mr. Bennett sees it, is a sort of prolonged duel: "It's each for himself in marriage, after all." It is a relation based on impulse, passion, sex hostility and illogic, yet with big possibilities for lasting happiness. At times the book is quite surprising for its keenness, the depth of its penetration. Such, for instance, is the following summing-up of Hilda's love for her husband:

> She thought she knew him, but she was always making discoveries in this branch of knowledge. Now and then she was so

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bewildered by discoveries that she came to wonder why she had married him, and why people do marry—really! The fact was that she had married him for the look in his eyes. It was a sad look, and beyond that it could not be described. Also, a little, she had married him for his bright, untidy hair, and for that short oblique shake of the head which with him meant a greeting or an affirmation. She had not married him for his sentiments nor for his goodness of heart. Some points in him she did not like. He had a tendency to colds, and she hated him whenever he had a cold. She often detested his terrible tidiness, though it was a convenient failing. More and more she herself wilfully enjoyed being untidy, as her mother had been untidy. . . And to think that her mother's untidiness used to annoy her! On the other hand she found pleasure in humouring Edwin's crotchettiness in regard to the details of a meal. She did not like his way of walking, which was ungainly, nor his way of standing, which was infirm. She preferred him to be seated. She could not but regret his irresolution, and his love of ease. However, the look in his eyes was paramount, because she was in love with him.

Passages of this sort, and they are frequent, make the book a significant one; but none the less it suffers from lack of self-restraint. There is too much of it, too much that is irrelevant, too much that is repetition. "In marriage it is each one for himself, after all," is the leading motive throughout, and it would have taken far less than five hundred and forty-three pages to prepare us for Hilda's final complacent variation of it, "it's each for himself, and I've got my own way!"

"THE GRAY DAWN"

In *The Gray Dawn* Mr. Stewart Edward White has not so much tried to tell a story as to paint an epoch, the turbulent days of the early fifties in California. Undeniably he has done a good piece of work; the strange, motley, heterogeneous crowd moves past us with the vividness of a motion picture: the rough garbed miners, cotton-clad Chinese, gorgeous Spaniards, as curious and discordant a social mixture as ever presented anywhere on earth. The lawlessness of the period, the laxity of standards, social, commercial, and political, the universal spirit of gambling, the swift quarrels and hastily fired shots,—all these elements intermingle to give colour and reality to Mr. White's portrayal. He gets the atmosphere beyond question; the book is saturated with it, redolent of it. But the individual lives whose destinies make up the somewhat loose and disjointed narrative-interest lack in a measure the requisite compelling power to hold our attention. There are Milton Keith and his pretty but rather weak little wife Nan, the man so taken up with law and politics and get-rich-quick schemes that he sadly neglects the woman, who from sheer boredom drifts into a flirtation that on her part is obviously never going to become serious. Then there are Arthur Morrell, an English adventurer, and his vicious wife, Mimi,—or perhaps she isn't his wife, after all,—who, failing to win Milton as a lover, seeks vengeance by luring Nan into danger. And still again, there are John Sherwood, a professional gambler, and his wife Patsy, who are not considered quite respectable, but prove to be about the only decent, warm-hearted, likeable characters in the story. No, it is idle to pretend that the reader will become seriously excited about the individual characters, even when the abducted heroine shrieks piercingly as she struggles in the villain's grasp, and the frantic husband drives his stalwart shoulder through the splintered panels of the door just in the nick of time,—for of course in melodrama things always do happen in the nick of time, or else the story would get hopelessly out of control. But as a picture of San Francisco in the days of the gold fever and the Vigilantes and the volunteer fire companies *The Gray Dawn* is distinctly worth while, it bears the hall-mark of truth.

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SOME NOVELS—LIGHT AND OTHERWISE*

BY PHILIP G. HUBERT, JR.

"MARY ADAMS, you're a fool!" So begins Mr. Thomas Dixon's *The Foolish Virgin,* on the first page of which we find a list of the chief "characters of the story," leading off with "Mary Adams, an old-fashioned girl." If this Mary Adams is Mr. Dixon's idea of an old-fashioned girl, his modern girl must indeed defy description. The person who exclaims in the first line of the book, "Mary Adams, you're a fool!" is more than right. Mary is not only a fool but a double-dyed idiot who deserves all the misery she finds. She is represented as a little school teacher, the pink of propriety, the flower of New England culture, so steeped in convention that when her best friend wants her to pose as a madonna to oblige a great artist, she declines. "Pose for an artist! I'd as soon think of rushing stark-naked through Twenty-third Street at noon!" Yet the very next day Mary allows a young fellow who looks like a prize-fighter to scrape acquaintance with her at the library when he asks help in finding a book. She accepts his invitation to stroll in Central Park and though he begins every sentence with "Gee!" and calls her "Kid" before he has known her an hour, she goes off with him the next morning upon an all-day motor car trip and enjoys every minute of it. The young man is a product of the city gutters, illiterate, vulgar, energetic, commonplace. His language is the slang of the streets, his highest ambition to get money and make a splurge. Art, books, music are nothing to him. He never says a word that shows him to be more than a highly unpleasant young animal. Yet, because of his exuberant vitality—there is no other apparent reason—little Mary, the flower of New England culture, spends her days and nights in dreaming of him. They race around the country in his car, for he has a car, having made some valuable inventions, as he explains. At the end of six weeks of this life they are married. They go to his mother's home in North Carolina for the honeymoon and there Mary discovers the truth. Her husband is a noted burglar. His old mother, a she-devil, tries to murder him for the gold he displays and almost succeeds. While he recovers—a matter of many months—Mary goes to the neighbouring home of a worthy physician, where her baby is born. Jim, the burglar, is so overcome by his bout with death that he reforms and having sent back his ill-gotten gold, is ready to welcome Mary and her child to a cottage where we are to suppose that they live for ever after in peace and contentment. By rights and all probability and to point a fitting moral, Mary should have ended in the poor-house and Jim in jail. Such an

*The Foolish Virgin. By Thomas Dixon. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Heart of Philura. By Florence Morse Kingsley. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Aunt Jane. By Jeannette Lee. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Yellow Dove. By George Gibbs. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Straight Down the Crooked Lane. By Bertha Runkle. New York: The Century Company.

Jean of the Lazy A. By B. M. Bower. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Spragge's Canyon. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Passionate Crime. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

What a Man Wills. By Mrs. George De Horne Vaizey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Dual Alliance. By Marjorie Benton Cooke. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Around Old Chester. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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ending might have saved the book from a little of its absurdity—if anything could.

It is a big jump from *The Foolish Virgin* to *The Heart of Philura,* by Mrs. Florence Morse Kingsley. The author sketches one more incident in the life of a heroine well known to her readers. This time Miss Philura finds a mystery close at hand—a mysterious young woman who apparently hates her supposed husband, her mother, and all belonging to her. There is a baby in course of time which Miss Philura mothers as her own until the girl comes back with her husband, this time her real husband, and Miss Philura murmurs as she gives it up: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away." And the love story, woven in with the main theme, ends happily, Miss Philura acting as guardian angel in both. The pictures of rural life, with its village gossip, with its joys and sorrows of simple folk are cleverly done. One sketch of a perplexed woman is especially delightful. She was the third wife of a man who had the bad taste to have the crayon portraits of his two former wives hanging in his "settin' room." This was more than Number Three could stand. So, in his absence upon a business trip, she banished them to the attic and inserted in their place some gorgeous chromos got in exchange for soap-wrappers. They represented red-cheeked beauties in low-necked gowns. When the husband returned he looked long at the new beauties. He seemed to be puzzled, but pleased. Every day he looked longer and longer at them while he murmured: "I never realised they was half so good-looking." And as he glanced at his wife he was too evidently making comparisons not to her advantage. When his admiration for the newcomers could no longer be borne she burned them up and put back the old portraits. That cured him of gazing by the hour at the wall and sighing like a love-sick calf.

Another woman of the guardian angel type is depicted in *Aunt Jane,* by Mrs. Jennette Lee. She is a wonderful woman, this Aunt Jane, only forty-five and yet the mainspring of a big hospital, a woman who knows all the patients and all about them, a disciplinarian of whom even the doctors stand in awe. Like all good women Aunt Jane loves a romance, and when she finds that her best and prettiest nurse is in love with a worthy young man, she does all she can to help along the case. She is so busy over it that she fails to see that her millionaire patient has fallen in love with her; but when she asks him for a cheque for a new wing to the hospital and he gives it upon condition that she will nurse him and no one else after that, she cannot say no. Mrs. Lee must have taken a nurse's course to have learned so much of the lights and shadows in a city hospital.

Adventure of the breathless sort is the subject matter of *The Yellow Dove,* in which Mr. George Gibbs shows what may happen to people who get mixed up in the present European entanglement. His heroine, Doris, an American girl working as a Red Cross nurse in London, cannot understand why the Honourable Cyril Hammersley, an athlete and all-around sportsman, hangs around drawing-rooms instead of wearing khaki in the trenches, and tells him so. His answer is that he is afraid. But Hammersley is in reality a hero enlisted in the secret service and accomplishing, by means of his giant Taube, The Yellow Dove, marvels that require nerves of iron and the bravery of a lion. His wit is matched against that of Germany's best spies. The plot grows thick when Doris, who gets mixed up in Cyril's affairs, is abducted by the Germans and carried off to Belgium. Cyril goes, too, in his Taube and of course flies off with her to the English lines, she piloting the machine while he lies wounded at her side. Much of the story sounds like burlesque, but for those readers who want a thrill on every page it will doubtless prove a fascinating tale.

Of course adventure is not missing from Bertha Runkle's *Straight Down*

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the Crooked Lane. It may not be quite clear why Ogden Valentine left for parts unknown when a big diamond disappeared. It seems that he imagined his wife would be accused of theft and he disappeared in order to take the blame. He turns up years afterwards as a mule-driver in Manilla, and the mystery is cleared up, more or less. Whether or not the diamond was real or paste, whether or not some of the characters are rascals or honest men; whether or not the villains get their deserts in the end are puzzles that keep the reader guessing, which perhaps is what the author intended.

Jean of the Lazy A should also have a place with the books of adventure, for Jean is a young woman who keeps things moving. She is the divinity of a Western ranch who wants money to get her father out of jail. He has been convicted of a crime of which he is innocent. Jean, as the best rider and lariat-thrower in the State, joins a moving-picture company and does such "stunts" before the camera that her salary mounts by leaps and bounds. She risks her life to such purpose that the truth is discovered and her father freed. The author gives a good account of the way in which thrilling moving-picture acts are staged.

Mr. Vachell's *Spragge's Canyon* is in an entirely different vein from his *Quinneys'* of last year, but none the less an interesting book. The hero, George Spragge, is a fine young fellow whose horizon ends with his ranch. He should make his mother happy by marrying Samantha, who is as good as gold and has always loved him. But he meets a city girl and is lost. He could read the character of men fast enough, as witness this contemptuous summing up of one worthless young man who visits the ranch: "He pints a moral. Our cities is full of jest sech men, sorter nickel-in-the-slot machines. They hev ther uses. I'd be the last ter deny it. But the most of 'em end on the dumpheap. Nature scraps 'em!" But when he meets Hazel Goodrich, with her city frills and pretty, kittenish ways, it is all up with him. His mother invites Hazel to spend a month at the ranch so that her shallowness may become apparent even to George. And George's eyes are opened at last, although not until after Hazel has made the Canyon a miserable place for everybody. Mr. Vachell has put to good use his experiences as rancher and prospector. The love of these people for their lonely home, their perfect certainty that ranch life is the only life, is almost pathetic. One can imagine the battle between such people and a city doll.

A capital picture of rural Ireland and its peasantry is to be found in E. Temple Thurston's *The Passionate Crime.* The one who tells the story finds in London a small book of poems by one Anthony Sorel, a young Irishman who, years ago, murdered the girl he was supposed to love and paid for his crime on the gallows. Something in the book leads him to suspect that beneath the tragedy lay a romance of extraordinary quality. He goes to Ireland to fathom the mystery and spends months with peasants who might be supposed to know the secret. The poetic mysticism of Irish life, its pathos, its humour are set forth in admirable style.

What a Man Wills, by Mrs. Vaizey, tells how a number of men and women achieved their ambitions or failed to do so. Over the fire one New Year's night each one of the party tells his or her wishes. One wants adventure, one money, one love, one work, one happiness, and so on. A chapter is devoted to each, telling the story, and fifteen years later, the same party, with some defections due to death, meet when the author, in the person of the hostess, draws the moral. There have been some tragedies and some comedies. Among the latter the most amusing is that of the man who wished for danger. His humdrum clerk's life had left him hungry for adventure with a spice of peril. So his friends get up a plot through which he is led to believe himself en-

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tangled with a band of bloodthirsty anarchists. When he draws the ballot that orders him to blow up the London gas-tanks his love of danger is more than satisfied.

Miss Cooke's *The Dual Alliance* is a short and fanciful story of a popular actress who, tired of life, agrees to marry a rising politician for six months instead of committing suicide. If, at the end of the six months she still prefers suicide, he is to help her make a dignified exit. Of course love comes and there is no thought of suicide when the story ends. It is highly fanciful and utterly impossible, but rather cleverly done.

Around Old Chester gives us, in Mrs. Deland's delightful way, another instalment of tales in which Dr. Lavendar acts as the philosopher and the friend of all kinds of people. Some of the stories are a little more farcical than usual for Mrs. Deland. As, for instance, the first one of the book, "Turn About," in which a young man gets himself accepted by the aunt when he proposes for her niece and is too scared to back out when the lady tells that while there is a difference in their ages, she will marry and make him happy. And she does—marry him. Meanwhile his uncle, who has insisted upon his making this unfortunate proposal, marries the niece, which is capping insult with injury. There are half a dozen stories in the volume, each one of which has its own charm of quiet humour.

FROM THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG

I

A letter from Boston, Massachusetts:

Some years ago, while Mr. Joseph H. Choate was in England, a newspaper item went around to the effect that he was asked who he would prefer to be, were he not himself, and that his answer was, "Mrs. Choate's second husband." It has always seemed to me that that answer was a world beater, and that the question might be laid on the shelf, disposed of forever. The November Bookman contains a mental photograph of John Hay, written by himself in 1873, in which the question is given the same answer. Have you any information indicating that these answers were wholly independent of each other, or that Mr. Hay's was so well known that Mr. Choate was to be understood as quoting, or that the story as applied to the latter was a myth? No other hypothesis occurs to me, as Mr. Choate would never have been willing to plagiarise, nor did he ever need to.

While the witticism is one that has probably suggested itself to many men, we have usually heard it ascribed to Mr. Choate.

II

A letter dated from West One Hundred and Fifteenth Street, New York City:

While studying the life of J. W. Riley and in particular while examining articles about him in The Bookman, I found in Vol. 38, page 100 (October, 1913), the estimate that Riley had received about $500 a word for his "An Old Sweetheart of Mine." I have made a calculation and find that eighteen stanzas multiplied by forty words per stanza (approximate average) and again multiplied by $500 per word gives the astonishing amount of $360,000! I can hardly believe my own figures. Can there be an error? Say $500 per line instead of per word? Can you give me any more light on this interesting statement?

The estimate of five hundred dollars a word for "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" came to us from Mr. Riley's publishers. They should be able to speak with authority.

III

From Austin, Chicago:

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Tell us something in the Mail Bag or Chronicle and Comment about David Grayson. I have seen nothing in print about him (?), but I do not see everything. I was told by one who claims to be of the *cognoscenti* that D. G. is a manifestation of Ida Tarbell, but I do claim sufficient analytical skill to "check up" on that statement. But the personality, it seems to me, is worth a paragraph or two in The Bookman.

The matter of "David Grayson's" anonymity was taken up in the December BOOKMAN. The "cognoscenti" may be convinced that "David Grayson" is Miss Ida M. Tarbell. But "David Grayson," Miss Tarbell, and a number of other persons know otherwise. As our correspondent suggests the personality is certainly worth a paragraph or two. Some day we hope to be at liberty to print these paragraphs.

IV

A correspondent from Los Angeles writes:

In The Bookman's Mail Bag in the September number I noticed that you give a list of the six greatest English novelists of the present day. Why, oh why, did you omit H. G. Wells and Joseph Conrad even from the list of possible candidates for the last three places? I can understand a prejudice against H. G. Wells, but Conrad seems too purely an artist to arouse anything of that sort. Wells's latest, *The Research Magnificent,* is particularly worth while. *The Nation* called the hero, Benham, "a sublime ass"—I wonder if you have as little in common with that sheet as I—and Wells.

Pass Wells and Conrad.

V

From Canandaigua, New York:

I saw a reference in The Bookman of October, 1914. I think it was to a war poem by Rudyard Kipling. I am anxious to obtain a copy of the poem. Would you do me the favour of letting me know in what periodical it was?

We are under the impression that the poem in question appeared originally in the London *Times* and that it was reprinted, in part at least, in the New York *Times.*

VI

From Boston, Massachusetts:

The undersigned, a reader of some regularity for a number of years, desires to ask THE BOOKMAN if there may be any way of readily finding reviews of books previously published. I ask the information as an assistance in compiling a list of educational books and if there might be some means of seeing the reviews published about the time the books appeared, it would help considerably and probably make unnecessary the reading of many of the books themselves. It occurred to me that possibly there might be some index of reviews to which you might be able to direct me. Any information you could give me either about reviews published in THE BOOKMAN or elsewhere would be very greatly appreciated.

Our correspondent can probably find all the information required in *The Book Review Digest,* edited by Clara Elizabeth Fanning, with descriptive notes written by Mary Katherine Reely, and published by the H. W. Wilson Company of White Plains, New York, and New York City. The tenth annual cumulation, issued this year, covers the book reviews of 1914.

VII

To THE BOOKMAN'S *Mail Bag:*

May I add one name to my list of books that endure, in my article "Choosing the Children's Library" in the October BOOKMAN? By some oversight I forgot that delightful classic *Hans Brinker or the Silver Skates,* by Mary Mapes Dodge, which has brought pleasure to many a young reader. I mention it now with apologies. Should any readers notice other omission and wish to say so, I will be very glad either to apologise for my forgetfulness, as now, or to explain why the omission was made.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

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VIII

In the October BOOKMAN there appeared an article from Mr. George Bronson-Howard entitled "Arnold Bennett as a Melodramatist." To certain points in this article Mr. Matthew White takes exception in the following letter:

While appreciating the good intentions of Mr. George Bronson-Howard in according me the honor of discovering Arnold Bennett for American magazine readers, I must take exception to certain statements in his article entitled "Arnold Bennett as a Melodramatist," in THE BOOKMAN for October. I recall chatting with Mr. Bronson-Howard about *The Grand Babylon Hotel,* but am quite positive that I never gave him to understand that we paid nothing for the American serial rights. The story ran in *The Argosy* from July, 1901, to February, 1902, and our records show that it was paid for, as was everything else in the magazine, at the standard rates then prevailing.

As to Mr. Bronson-Howard's remark that it is surprising a story of Mr. Arnold Bennett's should be found in *The Argosy,* I beg leave to remind him that Mr. Bennett is by no means alone among well-known writers who first reached the public through the pages of *The Argosy.* He stands in company with William Hamilton Osborne, Upton Sinclair, George Randolph Chester, Elmer L. Reizenstein, and one of his own early productions, a short story called "The Beautiful Madness," may be found in the table of contents for March, 1907.

Another misconception of Mr. Bronson-Howard I should like to correct—*The Argosy* ceased to cater to juvenile readers many years before *The Grand Babylon Hotel* ran in its pages. It had already, in fact, presented to American readers in serial form such stories as *God's Prisoner,* by John Oxenham; *The Phantom Army,* by Max Pemberton, and *By Right of Sword,* by Arthur W. Marchmont.

IX

In THE BOOKMAN for October there appeared a paragraph beginning "In all Scotland and in all England there is no monument or memorial of any kind to Robert Louis Stevenson." If ever again we are inclined to pride of spirit we shall remember that paragraph. For from north, south, east, and west, the protests have come. Here are extracts from some of these letters. The lady from Canton, Missouri, begins with the usual "I was surprised to see," and goes on to ask, "Is not St. Gaudens's beautiful bas-relief of Stevenson in St. Giles Cathedral in Edinburgh entitled to be called a memorial?" Couched in substantially the same words comes the postcard shaft of sarcasm from Greencastle, Indiana. "Having been accustomed to accept THE BOOKMAN as authority" is the opening thrust of the lady from Platteville, Wisconsin. The additional information that the St. Giles Memorial was presented by Americans is offered in a letter from somewhere or other. We have lost the envelope, and the communication is without date line. That letter, too, bears a feminine signature. The lady from Sandusky, Ohio, is pleased to say some very amiable words about the magazine. But she does not allow us to forget the existence of St. Giles Cathedral, Edinburgh. Listen to the voice (still feminine) from Sonoma, California. "In reading your October issue I have just come across the statement that." We know that it is there, dear lady, so why rub it in by the further information that it is "in a sitting posture on his couch, and inscribed above with the words of his prayer." Others have apparently forgotten to say that the bas relief is in bronze. But that point has not escaped the attention of the lady from South Rochester, New York. Then from—— but haven't we already eaten quite enough humble pie?

X

A letter from Fredericksburg, Texas, with a Teutonic signature reads as follows:

In a German paper printed in St. Louis I found the translation of an American poem from the *Harper's Weekly,* dated 18th May, 1863, of England's Neutrality.

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I should like to know if at the time the hatred in the northern States against England was so bad or if it is only a make-up of the German papers. Should it not be possible for you to bring it in THE BOOKMAN?

We exonerate German papers of "make-up." Throughout the years of the Civil War there was a great deal of hostility toward England in the North, and this hostility was in many ways justified. If our correspondent writes merely for literary information we refer him to Thackeray's "On Half a Loaf" in the *Roundabout Papers,* which presents the other side of a case which is now purely historical. If the question has any other significance—well, since those American women and children were sent to their deaths in the Irish Sea we have been in no mood to bandy arguments.

XI

Here is a letter from Mr. Harold MacGrath which should have been presented in these pages long ago.

When you think you've got the oldest inhabitant on exhibition, along comes some one just a "leetle" older. In your March number you printed an article called "The Mantle of Eugene Field." The point in discussion was "who came next" in the column business. Maybe I did. But 'Gene was wearing his mantle himself at that time, and so I make no claim to that "illustrious flannel." In 1890-91 I ran a desultory column in *The Chicago Evening Mail* (long defunct) Wednesdays and Saturdays, a column made up of verses, quips, commentaries, and a comic picture called "The Mail's Kodak," by an artist named Ladendorf, the idea for which I generally furnished. Sometimes Frank Pixley, the librettist, who was editorial man, contributed, and occasionally Ben King dropped in. To me it was extra work without pay, as my regular job was reporting the fashion notes over at "Central." In 1894 I opened up a regular "14-inch" affair and bombarded the Syracuse inhabitants from the editorial page of the *Syracuse Post-Standard* under the caption of "Our Own Funny Man." I used that frank caption in order that the Syracuse public might not be led into the mistake of thinking it an obituary "colyum." I became a real professional humourist. Verses, quips, and sketches I couldn't sell to Tom Masson I used in my column, and Tom would afterward use 'em in his advertising pages. Somehow I never could understand Masson's policy. In 1897 I went over to the *Syracuse Herald* with my column and remained there until 1901, when I became————(deleted by the censor). It's difficult at my age (also deleted by the censor) to confess that once I was a professional humourist, but I couldn't permit this thing to go unchallenged. During those ten years, those 3650 odd days, I wrote something like five thousand lyrics. There is one braver thing to confess: none of these verses ever got into covers. The feather in my hat is still upstanding.

XII

The following letter from Buffalo, New York, is referred to Mrs. Kelly:

Since that militant suffragists evacuated the front pages of the daily papers before the onset of the world-war, hand grenades in a mail bag have been something of an anachronism. Nevertheless, I am impelled by Mrs. Florence Finch Kelly's defense of "American Style in American Fiction" in your May number to come forward as one of the home critics pictured by her as engaged in "laying about them" with these destructive weapons.

To make a further draft upon military metaphor, Mrs. Kelly is in the position of a commander gallantly attempting to hold a weak position against superior forces. She is to be congratulated upon the ingenuity and tenacity of her defense, but—

The key to her defense is the contention that the American novelist is primarily interested in the action of his tale, whereas his British contemporary's main concern is with character, and the American is right in using his method in interpreting American life. The distinction is well made, but it is just one of the accusations of the home critic aforementioned that the American

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novelist does not interpret American life except in its superficial aspects. In her article Mrs. Kelly mentions by name the American novelists, presumably those whom she considers most representative and distinguished. Unfortunately, those whose work is most marked by distinction—Mrs. Wharton, Mrs. Deland, Mrs. Watts—are admitted by the author to be least remarkable for the "Americanism" of their style. By inference, one may suppose the writers farthest removed from these in manner and method—Samuel Merwin, Louis Joseph Vance, Rex Beach, and Jack London—to have the quality in its highest degree. Heaven help us! If these are to be the expositors of American life and ideals let us unworthy expatriate ourselves in the dull pages of Galsworthy, Maxwell, Marriott, Dawson, Gilbert Cannan, W. L. George, James Stephens, and their countrymen, where we shall find a monotony enlivened only by association with people who are genuinely and interestingly alive, despite the deplorable lack of "action" in their careers.

We shall, perhaps, still read Mrs. Wharton, for she is "alien . . . to almost everything in her native land that is really American"; we shall read Mrs. Deland if she does not preach at us too hard; we shall read Owen Wister when he writes another book like *The Virginian;* and Mrs. Watts while she continues to give us such interpretations of American life as *The Tenant* and *The Legacy* (I have not yet read *The Rise of Jennie Cushing*). But when we want further spiritual expression of ourselves we shall pass by the tales "as complex, as perfectly made, as finished, as trim, and as swift as a high-powered automobile"—and more obviously manufactured as a business proposition—and seek for it in such places as the autobiography of Miss Jane Addams, *The Promised Land,* and the *Letters of a Woman Homesteader.* There is more spiritual expression of American life in the last-named book than in all the high-powered automobile tales written since the invasion of literature by that useful but unspiritual creation, and more real live people to know, to like, to live and adventure with.

XIII

Certain statements in Mr. Ralph Armstrong's paper on "Bayard Taylor's Romance" in the November BOOKMAN have elicited a letter of protest from that part of Pennsylvania with which the article had to do. Without comment we print the letter of protest and Mr. Armstrong's reply.

A recent article in THE BOOKMAN on "Bayard Taylor's Romance" is so full of mistakes that at least one member of the community of Kennett Square wants to enter a protest. Two of the pictures are wrong. One of these, "The Fireman's Auditorium," which houses a bank and a movie picture hall, contains no bank. The bank is housed next door in a beautiful granite building. The Fireman's Auditorium is really a civic center. Here on Sunday evenings, in a fine room that holds eight hundred people, you can still hear advocates of peace and temperance, though the author says "Peace and temperance have been forgotten largely in Kennett Square." Of course, they have movies twice a week. Why not?

The able author, Mr. Armstrong, seems to have been under the impression that our new temperance inn, Unicorn Inn, is the old one of Taylor's story of Kennett. No; that was torn down years ago and a fine business block built on its site. Cedarcroft is north, not west, of Kennett. The cedars were here when Taylor was born, and not planted by him.

Again I quote, "The change is largely in personnel, a new people congregate on the streets, new proprietors tend the stores, and new farmers till the surrounding fields. Many of these are negroes from the Southern States." I know of no farms owned by negroes in this neighborhood.

Again, "But to the new element the name of Bayard Taylor is virtually unknown. They have little time for the things that have gone before and less time for a literature that is not up-to-date." The last week in September Kennett Square celebrated its sixtieth anniversary as a borough. *The Story of Kennett,* dramatized, was given three times, by local talent, in the same

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Fireman's Auditorium to crowded houses, and was so popular that it is to be repeated by the same players in West Chester, the county seat of Chester County. A beautiful pageant lasting four hours was given by local talent to an audience of two thousand as one feature, and, wonder of wonders, in this ignorant community, six hundred people gathered at Cedarcroft school at ten o'clock on a Saturday morning to listen to a most scholarly address on Bayard Taylor by Hamilton Wright Mabie!

Mr. Armstrong's reply follows:

The information from which I drew my conclusions as to the change in personnel in Kennett Square was obtained in interviews with a number of citizens, including several store-keepers and a clergyman. That it was misleading then in reference to the tavern and the cedar trees convinces me more than ever that I was right in the point I made about the new element there knowing very little about Bayard Taylor.

The correspondent may be correct in protesting that Cedarcroft is north and not west of the village, and that the Fireman's Auditorium contains no bank, but I believe he has made these lamentable errors the basis for too sweeping criticism. If he knows no negroes who "own" farms in the neighbourhood, I respectfully suggest that he drive about the country, where he will most assuredly find many of them "tilling" the fields, just as I said. One such farm occupied by negroes lies only about a mile north of Cedarcroft. Furthermore, I cannot see how any impartial observer could walk down the main street of Kennett Square, say, on Saturday night or Sunday, without understanding the point I made as to the character of the new element, which is *new*, though not necessarily *ignorant*, as the correspondent inferred from my paper.

My idea was that the people of Kennett have done away with the fashions of the past, and the fact that they have had an anniversary celebration and a suffrage pageant, and that they have meetings in the Fireman's Auditorium, is not conclusive to my mind that times have not changed greatly from what they were when Taylor wrote:

"... and now, the serious people
Solemnly gather to hear some itinerant speaker
Talking of Temperance, Peace, or the Rights of Suffrage for Women."

(Signed) RALPH ARMSTRONG.

READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Religion and Theology

The Brotherhood of the Burning Heart. Twelve Communion Sermons. By Oscar Edward Maurer. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 75 cents net.

The author is the minister of the Center Church of New Haven, Connecticut.

Christianity and Politics. By William Cunningham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50 net.

The bearing of Christian teaching on modern politics, with an appendix on the attitude of the church toward the war.

Christ's Experience of God. By Frank H. Decker. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.35 net.

An exposition of Christ as a man with a man's heredity winning perfection through experience of God.

Forward in the Better Life. By Olivia Egleston Phelps Stokes. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.00 net.

The author's ideas for character development.

Hurlbut's Story of Jesus for Young and Old. A Complete Life of Christ, Written in Simple Language, Based on the Gospel Narrative. By Jesse Lyman Hurlbut. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

The complete story in simple language from the religious point of view, and with emphasis upon local colour.

India and Its Faiths. A Traveller's Record. By James Bissett Pratt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $4.00 net.

A travel record combined with a study of the religious beliefs and customs of the people of India.

Jesus the Christ. A Study of the Messiah and His Mission According to Holy Scriptures, both Ancient and Modern. By James E. Talmage. Salt Lake City: Published by The Church.

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A study of the life of Christ from the Mormon point of view.

A Nation-Wide Preaching Mission. Issued by the Commission on a Nation-Wide Preaching Mission. Milwaukee: Published for The Commission by The Young Churchman Company. 50 cents.
Programmes and suggestions for the conduct of a preaching mission.

The Old Testament in the Light of To-day. A Study in Moral Development. By William Frederic Badè. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75 net.
A study of the value of the Old Testament to modern life.

On Nazareth Hill. By Albert Edward Bailey. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
A description of some of the landmarks of the Holy Land, with their religious associations.

Our Man of Patience. By Anees T. Baroody. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
An interpretation of the book of Job from the Oriental point of view.

Personal Religion. By Charles Herbert Rust. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25 net.
A "back to the Gospels" appeal, with an outline for evangelism based on the facts of modern science and historical investigation.

The Runner's Bible. Compiled and Annotated for the Reading of Him Who Runs. By Nora Holm. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 75 cents net.
Selections from the Bible, with annotations, presumably from the Christian Science point of view.

Science and Prayer and Other Papers. By Galusha Anderson. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.00 net.
Theological topics and Biblical teachings discussed.

Some Principles of Teaching as Applied to the Sunday-School. By Edgar W. Knight. With an Introduction by Professor Franklin N. Parker. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 75 cents net.
Resulting from the work which the author has done as a leader of training classes for teachers.

Sociology and Economics

Cost of Living. By Fabian Franklin. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company $1.00 net.
In *The American Books Series*. On the theory and facts of modern prices.

The House on Henry Street. By Lillian D. Wald. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.
The head of the Henry Street Settlement on the East Side of New York tells of the Americanising of the various races represented by the immigrants of the section.

Inventors and Money-Makers. By F. W. Taussig. New York: The Macmillan Company.
University lectures on some relations between economics and psychology.

Is War Diminishing? By Frederick Adams Woods and Alexander Baltzley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00 net.
A study of the prevalence of war in Europe from 1450 to the present day.

The Trade Union Woman. By Alice Henry. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
Trade unionism in its relation to the working women of the United States.

The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary. By Stephen Graham. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.
A consideration of Russian life from the point of view of the religion of the people.

Political Economy

The Mikado; Institution and Person. A Study of the Internal Political Forces of Japan. By William Elliot Griffis. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $1.50 net.

The Stakes of Diplomacy. By Walter Lippmann. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.25 net.
An effort to show the relation of patriotism, business and diplomacy to each other, with the idea of eradicating the emotion of patriotism, and of democratising diplomacy.

Military and Naval

The Military Obligation of Citizenship. By Leonard Wood. Princeton: Princeton University Press. Illustrated. 75 cents net.
Three addresses by General Wood on the subject of military preparedness.

The European War

Belgium, Neutral and Loyal. The War of 1914. By Emile Waxweiler. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.
The author's effort to vindicate his fatherland.

Germany of To-day. By George Stuart Fullerton. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.00 net.
An effort to interpret Germany to

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Americans from an impartial point of view. The author claims to be a neutral who has lived many years in Germany.

France at War. On the Frontier of Civilisation. By Rudyard Kipling. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. 50 cents net.
Mr. Kipling's impressions of his visits in the French trenches, including the poem to France originally published in 1913.

Kings, Queens and Pawns. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50 net.
The author's experiences at the front in the European War.

The Log of a Noncombatant. By Horace Green. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
The staff correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* describes his experiences in Belgium.

Over There. War Scenes on the Western Front. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
The author's personal observations of the human facts of the war. Illustrated with drawings by Walter Hale.

Prussian Memories. 1864-1914. By Poultney Bigelow. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.
The author's first-hand information and personal impressions of Prussianised Germany.

The War and Religion. By Alfred Loisy. New York: Longmans, Green, & Company.
Investigation and testimony as to the religious and moral effect of the war upon the French nation.

Women at The Hague: The International Congress of Women and Its Results. By Jane Addams, Emily G. Balch and Alice Hamilton. New York: The Macmillan Company. 75 cents net.
The purposes and accomplishments of the recent Hague Congress of Women, with chapters on the impressions of the journey and of the war capitals.

Education

The Baby's First Two Years. By Richard M. Smith. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. 75 cents.
A hand-book on the care of babies.

Backward Children. By Arthur Holmes. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.00 net.
An aid in the work of reclaiming mentally arrested boys and girls.

Honesty. A Study of the Causes and Treatment of Dishonesty Among Children. By William Healy. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.00 net.
In the *Childhood and Youth Series.* The psychology of honesty on the theory that this virtue is the result of cultivation and of personal application to the individual child.

How to Know Your Child. By Miriam Finn Scott. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.25 net.
A book of practical advice on the development of the child, with concrete examples, aimed to reach the majority of mothers.

Learning to Earn: A Plea and a Plan for Vocational Education. By John A. Lapp and Carl H. Mote. With Introduction by William C. Redfield. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.50 net.
Suggesting a definite plan of an education for all the people, adjusted to their actual conditions and qualifying them for their life work.

Methods and Aims in the Study of Literature. A Series of Extracts and Illustrations. Arranged and Adapted by Lane Cooper. Boston: Ginn & Company. $1.20 net.
A practical text-book.

Science

An Introduction to the Study of Variable Stars. By Caroline E. Furness. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.75 net.
A text-book on astronomy. Published in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of Vassar.

Business

The Federal Reserve. By Henry Parker Willis. With an Introduction by Charles S. Hamlin. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.00 net.
In *The American Books Series.* A study of our new banking system and the new "elastic" currency.

Music

The Book of Musical Knowledge. The History, Technique, and Appreciation of Music, Together with Lives of the Great Composers, for Music-Lovers, Students and Teachers. By Arthur Elson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $3.50 net.

Architecture

A History of Architecture. Volumes III. and IV. By A. L. Frothingham. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated.
A study of the development of Gothic architecture in France, Italy, and Great

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Britain, through the Renaissance and touching upon modern forms.

Mediæval Church Vaulting. By Clarence Ward. Princeton: Princeton University Press. Illustrated. $4.00 net.
Giving a knowledge of vaulting for the student of mediæval architecture.

General Literature, Essays

Joseph Conrad. A Short study of His Intellectual and Emotional Attitude toward His Work and of the Chief Characteristics of His Novels. By Wilson Follet. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Gratis.

The Ethics of Confucius: The Sayings of the Master and His Disciples upon the Conduct of "The Superior Man." Arranged According to the Plan of Confucius, with Running Commentary by Miles Menander Dawson. With a Foreword by Wu Ting Fang. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.
The aim of this volume is to put before western readers everything concerning ethics and statecraft contained in the Confucian classics. A running narrative shows the relationship between the passages quoted.

The Field of Honour. By H. Fielding-Hall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.
Short tales of the European War.

Fireside Papers. By Frederic Rowland Marvin. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.50 net.
Essays, many on literary subjects, from a philosophic, restful point of view.

French Novelists of To-day. By Winifred Stephens. Second Series. New York: John Lane Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
The tendencies in present day life and thought as expressed in the work of Marcelle Tinayre, Romain Rolland, Jérôme Tharaud, Jean Tharaud, René Boylesve, Pierre Mille, and Jean Aicard.

Greek Genius and Other Essays. By John Jay Chapman. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $1.75 net.
Essays on the Greek genius, Shakespeare, Balzac, and Parisian life.

Montaigne's Essay on Friendship, and XXIX Sonnets by Etienne de La Boetie. Translated into English by Louis How. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.00 net.
A limited edition, including the Sonnets of La Boetie which have not heretofore appeared in English.

The Moral Obligation to Be Intelligent. By John Erskine. New York: Duffield & Company. $1.00 net.
Four essays set about one theme—the moral use to which intelligence might be put.

More Jonathan Papers. By Elisabeth Woodbridge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.
Out-of-doors essays in a light-hearted and humorous vein.

Socrates, Master of Life. By William Ellery Leonard. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. $1.00.
An effort to interpret imaginatively yet critically this ancient personality against the background of the Greek society of his time.

A Substitute for War. By Percy Mackaye. With an Introduction by Irving Fisher, and with Prefatory Letters by James Bryce and Norman Angell. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.
An answer to those who maintain that the spiritual purification of a nation is possible only through warfare.

Three Score and Ten. By Amelia E. Barr. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.50 net.
Discussions upon matters of daily interest — literature, gardens, etc. — designed especially for those whose youth, like the author's, has become a memory.

Poetry and Drama

Another Book on the Theatre. By George Jean Nathan. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.50 net.
An expert's view of modern plays, writers, actors, managers, etc.

The Battle of the World. By George Weddell. London: Elliot Stock.
Verses inspired by incidents of the European War.

The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke. With an Introduction by George Edward Woodberry, and a Biographical Note by Margaret Lavington. New York: John Lane Company. $1.25 net.
The work of the young English poet who lost his life in the Dardanelles expedition.

The House of My Dreams. Anonymous. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.00 net.
Anonymous verses, a few being in Negro dialect.

Imperial Japanese Poems of the Meiji Era. Translated from the Japanese by Frank Alanson Lombard. Kyoto, Japan: Published by Author.
Translations of Japanese poems of the era that brought Japan from obscurity into the fellowship of the nations. The English verse follows the meter of the original.

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The Little Book of American Poets. Edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.
Selections from the works of one hundred and forty American poets.

The Lord of Misrule, and Other Poems. By Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.60 net.
With the exception of two poems all that Mr. Noyes has written since the publication of his collected poems in 1913.

A Marriage Cycle. By Alice Freeman Palmer. With a Preface by George Herbert Palmer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.
Verses on the life progress of love.

Montezuma. An Historical Tragedy in Four Acts with Prologue. By Paul Barr-Kayser. New York: Broadway Publishing Company. $1.50 net.
A tragedy of ancient Mexico.

Plays by Clyde Fitch. In Four Volumes. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Memorial Edition. $1.50 net per volume.
The complete works of this dramatist.

The Poets' Lincoln. Tributes in Verse to the Martyred President. Selected by Osborne H. Oldroyd. Washington: Published by Editor. Illustrated. $1.00.
A collection of tributes.

The Rocky Road to Dublin. The Adventures of Seumas Beg. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company.
Verses of humour and incidents of Irish life.

Script of the Sun. Verses by Mabel Parker Huddleston. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Short poems, mostly on nature subjects.

The Sea Wind. A Book of Verse. By William Colburn Husted. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.00 net.
A collection of miscellaneous verses on modern themes.

The Song of Hugh Glass. By John G. Neihardt. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.
Epics of the American fur trade west of the Missouri River.

Songs to Save a Soul. By Irene Rutherford McLeod. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.00 net.
Poems by a young English woman on a variety of subjects.

Stillwater Pastorals and Other Poems. By Paul Shivell. With a Prefatory Note by Bliss Perry. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 75 cents net.
A selection from the author's work, some of which has appeared in contemporary magazines.

Symphonies. By E. H. W. M. New York: Longmans, Green, & Company.
A psychological experiment in the transference of the structure of the music symphony to literature.

To One from Arcady and Other Poems. By Theodore L. Fitz Simons. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.00 net.
Sonnets and lyrics.

The Town of the Beautiful River. Etchings by E. T. Hurley. Text by E. R. Kellogg. Cincinnati: U. P. James.
Etchings and verses of an inland river town and its surroundings.

The Trail of the Torch. By Paul Hervieu. Translated by John Alan Haughton. Introduction by Brander Matthews. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. 75 cents net.
Volume XII in *The Drama League Series of Plays*. A drama of the unending conflict between the individual and society as a whole, with the author on the side of the individual.

The White Messenger and Other War Poems. By Edith M. Thomas. New York: Richard G. Badger. 50 cents net.
Poems inspired by the war, written especially from the woman's point of view.

A Woman's Way. By Thompson Buchanan. Introduction by Walter Prichard Eaton. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. 75 cents net.
Volume XIII in *The Drama League Series of Plays*. A comedy of smart people with a flavour of character study.

Zorra. By William M. Campbell. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.00 net.
A poetic narrative of the Scotch dwellers in Canada.

Fiction

The Banner of the Bull. By Rafael Sabatini. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.25 net.
Three episodes in the career of Cesare Borgia and the life of the Italian Renaissance.

Bird's Fountain. By Baroness Von Hutten. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.35 net.
Another "Second Blooming" type of book, involving a middle-aged English couple and a dashing Captain in the Guards.

"Burkeses Amy." By Julia M. Lippman. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
The adventures and development of a little girl brought up in luxury, but obliged to share for a time her father's home in a crowded East Side tenement.

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A Daughter of the Revolution. By Esther Singleton. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $1.25 net.
Aiming to appeal to the reader's patriotism. A novel of to-day with memories of and allusions to Revolutionary times.

David Penstephen. By Richard Pryce. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.35 net.
The life and development of a child and his final discovery of a family mystery.

The Dreamer. By Emma Downing Coolidge. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.
A short, allegorical story on the value of true charity.

Eve Dorre: The Story of Her Precarious Youth. By Emily Vielé Strother. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.35 net.
The story of the development of an unwanted French child.

The Folly of the Three Wise Men. By Edgar Whitaker Work. New York: George H. Doran Company. 75 cents net.
A Christmas story of the journey of the Wise Men to Bethlehem.

The Hope of the House. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
A story of love, self-renunciation and final romance of England during war time, and especially of work among the Belgium refugees.

Jimsy the Christmas Kid. By Leona Dalrymple. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. 50 cents net.
A little Christmas story in gift-book form.

The Double Road. By Michael Wood. New York: Longmans, Green, & Company. $1.20 net.
The path of one seeking the mystical union with God contrasted with that of the seeker after the occult. From the Catholic point of view.

Mr. Doctor Man. By Helen S. Woodruff. New York: George H. Doran Company. 50 cents net.
A Christmas story of a doctor's fight for a children's hospital. The author's profits on the book are to go for children's hospitals.

In A Desert Land. By Valentina Hawtrey. New York: Duffield & Company. $1.40 net.
The story traces for six centuries the occasional appearance of the same odd temperament in a characteristic English family.

Oblomov. By Ivan Goncharov. Translated from the Russian by C. J. Hogarth. New York: The Macmillan Company.
A translation of a well-known Russian novel in which the interest hinges upon character study in the person of a man of fine and noble instincts, but utterly lacking in will power.

Over Paradise Ridge. By Maria Thompson Daviess. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
A love story of to-day.

Police!!! By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.30 net.
The awakening of a would-be dry-as-dust scientist through the agency of various types of femininity. Incidentally a satire on almost every phase of modern society.

The Quest of the Ring. By Paul S. Brallier. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.00 net.
An allegory of the quest for happiness.

Quinneys'. By Horace Annesley Vachell. Players' Edition. New York: George H. Doran Company.
A new edition illustrated with pictures from the play.

Scally. The Story of a Perfect Gentleman. By Ian Hay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 75 cents net.
A short story about a little dog.

The Son of the Otter. By George Van Schaick. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A story of the great trackless wastes of the Canadian fur country.

The Bronze Eagle. A Story of the Hundred Days. By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35 net.
A story of the "hundred days" from Elba to Waterloo, in which Napoleon's human side appears.

Sunlight Patch. By Credo Harris. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
A "local atmosphere" story of Kentucky.

That Office Boy. By Francis J. Finn. New York: Benziger Brothers. 85 cents.
A church story of the audacity and brilliance of the Father's office boy.

Then I'll Come Back to You. By Larry Evans. New York: The H. K. Fly Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
A backwoods boy starts out with a man's determination to see and conquer the world.

These Twain. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50 net.
The married life of Clayhanger and

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Hilda. An intensive picture of life of to-day.

The Thread that is Spun. By Margaret Horner Clyde. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.20 net.
A story of the pioneer period in Pennsylvania, recalling the early settlers, the Indians, the Penns, etc.

The True Story of "Bum." By W. Dayton Wegefarth. New York: Sully and Kleinteich. Illustrated. 50 cents net.
A story anent prevention of cruelty to animals.

The White Tiger. By Henry Milner Rideout. New York: Duffield & Company. $1.00 net.
A tale of adventure and romance in the Dutch East Indies.

Wood and Stone: A Romance. By John Cowper Powys. New York: G. Arnold Shaw. $1.50 net.
A romance of English life emphasising the world-old struggle between those who have and those who have not.

Juvenile

All for the Love of Laddie. By C. Y. and H. W. Douglass. Published by Authors. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
An out-of-doors book for children.

Arlo. By Bertha B. and Ernest Cobb. Boston: The Riverdale Press. Illustrated. $1.00.
A novel for children of eight or nine years of age.

Baby Zebra and the Friendly Rhinoceros. Baby Ostrich and Mr. Wise Owl. By C. E. Kilbourne. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net each.
Two books about animals and their characteristics for little children.

Battleground Adventures in the Civil War. The Stories of Dwellers on the Scenes of Conflict in Some of the Most Notable Battles of the Civil War. Collected in Personal Interviews by Clifton Johnson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.
Stories of the great battles of the Civil War told by non-combatant witnesses.

The Bible Story. By William Canton. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.
A simple narration of Bible events for young people.

The Boy Collector's Handbook. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
Covering all the collecting hobbies that interest the boy.

The Boy Scouts Year Book. Edited by Walter P. McGuire and Franklin K. Mathiews. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
A collection of articles, stories, and items of interest for boys.

The Bylow Bunnies. By Grace May North. New York: R. F. Fenno & Company. Illustrated.
Rabbit stories in verse for very little children.

Chained Lightning. By Ralph Graham Taber. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $1.25.
A story of adventure in Mexico.

Christmas Candles. By Elsie Hobart Carter. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
Plays, suitable for acting by boys and girls.

The Gentlest Giant, and Other Pleasant Persons. By Anna Bird Stewart. New York: The Wayne Publishing Company. $1.00.
"Poems from the enchanting realm of when we were little."

The Good Samaritan and Other Bible Stories Dramatised. By Edna Earle Cole. Boston: Richard G. Badger. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
Favourite Bible stories in dramatic form for children.

Great Authors in Their Youth. By Maude Morrison Frank. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
Tells of the youth of Scott, Stevenson, Thackeray, Dickens, Tennyson, Browning, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Lamb, Charlotte Brontë, Jane Austen and Ruskin.

Jolly Jaunts with Jim. (Through the Fireplace.) By Charles Hanson Towne and H. Devitt Wilson. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
Verses and fanciful illustrations about a little boy and his day dreams.

Little John Bull, and Other Poems. By Daisy McLeod Wright. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 75 cents net.
Verses for children.

Little Miss Muffett Abroad. By Alice E. Ball. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
An adaptation of the "Miss Muffett" idea to little girls of all nations, pointing out the national peculiarities in each case.

Lucile, The Torch Bearer. By Elizabeth M. Duffield. New York: Sully and Kleinteich. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
An out-of-doors story for girls, describing the camping adventures of a group of Campfire girls.

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The Mexican Twins. By Lucy Fitch Perkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
Child life in Mexico with a background of Mexican customs and surroundings.

Object Lessons for the Cradle Roll. By Frances Weld Danielson. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
The child's surroundings explained and interpreted from the religious point of view.

Oliver and the Crying Chip. By Nancy Miles Durant. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
Dream adventures, incidentally pointing many morals.

Partners of the Forest Rail. By C. H. Claudy. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
Boy and girl adventures in the Canadian forests and among Indians.

Still More Russian Picture Tales. By Valery Carrick. New York: Longmans, Green, & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
Translations of Russian nursery tales and verses.

The Story-Teller. By Maud Lindsay. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
Fanciful short stories for little children.

T. Haviland Hicks, Sophomore. By J. Raymond Elderdice. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
Life and adventure at college, with emphasis upon the gayer side of its life.

The Tale of Tibby and Tabby. By Ada M. Skinner. New York: Duffield & Company.
The adventures of two kittens told in simple language for little children's reading.

Ten Great Adventurers. By Kate Dickinson Sweetser. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
The lives and adventures of some world-famous explorers.

Uncle Wiggily Longears: Complete in Two Parts. By Howard R. Garris. New York: R. F. Fenno & Company. Illustrated.
A story of the Rabbit family and its many adventures, told for very little folks.

Ver Beck's Bears in Mother Goose Land. By Hanna Rion and Frank Ver Beck. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.
Verses and pictures about bears for little children.

History

Brissot de Warville: A Study in the History of the French Revolution. By Eloise Ellery. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75 net.
One of a collection of volumes published in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of Vassar.

The Civilisation of Babylonia and Assyria. Its Remains, Language, History, Religion, Commerce, Law, Art, and Literature. By Morris Jastrow, Jr. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $6.00 net.
A study and interpretation of the material that has been dug up from the mounds beneath which the cities of ancient Babylonia and Assyria lay buried.

The Military Unpreparedness of the United States. A History of the American Land Forces from Colonial Times until June 1, 1915. By Frederic Louis Huidekoper, with an Introduction by Major General Leonard Wood. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

Geography, Travel and Description

English Ancestral Homes of Noted Americans. By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.00 net.
The homelands of a number of our great American leaders described against the background of the early English life that produced them. An itinerary gives the tourist an opportunity to visit American shrines in England.

The Famous Cities of Ireland. By Stephen Gwynn. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated.
Physical characteristics, atmosphere and historical associations.

Highways and Byways of New England. Including the States of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Vermont and Maine. By Clifton Johnson. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $1.50.
Characteristic, picturesque, and historically attractive places described for the tourist.

Kipling's India. By Arley Munson. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
The India of Kipling in picture and description. Made up from articles which originally appeared as a serial in THE BOOKMAN.

Biography, Genealogy

Acres of Diamonds. By Russell H. Conwell. His Life and Achievements by Robert Shackleton. With an Autobio-

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graphical Note. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.00 net.
Russell H. Conwell's life and teachings.

Rudyard Kipling. By John Palmer. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 50 cents net.
A critical estimate and a biography.

Life of Viscount Bolingbroke. By Arthur Hassall. New York: Longmans, Green, & Company. $1.20 net.
Bolingbroke's biography is closely connected with the political and social movements of the first half of the eighteenth century—a point of view emphasised in this volume.

The Life of Clara Barton. By Percy H. Epler. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $2.50.
Largely derived from her diaries, correspondence and reports of lectures and addresses. Her whole life is discussed from her childhood, through the Civil War, the Spanish War and up to her death in 1912.

Memories and Anecdotes. By Kate Sanborn. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $1.75 net.
The author's retrospect—remembrances of many famous literary people.

Nature Books

Wild Flowers of the North American Mountains. By Julia W. Henshaw. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.
A text-book, classified according to colour.

The Garden Blue Book. A Manual of the Perennial Garden. By Leicester B. Holland. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $3.50 net.
A reference book containing practical information about two hundred hardy perennials.

Feminism

Feminism in Germany and Scandinavia. By Katharine Anthony. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.25 net.
With emphasis upon the movement for maternity protection, and a consideration of the problem of illegitimacy in these countries.

The Ways of Woman. By Ida M. Tarbell. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.00.
An effort to reach and describe the fundamental ways of woman that persist even in the new world of machines and systems, with a discussion of the relation to society of the common and normal pursuits of women.

The Woman Movement. By A. L. McCrimmon. Philadelphia: The Griffith & Rowland Press. $1.00 net.
Its history and a discussion of the various phases of the movement.

General Works, Miscellaneous

America at Work. By Joseph Husband. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00 net.
Brief impressions of a few of the more startling phases of our industrial life.

The Art of the Story-Teller. By Marie L. Shedlock. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.50 net.
Observations and suggestions on story-telling, especially for children.

The Commencement Manual. By Edith F. A. U. Painton. Chicago: T. S. Denison & Company. $1.25.
A selection of addresses, sermons, class poems, songs, college yells, programmes, etc., as a practical aid for those interested.

For Better Relations with Our Latin American Neighbours. A Journey to South America. By Robert Bacon. Washington: Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Division of Intercourse and Education. Publication No. 7.
The report of the author's journey to South America. With an appendix containing speeches and essays by distinguished South Americans on the same subject.

The Magic of Jewels and Charms. By George Frederick Kunz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $5.00 net.
Superstitions and astrological lore connected with the history of precious stones.

National Floodmarks. Week by Week Observations as Seen by *Collier's*. Edited by Mark Sullivan. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50 net.
Editorials from *Collier's* on topics of current interest in American life.

The Nearing Case. The Limitation of Academic Freedom at the University of Pennsylvania by the act of the Board of Trustees, June 14, 1915. A Brief of Facts and Opinions Prepared by Lightner Witmer. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 50 cents net.
A collection of contemporary discussions of the dismissal of Scott Nearing as Professor of Economics at the University of Pennsylvania.

The Path of Peace. The Most Helpful Thoughts of the World's Greatest Writers Pointing the Way to Contentment and Happiness and Arranged for Eeasy Reading and Ready Reference. Compiled and Edited by Beverley R. Potter. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. $1.50 net.
A selection of advice from the thought of writers of all ages.

(*Continued on page* 624)

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of November and the first of December:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York (Uptown)...	Felix O'Day	Eltham House
New York(Downtown)	God's Man	The Landloper
Albany, N. Y.....	Beltane the Smith	Dear Enemy
Atlanta, Ga.....	Dear Enemy	Justice
Baltimore, Md.....	Felix O'Day	Dear Enemy
Boston, Mass.....	Felix O'Day	"K"
Boston, Mass.....	Beltane the Smith	Michael O'Halloran
Chicago, Ill.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	Dick Devereux	The Crimson Gondola
Cleveland, O.....	Felix O'Day	The Freelands
Des Moines, Ia.....	Dear Enemy	Michael O'Halloran
Indianapolis, Ind.....	Michael O'Halloran	The Research Magnificent
Kansas City, Mo.....	Beltane the Smith	"K"
Los Angeles, Cal.....	Dear Enemy	The Money Master
Louisville, Ky.....	Sunlight Patch	Me
Memphis, Tenn.....	Michael O'Halloran	The Story of Julia Page
Milwaukee, Wis.....	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country
New Orleans, La.....	Dear Enemy	The Heart of the Sunset
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	Michael O'Halloran	Felix O'Day
Portland, Me.....	Felix O'Day	Michael O'Halloran
Portland, Ore.....	Michael O'Halloran	The Heart of the Sunset
Providence, R. I.....	Felix O'Day	The Gray Dawn
Rochester, N. Y.....	Felix O'Day	Michael O'Halloran
St. Louis, Mo.....	Pollyanna Grows Up	Michael O'Halloran
St. Louis, Mo.....	"K"	Prudence of the Parsonage
St. Paul, Minn.....	Michael O'Halloran	Dear Enemy
San Antonio, Tex.....	"K"	The Heart of the Sunset
San Francisco, Cal....	The Gray Dawn	The Story of Julia Page
Seattle, Wash.....	The Gray Dawn	Beltane the Smith
Spokane, Wash.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Toronto, Ont.....	Michael O'Halloran	The Money Master
Utica, N. Y.....	"K"	Thankful's Inheritance
Waco, Tex.....	A Far Country.	Michael O'Halloran
Worcester, Mass.....	Michael O'Halloran	Beltane the Smith

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Sally	Homo Sapiens	These Twain	Research Magnificent
Eltham House	Heart of the Sunset	"K"	The Genius
The Golden Slipper	These Twain	The Lost Prince	The Star Rover
Felix O'Day	"K"	The Heart of the Sunset	Shadows of Flames
Michael O'Halloran	Amarilly of Clothes Line Alley	Research Magnificent	Beltane the Smith
Research Magnificent	Beltane the Smith	Dear Enemy	The Gray Dawn
The Bent Twig	The Fortunes of Garin	"Burkeses Amy"	Felix O'Day
Dear Enemy	The Heart of the Sunset	Pollyanna Grows Up	A Far Country
The Heart of the Sunset	Michael O'Halloran	Mr. Bingle	The Promise
Dear Enemy	The Gray Dawn	Beltane the Smith	Michael O'Halloran
Prudence of the Parsonage	The Heart of the Sunset	Felix O'Day	"K"
The Gray Dawn	Dear Enemy	The Money Master	Felix O'Day
Dear Enemy	Felix O'Day	Research Magnificent	The Gray Dawn
The Song of the Lark	Of Human Bondage	The Story of Julia Page	Making Money
"K"	Mr. Bingle	Felix O'Day	The Heart of the Sunset
"K"	Felix O'Day	A Far Country	The Lovable Meddler
Beltane the Smith	The Money Master	Mr. Bingle	The Gray Dawn
"K"	Michael O'Halloran	Contrary Mary	Research Magnificent
Dear Enemy	The Story of Julia Page	Felix O'Day	A Far Country
"K"	The Money Master	Ruggles of Red Gap	Dear Enemy
The Fortunes of Garin	Beltane the Smith	The Money Master	The Gray Dawn
The Money Master	A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up	Felix O'Day
Dear Enemy	Research Magnificent	Beltane the Smith	The Lost Prince
Beltane the Smith	A Far Country	The Rainbow Trail	Dear Enemy
"K"	The Genius	The Money Master	The Story of Julia Page
The Heart of the Sunset	The Rainbow Trail	Michael O'Halloran	Around Old Chester
Felix O'Day	The Gray Dawn	The Heart of the Sunset	"K"
Jaffery	The Rainbow Trail	The Money Master	Mr. Bingle
Dear Enemy	Michael O'Halloran	The Genius	Felix O'Day
Felix O'Day	Dear Enemy	Michael O'Halloran	The Rim of the Desert
The Story of Julia Page	Dear Enemy	Me	Felix O'Day
The Lost Prince	"K"	A Far Country	The Story of Julia Page
Beltane the Smith	Dear Enemy	The Fortunes of Garin	The Money Master
The Heart of the Sunset	The Fortunes of Garin	Beltane the Smith	The Story of Julia Page
Then I'll Come Back to You	The Promise	A Far Country	Straight Down the Crooked Lane

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Our Boyhood Thrills and Other Cartoons. By Webster. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.00 net.

A collection of the author's cartoons that have appeared in the newspapers.

The Pillar of Fire: A Profane Baccalaureate. By Seymour Deming. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. $1.00 net.

In the nature of a satire on the college question.

Quaint and Historic Forts of North America. By John Martin Hammond. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $5.00 net.

The romantic and historical interest of the early forts.

Quilts: Their Story and How to Make Them. By Marie D. Webster. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

Their history and methods of manufacture to-day.

Raffia Basketry as a Fine Art. By Gertrude Porter Ashley and Mildred Porter Ashley. Deerfield: Published by the Authors. Illustrated.

A handbook of practical instructions in the making of raffia baskets.

Sunlit Days. Compiled by Florence Hobart Perin. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.00 net.

Selections for every day in the year, chosen with a view to spiritual inspiration.

Through College on Nothing a Year. Literally Recorded from a Student's Story. By Christian Gauss. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00 net.

The experiences of a young man who worked his way through college.

Under the Red Cross Flag at Home and Abroad. By Mabel T. Boardman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

The complete history of the American Red Cross activities, with special emphasis on the work in the European War. The organisation, its needs, hopes, and possibilities are also dwelt upon.

The Work of Our Hands: A Study of Occupations for Invalids. By J. Herbert Hall and Mertice M. C. Buck. New York: Moffat Yard & Company. $1.50 net.

A discussion of the benefits of work for those who are suffering from nervous or mental ailments as well as the physically handicapped.

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

The Life of John Hay. Thayer.
Eat and Grow Thin. Thompson.
I Accuse! (J'Accuse!) Anon.
The Pentecost of Calamity. Wister.
When a Man Comes to Himself. Wilson.
My Year of the Great War. Palmer.
The Hilltop on the Marne. Aldrich.
Spoon River Anthology. Masters.
France at War. Kipling.
Socialised Germany. Howe.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 623 and 624) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives 10
" " " 2d " " " " 8
" " " 3d " " " " 7
" " " 4th " " " " 6
" " " 5th " " " " 5
" " " 6th " " " " 4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Michael O'Halloran. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	197
2. Felix O'Day. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.35	146
3. Dear Enemy. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.30	142
4. "K." Rinehart. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35	130
5. Beltane the Smith. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.50	98
6. The Heart of the Sunset. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35	77

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Ballade of The Bookman's Birthday

By CAROLYN WELLS

* * *

Busy old Father Time once more
Has set a milestone on the line.
It's young minority is o'er!
With heart aflame and eyes ashine,
THE BOOKMAN stands, with spirit fine—
Let trumpets sound! Wave banners gay!
Up, Muses! Quaff Olympian wine,
THE BOOKMAN'S twenty-one to-day!

I look back to the days of yore,
It's volumes, piled on Memory's shrine,
Hold treasures rich, of bygone lore—
The golden grain of Auld Lang Syne,
Essays abstruse, poems divine;
Critique, Symposium, Résumé—
(And here and there a gem of mine,)
THE BOOKMAN'S twenty-one to-day!

I look ahead. What is in store?
May all the Fates and Stars combine
To let its aims the higher soar,
And bring to it success condign.
Ay, BOOKMAN, friends shall e'er be thine;
Thou shalt grow dearer. as alway;
Of Literature and Life the sign,
THE BOOKMAN'S twenty-one to-day!

L. Envoi:

Fame. haste thy trophy to entwine,
The wreath of laurel, crown of bay:
Dance with delight, ye Sacred Nine!
THE BOOKMAN'S twenty-one to-day!

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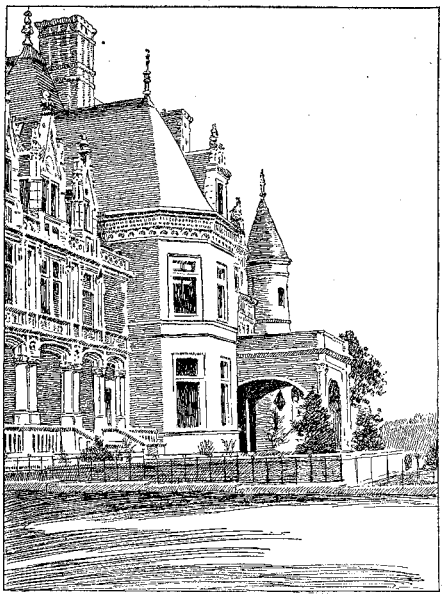
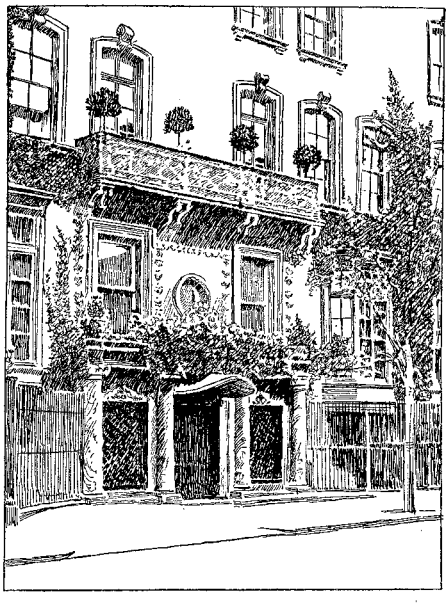
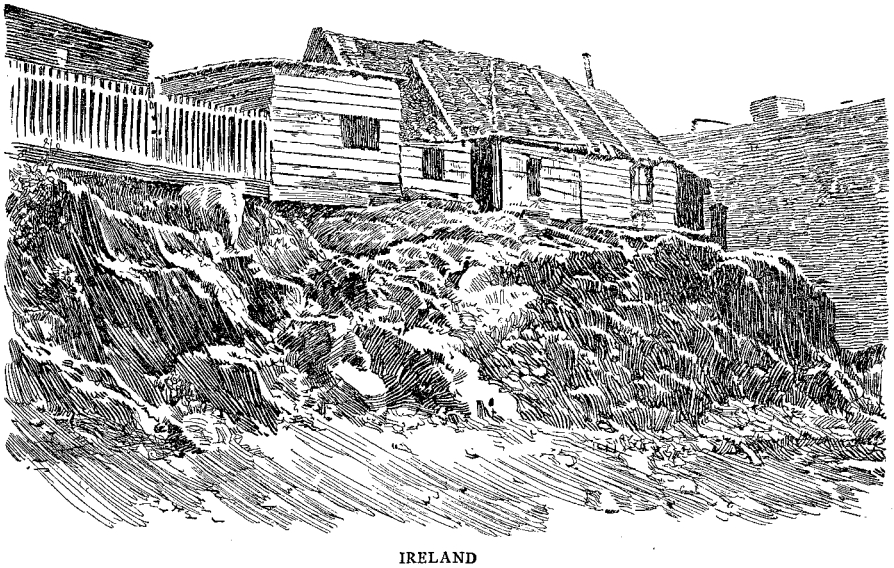


PROVINCIAL FRANCE



ITALY



IRELAND

THE COSMOPOLITANISM OF NEW YORK. SEE NEW YORK OF THE NOVELISTS

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